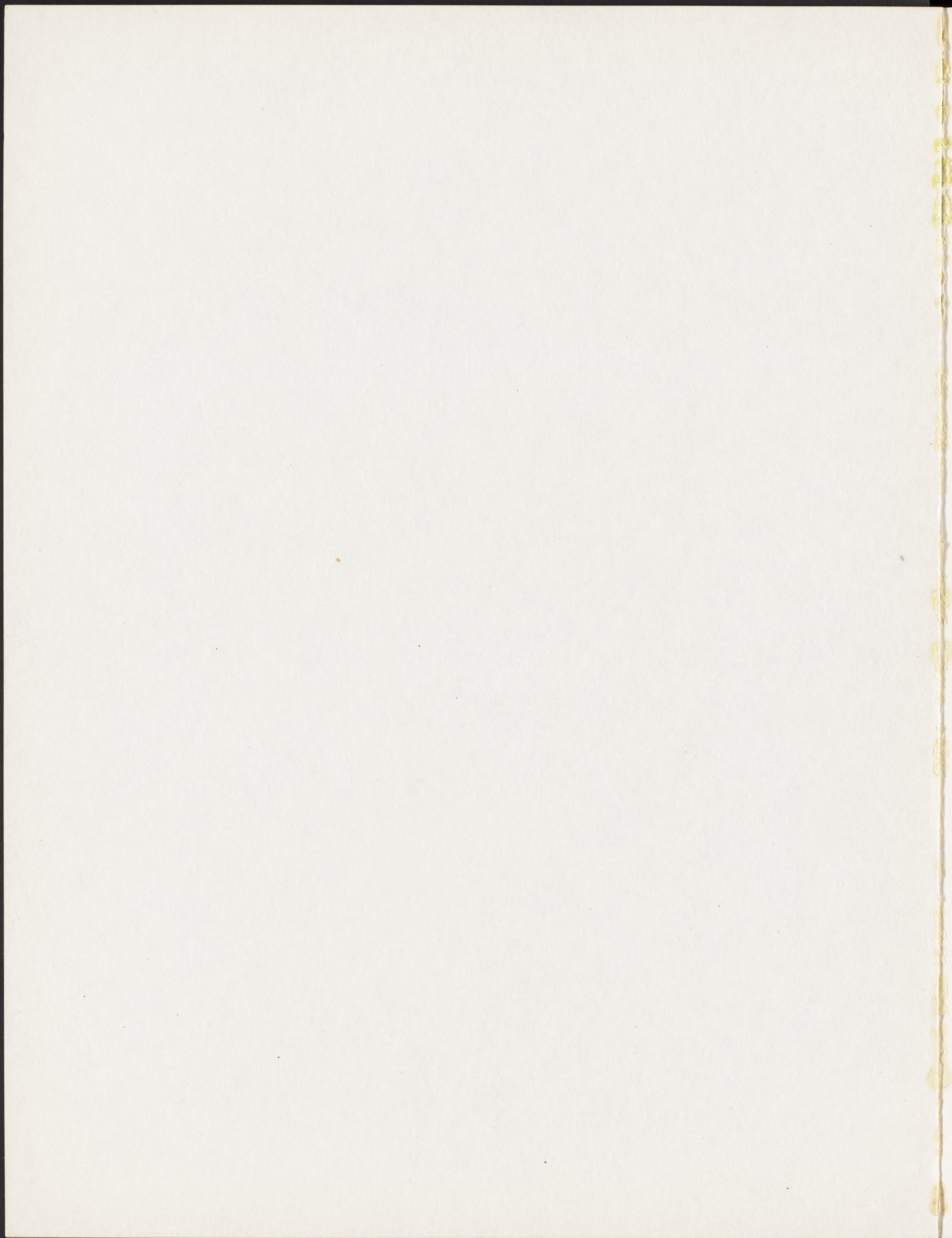


UNIVERSITY WOMAN

The Memoir of Celeste Turner Wright
Professor of English, Emeritus



Celeste Turner at Berkeley in May 1928



The Oral History Center
Shields Library
University of California Davis

UNIVERSITY WOMAN

THE MEMOIR OF
CELESTE TURNER WRIGHT
PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH, EMERITUS

PREFACES BY

J. RICHARD BLANCHARD
AND ROBERT A. WIGGINS

INTERVIEWS BY

A. T. DICKMAN
AND ROBERT A. WIGGINS

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TO MY STUDENTS

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PREFACE

It was almost thirty years ago, a sunny winter's day in December 1950, when I first met Celeste Turner Wright. She was a member of the faculty committee reviewing applicants for the head librarian's position at Davis. I was a little apprehensive when appearing before the committee, but the sight of Celeste with her gracious and benign air gave me courage; also Vice President Claude Hutchison had already indicated that my chances were good. In any case I got the job, and Celeste and I have been friends ever since. She was, naturally, much interested in the Library; and she always supported efforts by Nelle Branch (my predecessor) and me to develop a good research library center for Davis. She was particularly helpful in building up the collection in literature. For instance, as she notes in the oral history, she and Vedder visited the Sather Gate Bookstore in Berkeley to select books for the Library on the first day of their honeymoon. That is true dedication!

By the time I arrived in Davis, Celeste was already a legendary figure. The youngest Ph.D. ever from the Berkeley English Department, she held her own with great tact, charm, and firmness as a department chairperson among a large group of dominant, male agriculturists. She improved and corrected the often sloppy prose of her scientific colleagues, and was eminently successful as a teacher. In addition she wrote and still writes superb poetry and has produced many scholarly papers on Elizabethan literature. In recent years she has been much honored, serving as Faculty Research Lecturer and receiving several important awards for her poetry; a splendid grove of cedars on the northwest side of the Library has been named after her.

But Celeste is not just an academic grind. All through the years, she participated vigorously in the social life of the campus and town, and she knew almost everyone. Her good nature and spirits and her effervescent but dry New England humor were appreciated by all. And the men were particularly entranced by the sparkling eyes, the fey smile, and the trim figure. She is, without doubt, a true charmer. But at the same time she is a person of great rectitude and moral strength.

With all this in mind it seemed obvious that Celeste's memoirs should be prepared through the University Library's Oral History Program, which I established in the year 1970 with A. I. (Dick) Dickman as the vigorous and capable head. A principal theme of the program was to be the history of the Davis campus; and Celeste with her long residence, her keen memory, and her diaries knew more and remembered more than anyone else. Celeste agreed, and so at last, thanks to the skillful interviewing of Dick Dickman and Professor Robert Wiggins and a financial grant from the

Prytanean Society, we have her oral history. And it is a veritable storehouse of information. It will, without doubt, be a basic and indispensable source for anyone writing a formal history of the campus in the future. For almost all influential persons involved in the development of the institution from the year 1928 are described, often with interesting personal sidelights. And the impact of the various changes and events is discussed: the closing of the campus during World War II, the erection of important buildings, changes from a two-year to a four-year college, the start of the College of Letters and Science, the gradual transformation from a specialized institution to a general campus.

The pre-Davis part of Celeste's memoirs will also be of much interest, including the charming account of her childhood in Maine, descriptions of southern California before the smog hit it, and life as a student in UCLA and Berkeley in the 1920s. The intensely personal account will also help illuminate and explain the social life and mores of the twenties through the forties and fifties during a period when women professors were most uncommon and when female students at Davis had to report back to the segregated dormitories by 10:00 p.m. on week nights. Well, I could go on and on about this fascinating document. Warm congratulations to Celeste, Dick Dickman, Bob Wiggins, the Prytanean Society, and others concerned for producing it.

Everyone thought they knew something about Celeste.

Correction.

J. Richard Blanchard

Everyone perceived something about Celeste Wright which became what they thought they knew. Each fabricated a Celeste Wright that for each of them was real--the Celeste Wright who in some way touched a life and left an impression.

Celeste for a long time rejected the invitation to participate in the oral-history program. The prospect was not attractive to her. I understand and share her reluctance. For one who truly participates in the program it can be an arduous and painful experience. I know that now because I have shared this experience in some small measure as her interviewer and long-time friend.

The Prytaneans changed Celeste's mind about the project. These young women--members of a women's honor society--offered to sponsor her participation. Their financial support was important, of course, but not critical. The important thing about their gesture was that it symbolized their concern that future generations should know the story of a pioneer woman on the academic frontier of the Davis campus.

Celeste could not resist the persuasion of her younger sisters, especially when it was supported by Tom Harzo's pledge, as Chair, that the English Department would support the project by preparing the manuscript after the first transcription.

FOREWORD

Celeste Wright needs no introduction.

Everyone knows Celeste Wright.

The traditional trite expressions all apply.

Celeste Wright needs no introduction because anyone associated with the Davis campus during a half century or more of its principal history of development knew Celeste Wright as an essential part of Davis.

Everyone knew Celeste Wright.

Or did they really know Celeste?

Everyone knew something about Celeste.

Correction.

Everyone thought they knew something about Celeste.

Correction.

Everyone perceived something about Celeste Wright which became what they thought they knew. Each fabricated a Celeste Wright that for each of them was real--the Celeste Wright who in some way touched a life and left an impression.

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The department's word processing specialists have included Carla Lehn, Sandra Matsuda Foppoli, and Pamela Self. The final version was perfected by Martha McNeely.

So we introduce Celeste, who needs no introduction.

Everyone knows her, or at least some part of her that has touched them.

I can only suggest a few of the facets of the woman as they are manifest to her many admirers.

She is a scholar. This was her training. She proved herself in this role by her research and publications in English literature that resulted in her being elected by the faculty as Research Lecturer. Numerous scholars have valued her friendship.

She is a teacher. This role is important to her. She loves teaching students how to write better and how to understand literature. I have had testimony from men in their sixties and recent teenage students alike, who say how much she helped them and how much they value her personal attention and friendship.

She is a poet who has published numerous volumes and poems. The skill and beauty they display have touched even more persons than she has directly known. This is a form of friendship that many value.

For twenty-seven years she was an excellent administrator, as chair first of the "English Division," then of "Languages and Literature," and finally of "English, Dramatic Art, and Speech," the parent of our present English Department. The only evidence of her skill in this role I offer is that she hired Tom Hanzo and me. We value that friendship.

Enough of her formal roles on the campus.

I could also elaborate upon the friendships that she shared in the community of the town of Davis.

And I could elaborate upon the friendships she maintained over the years with many people from her past--family, teachers, fellow students, friends.

Always friends.

Celeste has the gift of friendship.

The gift of her friendship is expressed in the present volume. It is a gift of love to the many people she has loved through the years.

And that love is not a passive thing one falls into. It is an active, working, caring concern for the many people she knew and cared about.

Many times we stopped the recorder and privately talked over the public history she was recording.

Often it was difficult. Celeste kept careful and detailed diaries. She had recently revisited her New England childhood memories. The experience was in some ways traumatic. We shared that experience.

True to her character, Celeste insisted upon editing and indexing the present volume so that it would be representative of her concern for detail, accuracy, and honesty in representing her friendship to those she admired and those who admire her.

Thank you, Celeste.

Bob Wiggins

CTW: Yes, several hours' worth of tapes. And the Library has three collections: *Elmwood Princess*, *Seasoned Timber* (my latest), and especially *A Sense of Place*, which got a medal from the Commonwealth Library as "one of the four best books published by California authors in 1973." But even before I found publishers, Dick Blanchard (the University Librarian) bound up a manuscript called *Thimbleprint*; anyone comparing the two versions will see that I revise my poems drastically.

I CHILDHOOD IN MAINE, 1906-1918

A. I. (DICK) DICKMAN: Celeste, you recently had a trip back to your childhood home at Kineo, Maine. Won't you tell us about it?

CELESTE TURNER WRIGHT: In September (1978) I went there with my sister Charlene. Sixty years had gone by since we left Maine. She remembered Kineo, although when our family moved West, she was only four. As for me, my memories are poignant; I was twelve and a bit precocious.

AID: I know how you feel about your childhood, for I've read your two-hundred-page account of it; that manuscript's in the U. C. Davis Library. Kineo is a beauty spot, isn't it?

CTW: Oh, yes; it's a green peninsula, cut off from the mainland by a flint mountain, which looks like a huge animal lying down. The place used to be dominated by a big yellow hotel, famous in the days when people stayed at a resort all summer. The hotel's gone now; tourists zip around, but they can't get to Kineo except by boat. In my time there were plenty of steamers plying up and down the lake. Millionaires came there from Boston without their cars; they used horses and buggies.

AID: What's the name of the lake?

CTW: Moosehead--it's the largest in New England, nearly forty miles long. Kineo's halfway up, where the lake is narrowest. Last month we paid a boatman to take us over. We stayed at a good motel in Rockwood, just a mile across the water. When the lake was frozen, I used to walk over with my father, who'd be fetching the mail for our winter community--a few guides, living in cottages at the Cove, and the Brown family at the farm. I'd pull the mailbags on my little sled. Stuck in the ice was a procession of little firs, like Christmas trees, to guide people in case of a blizzard. I'm writing a poem about one night when I crossed the lake alone.

AID: I've read all your poetry and enjoyed it. For the record: didn't the Library--Shields--make tapes of you reading your poems, and aren't those tapes on deposit in Special Collections?

CTW: Yes, several hours' worth of tapes. And the Library has my three collections: Etruscan Princess, Seasoned Timber (my latest), and especially A Sense of Place, which got a medal from the Commonwealth Club as "one of the four best books published by California authors in 1973." But even before I found publishers, Dick Blanchard (the University Librarian) bound up a manuscript called Thumbprint; anyone comparing the two versions will see that I revise my poems drastically.

AID: What else do you have over there in the Library?

CTW: Oh, my research in Elizabethan and twentieth-century literature--a book, Anthony Mundy, and a lot of articles hidden away in the learned journals. When the Academic Senate chose me as Faculty Research Lecturer for 1963, all my publications were bound up in lovely red covers, presented to me, and placed in the Archives.

AID: For the record, again, let me say that you were the first woman professor at Davis, and the first Ph.D. of either sex to teach in the humanities there. But now let's get back to your childhood. Your father wasn't a postman even though you pulled the mailbags on your sled. What was really his job--and, of course, his name? Where did he come from?

CTW: In winter Dad was the hotel company's representative on Kineo Point. In the summer he ran their store and had four or five clerks under him. They sold things the guests might need for a long stay--ribbons and chocolates and hair tonic, fishing rods, tennis rackets, mackinaws, canned goods for camping trips. Guests might rent a canoe there, or a tent. I loved to rummage in my dad's store.

Oh, yes, his name--George Howard Turner. For three generations his family had lived in Guilford, a mill town between Kineo and Bangor. Earlier they had given their name to Turner, Maine; but originally they had come from Massachusetts, where they had lived since 1628 or before. That was the reason for my trip last fall: Charlene and I wanted to find our roots in Scituate. We have a book and a chart tracing our ancestry back to Humphrey Turner. The Boston papers had mentioned a monument to him in the oldest cemetery at Scituate, near the site of the earliest church there.

AID: Scituate must be on the coast.

CTW: Near Cape Cod; there's a lovely little harbor. I used to picture Humphrey sailing in there from Kent, England; but no, this book from Scituate explains that he came from the Pilgrims' colony at Plymouth. Charlene and I are descendants of his son John, whose wife, Mary, was a granddaughter of Elder William Brewster, the Pilgrims' spiritual leader. And so we have Mayflower blood. At Plymouth we went aboard the replica of the Mayflower and saw how crowded and miserable life was during the voyage. Another replica is the Pilgrim Village, where we went into the

house representing William Brewster's and talked with people dressed in the costumes of 1620. It was like using a Time Machine.

AID: What kind of work did Humphrey do, and his son John?

CTW: They were tanners. Humphrey seems to have had a little farm, and I've imagined the house didn't smell nice. But the Pilgrims needed the leather from those hides. By the way, Humphrey not only has his own monument, put up by some well-to-do Turner in the last century, but is one of the founders, the eleven "Men of Kent," on another monument. Charlene and I felt emotional in that cemetery, though it's like a cow pasture except for the slate tombstones crumbling away. We were bitten by mosquitoes that morning, but we stood there solemnly for a long time. We had found our roots. My niece, Candy, took snapshots, and I copied down dates. Humphrey lived to be seventy-nine (one year older than my father). He and his wife, Lydia Gamer, were young when they came to Scituate; they had some children already, but produced more. Humphrey was thirty-four.

We stayed overnight on Cape Ann and visited Gloucester. Our grandmother Turner had been Betsey Elwell Sargent. Her mother's people, the Elwells, owned ships. They had a claim against the Government because the French, shortly before the War of 1812, sank some of those ships. We have Payne Elwell's huge family Bible: Dad used to dream of getting rich if the indemnities were paid. Congress once voted to pay them, but reneged because of the interest, which would be enormous. Can you imagine, my grandmother, Betsey, was born in 1813. She was forty-six when she had my father, and at first she thought he was a tumor.

AID: When was he born?

CTW: The day when John Brown was hanged--December 2, 1859. One of Dad's brothers was in the Civil War; he served on the Merrimack in the battle of iron-clad vessels.

AID: A Maine man on a Confederate ship?

CTW: Yes, but I don't consider him a traitor. Uncle Rob was passing through the South when the war began. When the Southerners offered him a choice between one of their cozy prisons and enlistment in their navy, he chose the navy. After the seafight, he escaped to Maine. He was the adventurous member of the family. He was foreman of the Lone Star Mine at Grass Valley, California; and he looked for gold in the Black Hills. I have given the Bancroft Library a diary he inherited from the partner who traveled with him to the Dakotas.

AID: Did your trip take you to Guilford, your father's home town?

CTW: Yes, of course. The family ran a hotel there even before the Civil War. It was called the Turner House; back in 1918 I could make out those words, painted on one side. We have a letter from my grandfather

saying he hoped he could soon close down the tavern--the bar--for he hated to sell liquor. I have a photograph, dating from about 1869, that shows my father (ten years old) sitting in a buggy near the family hotel. On our trip last month, Charlene and I discovered that the Senior Citizens now have their clubhouse in what's left of the Turner House. I went in, was greeted by a Guilford High School classmate, and became an honorary Senior Citizen.

AID: Let's get back to your father. What education did he have?

CTW: He attended a boarding school, Kent's Hill Academy, where he qualified for the University of Maine. In those days you took college-entrance exams by having the professor sit with you in a classroom and examine you in mathematics and "natural science." Dad passed the examination; but, being a typical Yankee, he decided, that summer, to start a grist mill with his college funds. Later he went into the grocery trade. He even worked in a grocery in Honolulu for a year, and sailed on to Australia; that journey was the big adventure of his life.

When his mother died in 1897 and left him some money, Dad invested it in the Guilford woolen mill. In his eagerness to buy more of this stock, he even borrowed from his brother Zed (or Zadoc), who kept shaking his head sadly and saying, "George, if you do this, you will regret it." Dad had a fatal weakness for stocks, as I learned during the great depression, when he lost every cent and I had to support the family.

Anyway, when the woolen business went to sleep, Dad had to pay his interest. And so he accepted the job with the Kineo Company, managing their store. Besides his salary, he got all his living expenses. He had a hotel room; and his food was the same as the guests' except for lobster and other luxuries. His laundry was done for him. After his marriage, he and Mother enjoyed these conveniences all summer.

In the winter, though, it was different. The electricity was gone, and the steam heat; instead of the bathtub, with running water, we used a metal washtub with water heated on a wood stove. Two big stoves (one for cooking) stood roaring side by side in our living room, which in winter became our kitchen. There were two chilly bedrooms and a storeroom. The winter seemed endless: ice didn't go out of the lake until April or May. Then came the exciting summer, with the guests at the Big House; but in October the snowflakes started. Dad had an office downstairs in the Winter Cottage; I sat reading there with him and learned to typewrite. Mother'd be upstairs, cooking or sewing or writing poems.

AID: It is certainly time to say something about your mother. What was her name? When was she born? Who were her people?

CTW: Her maiden name was Minnie Viola Kelley. Some called her Minnie, but she preferred Viola. She was born on November 9, 1880; that makes her nearly twenty-one years younger than my father. She came from

New Brunswick, just over the border. Her ancestors were Scottish; that's why I have an accent that puzzles everyone. Philip Dean Kelley, her father, was descended from the Scots whom the English had placed in the north of Ireland to sit on the lid. He was anti-Catholic; I have seen his Orangeman's stole. He lived in Norton, New Brunswick, and married a local girl, Almira Robertson; their mothers were sisters, from the Mercer family. The Mercers and Robertsons have intermarried. Even back in the eighteenth century, in the Highlands of Scotland, they were closely allied. Charlene and I in 1970 visited the battlefield of Culloden, where the Stuart Pretender was defeated by George II. The map showed us that the Mercers and Robertsons stood shoulder to shoulder with the Stuarts in that battle of 1746, the last battle ever fought on British soil. Since all Highland clans were then hunted down by the Duke of Cumberland ("the Butcher"), it seems natural enough that Joseph Mercer should turn up in Maryland in 1776. What we don't understand, though, is why he was known as Joseph Mercer the Loyalist. Yes, thirty years after Culloden he was a Tory, though you wouldn't suppose he could favor the English king. But he may have been young, born in America. Anyway, he fled to Canada and established Mercer Settlement. The Robertsons came there too; and Almira, while very young, married Philip Kelley, her cousin. I've seen the cabin where they started housekeeping.

Though extremely poor, that couple, my mother's parents, "replenished the earth" with ten children. Only four grew up, for my poor grandmother, although she was fertile, died of tuberculosis at thirty-nine.

Mother, the eldest girl, took care of the babies--stood on a soapbox to wash their diapers, and got up at night to give them their bottles. The family left Canada. Grandpa--a sweet man, whom we used to visit at his little farm in Holden, Maine--became a carpenter in Lowell, Massachusetts, but eventually took his wife home to Norton to die. Later he married the woman who left him that Maine farm. Since he couldn't afford to support my mother, she worked as a waitress at the Mount Kineo Hotel. From the age of fourteen, she had been on her own. At first she cooked for a small country hotel, even supporting her younger sister, Tressa. Later in Lakewood, New Jersey, she may have waited on Admiral Dewey.

Mother thought Kineo was paradise. No wonder, for she soon fell in love with the tall, handsome manager of the store. When he left for Hawaii, he said, "If you were older, I'd take you with me." And when he returned, they became engaged. She had once meant to marry a young steamboat captain, Coburn Robinson; but he died of typhoid, I think; it was common around his home in Greenville, at the foot of the lake. I was named for his sister Celeste; her husband ran the D. T. Sanders store, which is famous in Greenville.

AID: Before describing your birth, why not speak of your parents' wedding?

CTW: Mother loved to tell about it. For months, Dad posted invitations in the store. (In those days there was quite a colony in the winter.) Everyone was invited; over a hundred people signed the guestbook on February 1, 1905. And yet, because of the heavy snows, no relatives came. Somehow the Universalist minister from Guilford made it to Greenville and traveled by sleigh over the ice. I was born a year and a month later--on Saint Patrick's Day, 1906.

AID: Were you born at Kineo?

CTW: That would have been too risky; there was no doctor. Mother went to her Aunt Margaret at Saint John, New Brunswick, little foreseeing that "Canada" on my birth certificate would cause confusion when I wanted a passport. But in those days a wife received American citizenship through marriage; so I was born to a couple of U.S. citizens. When I was four weeks old, Dad came and escorted us home. We were the first passengers over the newly completed railroad to Rockwood--rode in a box car, with a pot-bellied stove.

AID: Though you're called Celeste, isn't your first name Julia?

CTW: When my dad walked into Aunt Margaret's house (upstairs over her husband's shop), he asked, "How's Julia?" Julia had been his older sister, who was remembered chiefly for being fat. For years, in school records and library catalogs, my identity was hidden under "Julia Turner"; my book on Anthony Mundy was indexed that way. Never give your child a first name that will not be used.

AID: O.K., I will pass that advice on. Were you a well-behaved little child?

CTW: I had a temper, but my parents made me control it. Once, when I was about four, and we were walking to dinner across the yard from our rooms in the Winter Cottage, I was wearing a dress that my mother had made me. Showing just below my skirt were bloomers to match. This was kid stuff, and I resented it. I kept pulling those bloomers up out of sight, and Mother kept pulling them down again. Finally I threw a tantrum, and my parents dragged me back to our rooms, kicking and howling. That was the only time Dad ever spanked me; he hurt his hand on a button. Mother's spankings were gentle. Once when I was alone, I climbed up on a shelf and accidentally broke the pitcher in our washbowl. To head off a punishment, I paddled myself with the golf-clubs, children's size, that Daddy had given me. My bottom was so red that Mother just laughed.

AID: Which parent were you closer to?

CTW: Mother, because Dad stayed away at the store. Since I saw mainly adults, I grew up pretty fast. Mother got me interested in poetry. She wrote poems herself. She would seat me at one side of the table,

printing my little rhymes with a pencil while she composed with her fountain pen.

AID: Have you saved her work? Is it pretty good?

CTW: Some of it is. She's left a full-length life of Christ in rhyme--worked on it for years--and it's so good that I gave a copy to our church library in Davis; she was a member of Saint Martin's.

Mother was deeply interested in religion. Her people were Baptists, but later she favored the Unity School of Christianity. Dad's people were Universalists. When we visited Guilford, we attended church; I felt proud of the memorial window to my grandparents, Howard and Betsey Turner. Last month that window was still there. As a freshman at Guilford High I attended the Sunday school; it was much like the Methodist Sunday school in Rockwood.

AID: Did you visit Guilford before your high school days?

CTW: Once or twice a year we would spend a week with Uncle Zeddy (for Zadoc). He had a good library, mostly because Aunt Jane was well read for those times. They had Uncle Tom's Cabin and the Arabian Nights and Jules Verne's Journey to the Center of the Earth. I would read in their porch swing and suck dill pickles from the crock on the cellar stairs.

AID: Your father was educated. Was your mother self-taught?

CTW: She read a great deal; books were inexpensive. She bought Shakespeare, whom I found too difficult (though I liked Lamb's Tales); and Longfellow, who I supposed must be equally great. She had sentimental novels: Saint Elmo, by Augusta Evans Wilson, and The Girl of the Limberlost, by Gene Stratton-Porter. Feeding on those books when I was nine or ten years old, I got romantic ideas about love and marriage.

AID: While you were small, did your mother read aloud to you?

CTW: Yes, at bedtime. When she was reading Swiss Family Robinson, I got impatient because it went too slowly; so I finished it for myself. I can't remember when I learned to read. I entered school at six and progressed rapidly.

Mr. Leverett, a rich lawyer from Boston, met me at Daddy's store and sent me Kingsley's Water Babies and the Thornton Burgess stories about Reddy Fox and Jerry Muskrat, and some beautiful collections of fairy tales. Mother bought me fifteen-cent copies of the Alice books and a lot of girls' novels about life in English boarding schools, by Mrs. L. T. Mead.

AID: Did you have any pets?

CTW: Not at Kineo. When someone gave me a kitten, I couldn't keep it. My father came home, saw it lying on his bed, and asked, "What's that?" in a terrible voice. Pets were not proper at the hotel. I gave the kitten to a guide's wife. Once a boy brought me some guinea pigs, which could sleep at the stable; but they ate too much clover and died. Goldfish were all right, but before long they'd be floating belly up. I brought pollywogs home, but they never turned into frogs, though some legs showed beneath a kind of skirt.

AID: Did you go swimming in the lake?

CTW: When I was very small, Mother would walk me through the woods for a picnic at Pebble Beach in the shadow of the mountain, on the steep side that nobody ever climbed. She would sit reading a book, and I would go wading on the pretty pebbles in shallow water. Later she sent to Sears Roebuck for a swimming outfit--like a blouse and skirt and some long black stockings, with sneakers. I would go where the little guest children were swimming; but, of course, I had no instruction. Dad promised that someday he would teach Mother and me at Waikiki Beach, where the water was warm. As a young man, he had been athletic; and at Kent's Hill Academy he won the school medal for physique; the boys called him "Gulliver," because he was six feet two and strong-looking. But to get back to the swimming: I would wear water wings and splash around in the Cove, though the water was oily from the motor boats.

The schoolhouse was a yellow building among the evergreens, not far from the stable. The guests had it built for the children of their guides. In my time there were few pupils of that sort; mainly, there were just myself and the Browns, whose father had charge of the farm that furnished vegetables, flowers, milk, and eggs. Those kids--Sheldon and Lena--were four and three years older than I, and had had some schooling; but I caught up--could not bear to be in a different class. The arithmetic was hard, but I read very well, and my compositions were better than the Brown children's.

AID: How far did you walk to that school in the woods?

CTW: Oh, maybe ten minutes. But last fall, when I went back, you'd never have known where our schoolhouse stood; there are bushes all over the site, all over the playground. One winter some men pushed the schoolhouse across the ice to Rockwood, and now someone's using it as a cottage. It's a well-made building. One of our early teachers slept there. She curtained off one end, and she cooked on the stove. Being paid only five dollars a week, she took advantage of this free lodging. So the room sometimes smelled of bacon.

AID: Did you carry your lunch to school?

CTW: Oh, yes, in a box with a thermos bottle for hot cocoa. The Brown children, who were older, liked to drink coffee. They had steak

AID: Your childhood memoir tells about a crush that you had on sandwiches, but I was a vegetarian; my mother made me some pretty good meat loaf out of walnuts. That was in the spring or fall, when the hotel was closed; we didn't go to school in midsummer, or the dead of winter.

AID: What made you become a vegetarian?

CTW: Mother's magazine had a vegetarian page. One day I put my hand on the Bible and swore I would never eat meat again. I kept that oath for twenty years. At Davis, about 1934, I broke it after having congestion of the lungs. The doctor wanted to build me up. I was then eating mostly in the campus cafeteria. My menu improved--life was easier--after I renounced my vegetarianism.

AID: Which brings us to health. Was your family healthy?

CTW: Yes. Dad never saw a doctor. Mother exemplified the survival of the fittest; she was the child of a consumptive mother.

AID: What kind of games did you play at the Kineo school?

CTW: Oh, for instance Duck-on-the-Rock: you'd throw a stone to dislodge another stone on a rock pile. We made stilts by driving big nails into a piece of timber; we chased barrel hoops; in winter we slid down the hill. The manager's secretary gave me some adult skates. Though they didn't fit very well, I managed, and the lake was an ideal skating rink.

I have a poem, "Icy Harvest," about some horses. The woodsmen were driving teams across the ice, hauling logs for the American Thread Company. One bright, warm day the ice near the edge of the lake collapsed, and two horses drowned. I skated there and saw them when they were hauled out. There the bodies lay freezing, covered with ice; and they looked terrified, with their eyes rolling and their mouths open. My poem describes the fear I felt--a little girl's sudden experience of death. I loved horses; in the summer, pulling wagons to the hotel, they would stop and eat sugar from my palm.

AID: That poem tells about harvesting the ice.

CTW: I combine the tragedy of the horses with another day, when I helped the workmen who were pushing blocks of ice along a channel to the ice house, to be stored for the hotel. Even now there is some ice harvested in Maine.

AID: According to your memoir, you once nearly drowned.

CTW: We kids were skating on Frog Pond, not far from our school. As I broke through the ice, I threw my arms around a log; Sheldon Brown pulled me out. I wouldn't obey the teacher and go back to the schoolhouse fire. Instead I ran home, blubbering and freezing.

AID: Your childhood memoir tells about a crush that you had on Sheldon Brown. When did you first have a boyfriend?

CTW: Until my senior year in college, my love was always unrequited. I formed the habit by idolizing Sheldon, who was strong and good-looking. Though a boy of twelve has no use for a girl of eight, I trotted after him like a faithful dog. He was disgusted because I wore his picture in a locket around my neck and because I dreamed that he returned my love. Finally he took me aside and said, "Look here: if you were older, it would be different. You mustn't think I could go with you as we are now." But he and his sister and I always played together and recited together; there were usually no other children in our school. Lena didn't share my interests; her only ambition was to marry.

AID: You had a sister of your own. When was she born?

CTW: March 25, 1914, eight days after my eighth birthday. Her birth taught me the facts of life. Mother and I would lie together in bed after Daddy had gone to his office. Something was happening to her shape. She told me to expect a brother. Instead, it was a girl--Edna Charlene. When the time came, Mother went down to Uncle Jack's house, just across the Penobscot River from Bangor. Her brother's wife, Aunt Jennie, nursed her. Thelma, who was near my age, waited with me outside the window of the guest room, though we dared not peep in while the baby was being born. Since the doctor's bag was not big enough to hold a baby, Thelma accepted the weird account I had given her.

After Charlene was born, I felt no sibling rivalry; I was eight years old, and I'd been longing for a companion. I pushed her around Kineo in a baby buggy; she was the apple of my eye. Of course sometimes when I had to entertain her, I couldn't read. But I loved her, and she's now my best friend.

AID: Let's jump a few years to the birth of Georgia.

CTW: She didn't arrive until June 27, 1920--after we had moved to California. We were never close, and she died of cancer in July 1978, shortly before Charlene and I took our trip to Maine.

AID: What about other children in your life at Kineo?

CTW: I adored the manager's daughter, Eleanor Judkins. But that relationship, like my crush on Sheldon, gave me a trauma. Frankly, the Judkinses were snobbish. They had ambitions for Eleanor; they wanted her to marry well. So they cultivated the millionaire guests at the hotel; the little girl learned to ride horses and dance and attend children's parties. During the summer, she was told not to associate with me. You see, we lived in the back part of the hotel. Though we weren't servants, we were not guests, either. Mother felt sensitive because she had been a waitress. Dad felt a little better; he was fascinated by Eleanor's

father. "C.A." had come to Kineo as an office worker; but, by getting engaged to the manager's daughter, he had inherited the job. Then he broke the engagement and married a prettier girl.

An example of their snobbery was this. Shortly after my parents' marriage, Mr. Judkins had the poor taste to invite my father (but not my mother) to a camp supper across the lake, as an escort for one of the female guests. Dad would do anything for C.A.; but when my mother cried, he declined to go.

I always felt like a second-class citizen; Mother told me to stay away from the guest children. As I grew older, however, I went to the croquet ground with Danny Conklin, whose father was an officer of the Coca Cola Company in Atlanta.

But I didn't know how to behave. In a croquet match, I concentrated on winning. I'd lose my temper trying to decide whether the shots were legal. One day a French governess got exasperated with me. She said, "Little girls who have no respect cannot play with us." I slunk back to our rooms and cried. Another time, there were not enough mallets and balls, because an unusually large number were playing. That day, Eleanor took me aside and said, "You'd better go home, Celeste; you're the extra one." When I cried at home, Mother told me to stay away and avoid the snubbing. Much of it, though, may have been my own fault.

Dad never lost his fondness for Charles Judkins. When, eventually, he sold his mill stock, he even wanted to invest the money in a new plan that might have been disastrous: Mr. Judkins wanted to start a hotel of his own on an island down the lake. But Mother--thank goodness--put her foot down: we must move to a place where I could attend high school.

AID: Didn't you enter high school at the age of eleven?

CTW: Yes, and it proved lucky that I'd attended a one-room schoolhouse. Our teacher, having usually just three pupils, crammed us with information. We had a series of teachers--four in all--but the last one was superb. So in the spring of 1917 we three all passed the State of Maine exams, which entitled us to high school tuition.

Our best teacher was Mabel Sweet, a dainty person with auburn hair. She later married a Greenville man. I sent her a picture of Guilford High, with the cupola on top. I was proud of having outgrown the yellow schoolhouse.

Do you know, I never again communicated with Sheldon and Lena. I saw her once in the store, just before I left Kineo, and we spoke of having passed the examinations. That was all. And though Sheldon had hurt me so much, I forgot him in the excitement of entering high school.

AID: You mentioned that your father sold his mill stock. What had changed the situation? Oh, of course--World War I.

CTW: That war was our salvation because the Guilford mill started making Army blankets. After selling his stock, Dad put everything into Pennsylvania Railroad shares.

AID: Yes, "Pennsy" was considered blue chip.

CTW: And so, at last, we were going to Pasadena. Mr. Judkins had praised the orange trees and the roses. Dad would have preferred Hawaii, but since Charlene was only four years old, he said we should wait.

AID: You were already a freshman at Guilford High?

CTW: Yes; in September 1917, Mother left me with Cousin Charles and his wife, Bessie, and their two daughters, Flora and Barbara. They had a nice big house at the end of a residential street. It looked fine last month; for years it has been the only hospital in Guilford. When I lived there, sharing Flora's room, it was a fun place. The Turners had unshelled peanuts on their dining table--it was kind of a health fad--and they let me serve fresh pears from their trees to the girls who visited me. Flora and I played endless games of Parcheesi and Flinch, and I read several of Fenimore Cooper's novels. For a couple of weeks Cousin Charles helped me with algebra; finally I got over the hump and could manage by myself.

AID: What else did you study?

CTW: My first Shakespeare--The Merchant of Venice--and Ivanhoe. And then there was Latin. When I registered, the principal, Mr. Shybolds, said I'd need it. The only alternative was general science, a course for kids who weren't going to college. I did well in Latin: my teacher, Miss Ruth Webb, once said to a bored young man, "You ought to be ashamed, Mr. Allen, to let a little girl like Miss Turner get ahead of you." We were treated as adults; all the students were Miss and Mister.

AID: How many of you were there?

CTW: About fifty, including seventeen freshmen and only about seven seniors. Everyone had a slant-topped desk in the big room. The principal (up on the dais) would tap a bell to announce when it was time for a group to march to one of the three classrooms.

AID: Let me ask you this: Were your two sisters precocious?

CTW: They weren't ahead of their normal grades in school, but Georgia got good marks, and Charlene was in the "E.G." class, which brought together the brightest children in Pasadena. I had had the advantage of wanting to compete with older classmates.

AID: At Guilford, how did you get along with the high school students?

CTW: They treated me as a little pet. I felt less comfortable with the kids in what we would call junior high, who invited me over for cocoa and cookies. Some of them came to my birthday party in March, at my parents' home. As my mother and Dad complained afterwards, I was too excited that afternoon. I talked too loudly and laughed too much.

I might have learned more about etiquette if we'd spent my childhood in Guilford. Dad's people had lived there for generations. Their graves were around the tall Turner monument on the hill; Charlene and her daughter took snapshots last month. In Guilford I belonged--I had dignity.

AID: You spoke of your parents' home. So they came to Guilford?

CTW: While we were waiting to go West, they arrived--in time for Christmas--and took me to live upstairs in the house of a Mrs. Stevens. (That place still looks neat; we saw it last month from the outside.) On the wall hung a Civil War sword. In the closet was a stuffed dog (white and spotted), which had been the widow Stevens's pet. The toilet was a privy; and since it was on the second floor, we had a procession on cold winter nights. Dad would carry a lamp, and Mother would escort us children to the privy--an odd one, being on the second floor; you could look a long way down. My room was a tiny place off the kitchen. I would sit up in bed reading Greek and Roman history.

AID: When did you leave for California?

CTW: In July, by Canadian Pacific. Since it was wartime, people in uniform woke us up in our berths to make sure, I guess, that we weren't German spies. At Chicago we changed trains. Charlene got bored and cried in the waiting-room.

Oh, but I should mention that the Turner cousins--Bess, Flora, and Barbara--saw us off in Guilford. Last month I received snapshots of that scene from Myra Keniston, now Mrs. Mullen, a senior who had been lovely to me at Guilford High. Her father was the station master and gave Dad excellent rates on the household goods we were shipping West. Myra herself was there to see us off. I have corresponded with her ever since; it's been sixty-two years. Another of the Guilford High School friends, Leona Coy, now Mrs. Richards, had us overnight at her home in Dover-Foxcroft last month. Myra came to breakfast--a feast of blueberry muffins and eggs and bacon and coffee--cooked cereal, too, if we could hold it. That's a typical Maine breakfast. And we reminisced about Guilford High School. It burned down--the old building with the cupola--and now everything's up to date.

AID: Tell about the train ride.

CTW: It seemed endless. I read Joan of Arc, by Mark Twain, and looked out the window. Somewhere in the Midwest I saw my first airplane, flying over a prairie. And I kept a diary of that trip; unfortunately it was lost with all my diaries between the ages of thirteen and twenty-eight. Somebody stole them inside a trunk that vanished from the basement of South Hall, in Davis. But I have an entry for every day since that time.

Well, finally, after the endless journey on the sleeping-cars, our train pulled into Pasadena, and a brand-new life had begun for me.



For five d...
his daughter...
At Kineo, 1916: Celeste with her parents
(George and Viola Turner) and her sister Charlene

little sister on the handlebars--a risk, no doubt, but we didn't worry. She and I zipped along Orange Grove Avenue, the home of the millionaires. By myself I rode to the public library; and there, with a borrower's card, I was supremely happy.

September came--time for school. With my straight A's from Guilford, I entered Pasadena High, on the campus now used for a junior college. Mr. Jones sold us the first car for the streetcars. I

II HIGH SCHOOL DAYS IN PASADENA, 1918-1921

AID: When you came to Pasadena, had your father retired from business?

CTW: Yes. He was fifty-nine, and his dividends were enough for a modest living. Back in Guilford, well-to-do people lived simply. Uncle Zeddy milked a cow or two, separated the cream (sold it, maybe), raised some apples and vegetables on the hillside behind his house. Aunt Jane did her own work and put patches on her aprons. She had to ask for every dollar she spent. One autumn she spoke up: "Zed, if I'm worth more than just my keep, I wish you'd give me a few dollars to buy Christmas presents." Mother had to ask Dad for money; and after she'd bought a few little things, she'd give him back every penny of change.

Living in our style didn't cost much. Those long years of debt had conditioned us to save. And so, in wartime, Dad didn't work in a grocery. He just sat on the porch, smoked his pipe, and gazed at the Sierra Madre--Mount Wilson, with the observatory in view. There was no nasty smog; Pasadena was heaven on earth. Mother worked, Charlene played, and I studied.

AID: Did you buy a house?

CTW: Oh, no. Dad could show you, in dollars and cents, that it was cheaper to rent. Our first house, on Cypress Avenue, cost us maybe twenty-five dollars a month, furnished. I found that place myself while I was roaming the streets, dazzled by the flowers and sunshine, but scratching my hives because I had eaten too many peaches, grapes, and oranges. We'd been staying at the little Hotel Virginia, on North Fair Oaks. Walking along Cypress, I came upon a sign: FOR RENT. I peeked in the window, saw the furniture--a piano, even--and ran back to my parents with the news. The owners were some people named Boutelle. We took on their tenant, Mr. Maness, who lived upstairs in one room and cooked on a gas plate. Ben Maness was a dear, kind man--a conductor on the Pacific Electric. (You could ride all over southern California on those trains, paying almost nothing; I wish we had such public transportation now.)

For five dollars Mr. Maness sold me a bicycle that had belonged to his daughter. Soon I was riding all over Pasadena. Sometimes I took my

little sister on the handlebars--a risk, no doubt, but we didn't worry. She and I zipped along Orange Grove Avenue, the home of the millionaires. By myself I rode to the public library; and there, with a borrower's card, I was supremely happy.

September came--time for school. With my straight A's from Guilford, I entered Pasadena High, on the campus now used for a junior college. Mr. Maness told me how to obtain books of tickets for the streetcars. I carried my lunch in a paper bag.

AID: Were you overawed at first, coming from a very small school?

CTW: No, I was thrilled; those big buildings made me feel like a queen going into her palace. The uniform pleased me: we all wore navy-blue skirts, white blouses, navy-blue collars, and ties to match. Even if I'd been a fashion-plate, no boy would have paid such a child the slightest attention.

AID: Did you enjoy the gym classes?

CTW: Ah, there you have it! We had no gym, and those uniforms were needed for our military drill. Since the state law required exercises, we marched up and down the streets, under the pepper trees. Until my senior year, that was all the exercise we had.

From military drill I remember Nadia Petchnikoff, a refugee from the Russian Revolution. She and her brother had been sent on ahead. Finally her mother, who played the violin, arrived, and the family reunion was written up by reporters. As Madame Lili Petchnikoff, she gave concerts.

To continue with our drill: soon after the war ended, the Commander-in-Chief, General John Pershing, visited our campus. We stood lined up in front of the main building, and he walked by us--a tanned, serious man in an immaculate uniform. I stood so close I could have reached out and touched him.

AID: You say that by your senior year, you had some kind of gym?

CTW: Oh, yes--such excitement! Pasadena High got its own gym, the latest thing; and I was eager to swing on the rings, hang from the bars, jump over the "horse." One of the teachers worried because I was pigeon-breasted. When I told Mother, she feared that my gym exercises had caused a strain. I went to Dr. Gertrude Seabolt, the school physician; but she, after looking me over, said I was O.K. I just hadn't had cod-liver oil and orange juice when I was a baby. After I matured, the defect was not noticeable.

I was free to use the apparatus--not doing well, but feeling happy. I especially liked going outside to play field hockey, an exciting game. In college I even yearned over the curriculum for the Physical Education

major; but that was just a fantasy, a desire to excel in everything. I've never been well coordinated, but I've taken a lot of gym classes, especially here at U. C. Davis.

AID: You've said nothing about your studies at Pasadena High.

CTW: I took biology from a Ph.D., Myrtle Johnson; later, at college, I noticed in the bookstore a handsome book she had published, on fishes. My Latin teacher was Jennie M. Deyo, the same who befriended our Dean Knowles Ryerson when he was growing up in Pasadena. English class was fine, and I started French.

But all this bliss was soon cut short by the great epidemic of Spanish influenza. The high school was closed, and we conducted our lessons by correspondence. It was a tolerable makeshift for most subjects; I remember growing bean sprouts for biology. Beginning French, though, couldn't be handled by mail. How could we have pronounced it?

Meanwhile, everybody was running around in a gauze flu mask, which supposedly shut out germs. What cheered us was news of the Armistice on November 11, two days after Mother's birthday; it was a fine present for her. Dad took me downtown at night for the celebration. I remember chiefly a red grocery truck with a man on it beating a drum.

AID: Did any of your family get the flu?

CTW: Mother and I were in bed for a day or so, feeling rocky; but whatever we had wasn't serious at all--not the terrible flu that killed millions of people in America and Europe. Not being well acquainted, we didn't lose any friends or neighbors. For me the burning issue was school. Soon after New Year we went back to classes. In order to catch up, we had "Rush French." I was so naive, I asked whether there might be some Russian mixed in; but a friend reassured me. The teacher didn't rush us; she was too relaxed. As for English, my teacher had formerly taught German--her shameful secret. Although she drilled us on Twelfth Night and Julius Caesar, she lacked the gift for making us enjoy them.

AID: Were you forming friendships at school?

CTW: Lucille Hughes, from my Latin class, liked to talk shop with me while eating lunch under the pergola. She was a Fundamentalist; her parents had once conducted a mission in Los Angeles. She was never permitted to watch movies. Still, she loved to hear me hash over the plots. I went once a week to the Crown Theatre or to Warner's Photoplay on Colorado Street. Lucille wanted to hear the latest about a serial, a cliffhanger starring Pearl White.

At home I made friends with a much younger girl, a neighbor, who was also addicted to films. She had a photograph of William S. Hart, autographed to her; we were both in love with that long-faced, somber hero

of Westerns. Our passion, though, was for dressing up in scarves and kimonos, bracelets and necklaces, and imitating the great Nazimova in Oriental roles. We got our costumes from stuff around the house, for my friend (Esther Shellhammer) was the daughter of a merchant who dealt in Chinese and Japanese novelties. She and I exchanged movie magazines; a subscription to Photoplay was the one Christmas present I requested from Dad. Our whole family loved the movies; adults got in for twenty-five cents.

AID: Did you know any boys?

CTW: Ellsworth Lacky, next door, lent me books on Sherlock Holmes. Although Ellsworth was freckle-faced and not flirtatious, at least he was a boy--intelligent, too.

AID: Did you continue living on Cypress Avenue?

CTW: No, for our little house became too small. First we had to let four relatives stay with us--Louise Robertson Black and her husband, Tom, and their sons Charles and John, from Methuen, Massachusetts. They stayed with us while Tom looked for work. Soon they settled in Long Beach, and after a while they bought a delicatessen. It was fun visiting for a few days by the ocean. I got terribly sunburned, trying to obtain a quick tan, but Louise consoled me with a romantic novel, The Scottish Chiefs.

Soon after the Blacks moved out of our house, a well-to-do elderly couple arrived from Guilford--Mr. and Mrs. Al Goldthwaite, who had made some arrangement for visiting us while enjoying California. It's too bad that my father was so eager to oblige visitors. Not only were we crowded, but Mother became pregnant; hitherto she had not been sharing my father's bed. What's more, the poor soul had started taking a speech course and a typewriting class in night school. Now she cooked for the paying guests, and she found herself gestating a child who would be six years younger than Charlene and fourteen years younger than I. Such was the beginning of my sister Georgia.

AID: With your mother expecting her, you all needed a larger house.

CTW: Yes. My dad made me sit down at the typewriter and help him concoct an advertisement for the Pasadena Star-News: "Wanted, by reliable party--." Somehow, through that ad, we got into touch with a Maine man, Mr. Arthur Ryder, and he rented us a fine large Victorian house on North Los Robles Avenue. Since Pasadena real estate was in a slump, the rent was only thirty-five dollars. (Later, when Dad lost his money, the landlord reduced the rent to twenty-five.) There was furniture; we paid the lady who owned it a few dollars a month, but eventually bought the beds and chairs and tables, the stove and the ice box.

AID: Was there even a piano, such as you had at the other house?

CTW: No, but I didn't care. On Cypress Avenue I'd taken lessons from a neighbor. I'd had lessons in Kineo, even--from the wife of a carpenter--and I'd had some in Guilford. Now, however, I was fed up with the scales and exercises. I would put Caesar's Gallic Wars on the music rack and translate my Latin, meanwhile making a sound on the keyboard to deceive Mother. That nuisance ended when we moved.

AID: You spoke of typewriting. Where did you learn?

CTW: I never had lessons. Back at Kineo, Mother was friendly with the manager's secretary, Mrs. Turcott. She taught me the fundamentals. Then in Pasadena, Esther Shellhammer's grandmother sold us a "blind" typewriter for five dollars. You couldn't see what you were writing; your product was down under the roller. It was awkward, but I used it until the end of my first graduate year at Berkeley, when I could raise sixty dollars for a Corona portable. The dealer allowed me five dollars for the oldblind machine.

AID: Let's get back to your new home. Being Victorian, did it have a tower?

CTW: You've guessed it--the tower was the most striking feature. I used to go up to the attic and play in that tower. I was Elaine, the Lily Maid of Astolat, from Idylls of the King. Gazing toward the Sierra Madre, I'd pretend I had custody of Launcelot's sacred shield.

AID: You were dreaming of a boyfriend.

CTW: My cousin Flora, with whom I had played Parcheesi in Guilford, was now in Pasadena. Uncle Zeddy had died and left his money to her family. They followed us to Pasadena; but almost immediately, Flora was put to bed with a heart ailment, which she finally outgrew. She had been precocious, looking forward to high school. But now, when I visited her sickroom, what she wanted was social life. "When I get out of this bed," she told me, "I'm going to have boyfriends." She did, too; but, strangely enough, she never married.

AID: Did you yourself have a crush on anybody at Pasadena High?

CTW: Yes, Lowell Trautman, the Commissioner of Debating. He was tall and handsome; I can visualize him now in his ROTC uniform, with the polished leggings, striding into my Latin class. He cut quite a swath among the senior women. On Los Robles Avenue, I lived just around the corner; I would walk by his house just to see a lamp burning in the living room.

Came our Latin banquet, and Miss Deyo asked Lowell to give me a lift to some rich girl's house, where it was held. I almost swooned when he rang the doorbell; but the trip to that party was uneventful. As for the banquet itself, I suffered a sinking heart when the Roman slaves brought

in a roasted piglet, head and all; you see, I was still a vegetarian. Lowell and the other boys lay on couches, nibbling green onions while slaves sprinkled perfume on their togas and hair. They were decadent aristocrats.

AID: What became of Lowell Trautman?

CTW: I saw him once or twice at the bus stop near my house; he commuted to U.S.C. for a premedical course. Then he disappeared, and I heard nothing more about him until a few years ago, when the San Francisco Chronicle carried quite an obituary; it mentioned Pasadena, but also his career at Capwell's Department Store in Oakland. I felt dreadfully depressed. This boy whom I'd worshipped from afar, when he was a blooming youth, was now dead in his seventies.

AID: Let's get back to your new home--was it a good place to entertain in?

CTW: Although it was better than Cypress Avenue, it had its drawbacks. The plumbing arrangements were peculiar; the toilet was on the back porch. If a guest wanted to wash his hands, did he really want the bathroom, or should I lead him to the water closet? The toilet upstairs was also on a porch, and I shuddered when Mother suggested a chamberpot for any girl friend who stayed overnight. The bathwater came from an old tank in the kitchen; you had to light it with a match. In the bathroom a bare light bulb hung over the tub. Mother got a nasty shock once by turning it on while she was standing in the water.

When I was a senior in college and had a boyfriend, I hated to have him see the Bermuda grass, like dry straw, on the front lawn. Dad would cut it, but he neglected to water. Mother raised a few gladioli and let me put them in vases in the front room. She made fancy cushions for the wooden chairs and the plastic-covered sofa. But that was in 1924.

When we moved to Los Robles Avenue in 1920, we brought with us a pregnant cat, for whom Mother had a fellow feeling. Though Dad hated cats, that one adopted us. She gave birth just before Mother had Georgia. But she ate the kitten--she had no idea what to do with it.

That was a strenuous summer for me. I caught measles, and I had what I called the Curse for the first time. Fourteen seems late now, but was not unusual in those days. I fell out of our fig tree, too, and broke my elbow. You see, I was picking figs, but the little boy from next door--Page McCoy, who came of a Guilford family--began to cry out for help. He was picking figs too, but he felt himself slipping. When I reached out to save him, I fell, but he didn't. My cracked elbow cost Dad seventy-five dollars, which he could ill afford at the period when Mother was having doctor's bills for a baby.

AID: Just when did your sister Georgia arrive?

CTW: On June 27, 1920, in the Pasadena Hospital. Mother hoped that for once she could get some rest and attention. But the hospital happened to be crowded, and the nurses put her in a room that wasn't generally used; they even forgot to feed her. Finally she told her troubles to somebody--a cleaning woman, perhaps. When the nurses came, they apologized; she had not even seen her doctor since the delivery. He was too old and shaky to be very good. Someone had told her that his fees were reasonable. My broken elbow cost more than the baby.

While Mother was in the hospital, I did the housework, even washing the clothes in the machine that we had bought at Sears Roebuck. I made out a schedule--hours for certain household chores, and a time for doing my calisthenics, and a time when I could permit myself to read. Mrs. McCoy, the Maine woman next door, praised me afterward to Mother. But I'd never learned plain cooking. I could make biscuits, or a cake, but I'd never fried an egg. When my father tried to get his own breakfast, his eggs slid out of the frying pan and landed on the floor. He was not a profane man, but that morning he said, "God damn it!" I washed the dishes, of course--that was one of my few duties when Mother was well--that and dusting the furniture. Mother's philosophy was always that if we girls got A's in school, we'd done our job. One result was that I never learned to sew; I finished high school before Homemaking was required.

AID: When the baby, Georgia, came home, did you become as fond of her as you were of Charlene?

CTW: Well, no--I was preoccupied with school, glad to get back there after a dreadful summer. She was a pretty baby, with brown eyes and light hair; but I didn't pay her much attention. After she grew up, she always said that Charlene and I excluded her from our secrets--treated her as an outsider. The difference in age was too great.

AID: Well, let's hear next about your senior year at Pasadena High.

CTW: In fourth-year Latin, the twelve students sat around a table, overshadowed by busts of the Roman gods. Our teacher, Nellie Greene Clark, was plump and pleasant; she had a Phi Beta Kappa key from Grinnell. Being Student Counsellor, she did two jobs. I remember her brushing gold paint on the shoes for Santa Claus while she was also hearing us recite. Santa was going to appear at a Girls' League party for needy orphans.

My favorite English teacher, Martha May Walmsley, gave us seniors a wonderful survey of English Literature; it helped me afterward in college. With an M.A. from Michigan, she became my role model. In her junior class I gave oral reports on current literature; it did my shyness a world of good. Miss Walmsley was a disciplinarian; you couldn't chew gum, and you couldn't make comma splices. She challenged you, too--made me write an imitation of Chaucer, which taught me a whole lot about Middle English. When Pasadena got a junior college, she was promoted to that staff.

AID: Did you make more friends?

CTW: Helen Turner met me more than halfway. Although we were not related, having the same family name drew us together. When we both took chemistry from Miss Abigail Stoddard (a dedicated scientist), I was baffled at first by the equations. Helen fired me up; after getting the general idea, I became an A student. And when finally eight of us seniors graduated with gold pins, Helen and I were both among them. That was just before the founding of the statewide honor society.

AID: How many were there in your graduating class?

CTW: About 350, according to the souvenir program. But I've quite a bit more to tell you about school. For instance, Helen and I, in our chemistry class, were impressed with Victor Jory, a nonconformist. Victor was our idea of a "sheik" at the time when Hull's novel was running in the home newspaper. His hair was slicked down with Stacomb, and he had roles at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. When I entered a short-story competition, with a tale about art students, I found myself competing with Victor; he won the top ten dollars, and I got two. Both stories appeared in the Item, our school magazine. Later the glamorous Victor Jory was expelled for driving his model T Ford on the football field during an ROTC drill. Huh, he couldn't have cared less. He became a movie star; and he still appears in Westerns, playing old Indians.

At school I observed Will Rogers for fifteen minutes. He was not well known, but at our weekly assembly he put on a demonstration of rope-twirling (in cowboy costume). Later on, when he had a daily joke in the Star-News, Mother disapproved of his cracks about the President. We were Republicans. Dad would look up at a picture of Coolidge in our kitchen and say, "You're all right, Cal."

AID: Still on the subject of actors: did you go out for dramatics?

CTW: Only to play the part of a child in an assembly production of Browning's "Pied Piper of Hamelin." You might call it private theatricals when Helen had some of us over to her grandmother's house on Cypress Avenue and dressed us in costume. I still have snapshots of her as Cleopatra, with a long black stocking stuffed and biting her bosom, and of me as Maisie McTough, wearing a man's cap, with my face heavily made up. Did I feel devilish!

Through Helen, I knew Beatrice Williams, who took us to football games in a Cadillac; we followed the team around--only, I had a cold and couldn't go to Long Beach for the big annual game, which meant more to us than the Rose Bowl. Beatrice gave me my first avocados--from her family's trees.

AID: Did you entertain the girls at your house?

CTW: To my great disappointment, neither Helen nor Beatrice could come to my fifteenth birthday party, on Saint Patrick's Day, 1921. Two of their friends came, and at my request they brought three boys whom I'd never met. The boys didn't realize it was a birthday party until Mother brought in the cake. Another person there was Helen Henry, the daughter of our Universalist minister. We'd been attending services at Throop Memorial Church, which was named for the family that founded Throop Institute--now Cal Tech. But the party--oh, dear, it was not much fun; the games I'd planned were too juvenile.

AID: Was your graduation as great as you expected it to be?

CTW: Oh, very elaborate. We held it in Tournament Park, where football used to be played on New Year's Day, before there was a Rose Bowl. We sat on bleachers; the juniors brought us all flowers. My Turner cousins sent me a bouquet. I'd attended a rehearsal in the heat, and my nose was sunburnt; Mother treated it with Carnation milk. I was proud, though, of the white organdy dress she made me. She wrote a piece for the Star-News about my being the youngest graduate, and Dad sent the clipping to the Guilford Register.

In my hallway at home now hangs a big framed enlargement of my graduation picture. One of the photographs impressed a childhood friend of mine, Jack Shannon, whose mother had been my mother's teacher. The Shannons lived in Brewer, and we used to visit them. Now Jack fell in love with my picture and started corresponding with me. I laid myself out to write well; but when Dad noticed the letters, he was upset because Jack was a Roman Catholic. When I entered college, though, I fell in love with somebody else and felt morally obliged to return all Jack's letters in an old stationery box. Mother was annoyed because the postage was so expensive. But I got my money's worth from the dramatic gesture. Poor Jack was bewildered at my fickleness. All I wanted was a little attention.

AID: Did the high school advise you about picking out a college?

CTW: At senior assemblies, representatives came from U.S.C. and Pomona and Occidental. But when Dad learned, from the Los Angeles Times, that the University of California had a branch on the campus of the old L.A. Normal School, he said I should go to "a state institution." The registration fee was \$12.50 and I could commute to Vermont Avenue on the streetcars.

All was easily arranged by mail, and in September he escorted me to the freshman I.Q. tests and the Subject A exam. After that, I could solo.

III COLLEGE AT "SOUTHERN BRANCH," 1921-1925

AID: You mentioned taking the Subject A exam. You must have done brilliantly.

CTW: No, Dick; I got only a B. I changed my topic several times and finally wrote in a great hurry--about the benefits of studying Latin. But that was the last B I was ever to get in English at Southern Branch (now UCLA).

AID: Were there bonehead English classes for those who flunked?

CTW: Oh, yes; and in those days there was an intermediate course, English 1X, which at least gave credit. But my B got me into English 1A; and there I fell platonically in love with the young instructor, Lawrence C. Lockley. He was married, but that didn't prevent me from raving about him until one of my friends--Helen Henry, my pastor's daughter--said, "Cheer up, Celeste; there are such things as divorce courts, poison, and daggers." Mr. Lockley noticed my themes right away, and my age, fifteen. Within a month he asked how I'd like to correct papers for him. He took me to meet his wife, whom he'd married at Berkeley. Sitting there in his house, I corrected a number of themes. He was satisfied with my work--my mechanics of writing were very good. But later he learned that freshmen could not be readers; so he took a sophomore, who, he said, was not quite so accurate as I was. Southern Branch had only a two-year program, like a junior college.

AID: And did Mr. Lockley get his Ph.D. at Berkeley?

CTW: No, he had only an M.A. Amusingly enough, Southern Branch made him teach business English to Commerce students. He became interested, and wound up with a Ph.D. in Economics from Harvard. We corresponded, though at long intervals. He got a divorce; I met his second wife while they were working together for the Curtis Publishing Company. Years later Lockley became Dean of Business Administration at U.S.C. After his official retirement, he taught at Santa Clara. He and his wife came to see me at Davis once in a while, or I'd stop off at San Jose. Now, alas, he has died. He was witty, a bit sardonic. And by the way, I used his textbook on business writing at Davis.

AID: How much did they pay readers in those early days?

CTW: Fifty cents an hour, which I called a bonanza. In high school my spending money had been twenty-five cents a week. In college Dad gave me whatever I needed. My biggest windfalls were an occasional five or ten dollars from the Los Angeles Times--prizes that I won in the "Titus Wad" contest. Anyone who competed furnished a little scenario for a comic strip about Titus, a stingy man; the staff cartoonist drew the pictures. My prize money bought a brown leather briefcase for carrying my books on the streetcar.

AID: How long did the whole journey take?

CTW: About an hour and a half each way. I studied on the cars. I got up at five for an eight-o'clock class. Mother would leave my egg overnight in a buttered saucer; I steamed it on top of the teakettle, and I made toast on a special device that fitted over a gas ring on the stove. Mother mixed cocoa with sugar and canned milk and left it in my cup, all ready for hot water. After eating breakfast, I went out into the darkness. Sometimes the rain was falling. After riding down Los Robles to Colorado Street, I'd climb aboard the Short Line or the Oak Knoll car and ride over to Los Angeles. There the yellow streetcar marked "Heliotrope" took me to the old Vermont Avenue campus.

AID: Did you talk with other students on the street car?

CTW: Egad, yes. Walter Koerper was commuting too; I'd known him in high school chemistry. I had the biggest crush on him that I'd had on anybody since Sheldon Brown. Walter was tall and handsome. We talked on the cars; I would almost swoon with rapture whenever he sat with me. Once he even took me to the Farmers' Market on the way home to Pasadena. He bought some sauerkraut and a little potted plant. But he never showed any romantic interest.

There was really another girl, Dorothy Doolittle--someone he had known at Grace Church, back in Kansas City, Missouri. I didn't learn about her until years later, when she got engaged to another man and Walter was upset. Meanwhile, he had a profound influence on my life. I saw him just often enough to remain head over heels in love. Before I got through, I took forty-two semester units of German at Southern Branch and at Berkeley. It was soon after the war; very few people of English descent enrolled when the first German classes were offered, my second year. But I chose German rather than Greek, just in order to see Walter. His parents had come from the old country; they spoke German at home.

AID: Did you ever have a real date with Walter?

CTW: Not really. Sometimes he gave me a lift to German Club parties; but since he didn't know how to drive, his younger brother went along as our chauffeur in the family car. The club attended a German

theater in L.A., where we saw (for example) Ibsen's *Doll's House* played in German. There were beach parties, too, and hikes to Switzer's famous camp, in the mountains near Pasadena. Walter was president for one year; he played the piano while we sang *Die Lorelei*. Girls of German descent clustered about him. Luckily for me, none of them reminded him of his mother. Years later, when my feeling for him was almost over, I found out what he really wanted: a tall European woman. He was past thirty when he married.

Another German friend was Alice Laarmann, a smiling girl with brown eyes. She even took me home to Boyle Heights, where her father kept animals and had a butter business. He was a big German with a sense of humor. The mother was Alsatian, quiet and amiable. To this day, Alice is one of my dearest friends. At Berkeley we were roommates.

AID: What did you study besides English and German?

CTW: I took three years of college Latin; that made a total of seven years. Dr. McKinlay was a grandfatherly little person, who wrote essays to prove that the Greeks and Romans were temperate in their use of wine. He even disapproved of coffee. You could see him each noon, drinking a bottle of milk in his office. Under him I read Horace, and Cicero's letters; he translated a volume of the letters.

While we were reading Catullus, I got sick and missed about a fortnight of school. My sister Charlene had scarlet fever; I stayed with the McCoys, our friends from Guilford, to avoid being quarantined. After Charlene was well, I had a rash and a sore throat, along with blood poisoning from a cut finger; there was a red streak up my arm. Old Dr. Campbell feared scarlet fever. I smeared the rash with zinc oxide and kept studying at home. Then my throat got better; and without waiting for Dr. Campbell's blessing, I went back to college. There I learned that the girl who sat next to me in an English class had been out with scarlet fever. I must have had a light case.

AID: Did you study history?

CTW: Oh, yes--a freshman course, Modern Europe; and then an upper-division course in the Renaissance. Alice and I ate dill pickles in the dark while an art professor lectured on painting and showed slides. Another day, we cut history and ate lunch in the cafeteria. In seven years of college, that was the only time I ever cut class. God punished me dramatically: our professor, Dr. Frank Klingberg, sprang a test. While the other students were writing, he went to the cafeteria for his own lunch and, of course, saw Alice and me; I could have perished. But I still got an A in that course, and Klingberg invited me to be one of his readers.

AID: And were you?

CTW: No, for by that time I was reading for Professor Llewellyn Buell; I'd done well in his sophomore Survey of English Literature and his course in the drama. Mr. Buell had serious eye trouble. Afterward, for a time, he had to drop out of teaching and serve as executive secretary to Ernest Carroll Moore, the head of Southern Branch. Mr. Buell had the savoir faire of a Harvard Ph.D. We were friends all the rest of his life.

AID: Was there never any romantic interest?

CTW: There might have been, except that I was always in love with somebody else. Older men, somehow, were not for me, except as friends. Eventually Bill (as people called him) married a girl seventeen years younger than himself. The marriage lasted until he died--about five years ago. By that time he was seriously ill--had had cancer and been cured, but became blind and deaf. To the end he was sweetly reasonable.

AID: Surely you must have studied a little science.

CTW: Chemistry 1A and 1B. At first it wasn't hard; William Conger Morgan put me into a "good" section because I did well in his Nut Test, elementary problems. But the qualitative analysis, in the spring semester, brought me an E grade for the midterm. It was Easter vacation when that cinch notice came. Just after mixing myself a glass of lemonade and sitting down with a good novel (The Ordeal of Richard Feverel), I saw the fatal envelope on the mantel. "I'll show them, damn them!" I said to my family. (Dad often quoted me on that.) I commuted daily throughout Easter vacation, making up the experiments I had mangled. For instance, I'd pour in silver nitrate, then report that my "unknown" solution contained silver. My grade was a C that semester. If I hadn't taken chemistry, I'd probably have graduated first, not second, in my senior class.

AID: Did you join any literary societies?

CTW: Yes, the Manuscript Club, my freshman year. Since I didn't live near the campus, I missed out on their celebrated binge at the Norse Studios, in Hollywood, where some of them wore daring costumes and drank bootleg. Remember, this was during Prohibition. The club was suspended, but later forgiven. Besides one or two of the tamer parties, I attended only the sessions where we read poems and criticized the members' work. So I didn't realize that some of those Jazz Age couples were living in what used to be called sin.

AID: Did you fall for any of the male poets?

CTW: I fell in love with a poem, which had all the other women in the club sighing also. It was a tender piece by Brewster Ghiselin, to some girl whom we didn't know. I sent Brewster a fan letter through campus mail, and we had a talk on the lawn. He was handsome, with unforgettable dark eyes. If I hadn't been in love already, I might have

fallen platonically for him. He didn't find me interesting. He has since published several books of poetry and taught creative writing at the University of Utah.

AID: What did you join besides the Manuscript Club?

CTW: The Kappa Phi girls ate brown-bag lunches together under the eucalyptus trees. We carried emblems--tiny black cats. After I graduated, that club became a chapter of Chi Delta Phi, a sorority for writers; Willa Cather belonged--so I found out from Who's Who in America. As an alumna of Kappa Phi, I was initiated.

AID: What about gym classes?

CTW: When we registered, the nurse cautioned me about my feet; they're congenitally flat. As she predicted, my shoes have caused me much suffering. Some of her other questions strike me funny now. "How often do you bathe?" she asked; and I said, "Twice a week," without embarrassment. During the Maine winters, our family heated water on the stove and poured it into a washtub; believe me, we bathed only on Saturday night.

But about the sports: flat feet didn't interfere with calisthenics, or even with an extra half unit of aesthetic dancing. (We made Grecian costumes of a flimsy green material.) Besides these two gym classes my first semester, I went out for the Junior College hockey team, which competed with Teachers College and Physical Education. But I lost heart after one of my opponents, wildly excited, raised her stick too high--committing the foul known as "Sticks"--and struck me in the face. I saw stars and was led away to a couch in the women's gym. "All for alma mater," said the teacher who examined my injuries. It was quite a trauma; next day I cried in Mr. Lockley's office while he was testing me on Vanity Fair. He and my dad both ordered me to stop playing hockey. It was like the time the milk wagon on Cypress Avenue knocked me off my bicycle; I have never ridden a bicycle since.

AID: You haven't said anything about your poetry. You must have kept it up after making a start at Kineo.

CTW: I got into production my freshman year. I'd been stimulated in high school by seeing another girl's sonnet on the blackboard. "I can write sonnets too," I thought; and so I produced some in the summer and fall of 1921. The Star-News put them into a little black frame instead of running them as "Contributors' Verse." (Some "Contributors' Verse" was pretty awful.) The editor had no idea how old I might be. Thanks to him, my "Sonnet to a City," on Pasadena, attracted the attention of Arthur Farwell, a composer, whom I read about in Who's Who. He set my words to music as a soprano solo. At a public music meeting, my parents heard me read my poem from the stage. My delivery had been coached by our next-door neighbor, Ida McCoy, a graduate of the Emerson College of

Oratory, in Boston. Since I had no telephone, Mr. Farwell visited my home. We had a wood-burning stove in the living-room, and Mother had been getting out our laundry in her Sears Roebuck machine, the "Water Witch." Anyway, Mr. Farwell was kind, and I attended a series of music meetings that he sponsored; in summer they were at Brookside Park. There's a copy of his song in Shields Library now; Jerry Rosen of our music department advised me to put it there. Since then Jerry's written two songs using words of mine; I have heard them sung by the University Chorus and played by a full orchestra.

AID: Yes, "Campus Doorways" was planned for November 11, when we dedicated our new Recreation Hall; the alumni were there. But in college did you take courses in creative writing?

CTW: For Alfred Longueil, a popular professor, I wrote "Bread and Roses" about Saint Elisabeth of Hungary. Her legend about turning bread into roses is in the Catholic Encyclopedia, but I had read the story in Saint Nicholas magazine when I was a child. Since I adored Keats's "Eve of Saint Agnes," I used the Spenserian stanza for my long poem. In the 1940's I revised it, and it appeared in a New York magazine, American Poet. In 1973 I revised it again for Seasoned Timber.

In Longueil's class I sat next to Agnes, the niece of Cecil B. DeMille. Her mother, who attended that class with her, was the daughter of Henry George, the "Single Tax" economist. The Cub Californian made some jokes because Mr. Longueil escorted Agnes and her mother to plays. As you know, Agnes became a famous choreographer; she planned Oklahoma!

AID: Did you ever try living at Southern Branch?

CTW: I couldn't afford it. Our family had hard sledding in the 1920's. Dad's Pennsylvania Railroad stock didn't pay well, though we managed somehow. I was not even noticed by the sororities; in any case, they would have been too expensive. Though I've seldom given it a thought, how could I have continued if Southern Branch hadn't added first the junior, then the senior year? I graduated in the "Pioneer Class."

AID: They were the first to receive degrees?

CTW: The A. B. Earlier, students who'd completed four years' work in the Teachers College became Bachelors of Education. I made the journey to Southern Branch on a Saturday to attend their Commencement exercises. Over the stage were painted the famous words of our Director, Ernest Carroll Moore: "Education is learning to use the tools that the race has found indispensable." Not an exciting sentence, but at least it taught me how to spell.

AID: Since money was of the essence, how did you persevere toward the Ph.D.?

CTW: One step at a time! When my friend Veva Kellogg announced that she was going to stake her all upon an M.A., instead of settling for a high school credential, I thought, "Why not try? My grades are better than Veva's." So I talked with the English chairman, Frederick T. Blanchard, who had given me an A in *The Eighteenth Century Novel* and another A in *An Introduction to Poetry*. (By the way, that poetry course taught me metre and stanza patterns and poetic forms. I owe Blanchard a great deal.)

There he sat goggling at me--a hearty, thick-set man in a tweedy suit. When I told him my father could send me to Berkeley for just one year, "Take a master's," he said; "you're a fine student. And later, somehow, things will open up." Then he picked up a Berkeley catalog and pointed: "Look at this--Seminar in Elizabethan Drama. Doesn't that appeal to you?" It was like the time he was teaching us Keats's "Eve of Saint Agnes," the passage where Porphyro brings out "jellies soother than the creamy curd, / And lucent syrups tinct with cinnamon." Blanchard asked the class, "How would you like to have some of that on your hotcakes?" He loved food, and so do I. I could taste that seminar in Elizabethan drama.

So I told my father that if I made good on the master's, I could get a teaching fellowship and support myself. John Harold Swan and his friend Charlie Cooper had fellowships already, for the coming year at Berkeley. I had never heard of such things; it was just as well, for they do slow a student down. John Harold had an undergraduate scholarship; I didn't know I could qualify.

AID: What else happened in the senior year?

CTW: We English majors took a Comprehensive Examination, like the one at Berkeley. I practically memorized Moody and Lovett's History of English Literature. When the dreaded afternoon arrived, we all wrote for five long hours straight. Talk about writer's cramp! At six o'clock we staggered out, hardly knowing who we were. The juniors in Kappa Phi had arranged for dinner and a show--perhaps Mary Boland in Meet the Wife. Whatever it was, I, for one, was hanging on the ropes.

There was much gossip about highest honors. Somebody said that John Harold Swan and I had earned them in English. Somebody else said I was graduating at the head of my class; but eventually Mr. Buell told me that Vesta Cunningham, a Spanish major, had brought in her earlier grades from Pomona College and beaten me out. "It's probably just as well," said Mr. Buell; "to be first might spoil you."

John Harold, my champion, was indignant: "There's some mistake!" he said in the library, where we were supposed to be studying hard. "I'll demand an investigation." And my German teacher, told me, "You've taken hard subjects like chemistry; the other girl hasn't." Anyway I graduated second.

AID: Tell me more about this John Harold Swan.

CTW: He'd been in my Latin classes since our freshman year. We took Shakespeare and Romantic Poetry together under Herbert F. Allen, who looked like an inhabitant of Mars, being tall and skinny, with hardly any hair. At the beginning of our senior year, I found in my campus mailbox a note, on beautiful paper, asking whether John Harold could take me to the Southern Branch-Oxford University debate. Alas, the debate was already over. Later I stayed with Kitty Haggart and went with John Harold to The Devil's Disciple. He brought me a big box of English toffee. "They're all eating this," he said, "at the insurance office where I work."

AID: Young Swan sounds like a man with a future.

CTW: Aha, Dick, I see your point: you yourself lately retired as an officer of the Equitable Life Assurance Society. Indeed John Harold got ahead. After taking an M.A. at Berkeley, he finished up a teaching credential and taught in the Sacramento City College. Later he was elected to the State Senate and served there while continuing to teach. During World War II, I saw him at Berkeley, earning a degree in law at Boalt Hall. Soon he was Dean of McGeorge Law School in Sacramento. Finally, alas, he got cancer and died, probably at fifty. In the 1930's he had married, had a daughter, but been parted from his wife by some terrible misunderstanding. It's a sad story.

AID: And you didn't care for him?

CTW: No, though at one time he said that his happiness depended on my going out with him. Later he wrote me of the place he had "coveted" in my heart. He was brilliant, but the chemistry was wrong. For instance, he had loving-cup ears. (When he fattened up a bit, they were less noticeable.) In my senior year I wanted someone to love, but John Harold wasn't the right man.

AID: Had you got over Walter?

CTW: I was struggling to break away. He barely surmised how I felt. Once Dr. William Diamond, our little Jewish professor of German (from the University of Chicago), told me that he had said to Walter: "Don't you see how you hurt that girl's sensitive soul?" We were often in Diamond's office. My Latin professor, whose desk was there also, would have been surprised to see me using Ovid's Remedia Amoris to get over a love affair. I was impressed when George Meredith, in The Egoist, said that a woman's fixation on the wrong guy can be displaced only by the advent of a greater man. Not that Meredith says guy!

Finally I met someone who for me was a greater man than Walter--not handsomer, but more interested in scholarship and poetry. It was Carl Hagge, the president of the German club, a tall, blond youth of North

German and Danish descent; his parents and he himself had been born in Iowa. After doing excellent work in the chemistry major, he took German, decided to switch, and accepted the fact that he (like Walter) would need a fifth year, at Berkeley, for the A.B. He intended to become a college professor. The psychologist Terman had called him "gifted."

At the German Club's Christmas party in 1924, I sensed that Carl admired me in my peasant costume. Once or twice I had the nerve to sit down beside him in the library. I introduced him to a poem by Keats, and he exclaimed at the beauty of it. We decided to go, some day soon, to a honeysuckle arbor behind Millspaugh Hall and read Keats aloud. But he'd attracted me for a long time. As I told my chum Barbara Bridgeford, Carl was the hero of a pantomime. I had described him in these lines: "You lean your head on your hand; / You are calm as a marble bust." After that, we referred to him as Buster.

All this time, he and I never had a date, except to read Keats in the arbor. But one Friday, as we were walking out of Diction and Style, he handed me a note. "Don't open this," he said, "till you get home."

Naturally I opened it just as soon as I could get to the women's rest room. It was a love poem--pretty good, actually. I was delirious. Now that someone suitable was in love with me, I fully returned the feeling. That weekend I lay sprawled on the couch at home as if struck by a thunderbolt. I reread Carl's poem again and again.

On Monday, just as I had envisioned, he was studying in the library, and beside him was an empty chair. Slipping into that chair, I whispered, "I have read your poem, and it's made me very happy." After studying awhile, or pretending to study, we somehow got to the colonnade and sat down on a low wall, with a considerable space between us. We just sat there. Theresia Rustemeyer, a friend of ours, passed along and said hello. Maybe an hour later, she walked by again, going home after a class. "What!" she said. "Are you two still sitting here?"

Toward the end of that week, I began to suffer because we had never kissed. Finally I maneuvered us into an empty classroom, where we stood by the window. When I spoke of the final exam we must go to, he suddenly reached down and kissed me. I was ready to be carried out on a stretcher. Nevertheless, I somehow wrote an A final in Diction and Style. Carl got only a B, though his average till then had been very high.

AID: Did he come to Commencement?

CTW: No. I went through it alone, but with much excitement and vainglory. My parents were there--Mother, at least--in Millspaugh Auditorium. That night I danced at the Senior Ball in the women's gym. Some weeks before, I had asked Walter to take me (since he wasn't graduating). Though I still liked Walter more than a little, the feeling was submerged; my heart seemed totally committed to Carl.

Our courtship continued during the summer. Carl could seldom come over from Huntington Park; he worked in a bank where his father was cashier. When he did get the family car, we would just walk from my house to a little park, taking with us a picnic lunch that my mother prepared. Her idea of the right beverage was always ginger ale. Once we sat in the dark talking until ants got into what was left of the food; when Carl carried the shopping bag back to my house, ants began going up his sleeve. Another time, we saw Peer Gynt at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. There was no air-conditioning; it was so warm that the ushers handed out glasses of cold water. Sometimes Carl and I just talked in the living room. He had dreams of becoming a famous scholar. I, too, loved my studies; but, being a woman, I thought I must give up my academic life after marriage. He wanted children; my heart sank at the thought of having them soon, but again I accepted the idea of subordinating myself.

AID: Did you telephone each other when he couldn't visit you?

CTW: No, that was just before our family got a telephone. We corresponded, and I modeled my letters on Elizabeth Browning's. I went all out, composing love letters. At last I had found someone who could appreciate them.

AID: Did you keep copies?

CTW: Oh, no; they were not typewritten. Carl offered to give them back after our love affair went on the rocks. (That was seven years later.) I'm glad I refused to accept them, for they would have got lost in the same trunk that was stolen from the South Hall basement. that time when I lost my diaries for the years 1919 to 1934. That trunk did contain Carl's wonderful letters to me.

So the summer passed, and in August we went to Berkeley with Walter and Alice and John Harold and half-a-dozen more of our college friends.

AID: What were you studying then with Carl in the Berkeley room?

CTW: I especially remember Spenser's Faerie Queene. Sometimes I translated Anglo-Saxon. Without much preliminary study of grammar our teachers--first Walter Morris's last and then, replacing him, George Smithson--plunged us into translation. Though we analyzed every word, we covered more texts than you might suppose.

Carl and I had an anthology of German literature for the senior course that was required of German majors. Our teacher, Hugo K. Schilling, had cut an impressive figure at Berkeley before World War I. He might have become president of U.C. if the war hadn't ruined the German department's fortunes. He was big, bearded, autocratic. Carl would sit

IV GRADUATE STUDY AT BERKELEY, 1925-1928

AID: Where did you live, that first year in Berkeley?

CTW: Alice, having been there already, knew a fine housemother, Mrs. Pearce, on College Avenue. Those nine girls became lifelong friends--although four of them, alas, are now dead. Imagine the excitement I felt at leaving my family and moving in, as a free soul, with Alice (my roommate); Veva Kellogg, Rose Dreyer (whom I'd known in Latin classes), and Edris Burgess; Charlotte Hendrickson (from Redlands); Lucille Hughes (my high school friend); and the Haggart sisters, Kitty and Dot (really Helen). On the wall by the staircase was once posted a humorous chart showing our relationships with the men who came to our parties: Rudolf Gillmann, Alice's fiancé; John Harold and his roommate Charlie Cooper (who fell in love with Edris); Carl and Walter.

On campus I was likewise in seventh heaven: I took one German class with Carl each semester. He and I read in Stephens Union Memorial Room, brand new and ultraluxurious. On Friday afternoons he introduced me to the organ concerts at the Unitarian church, a lovely little building covered with wisteria. In Huntington Park, Carl had been the organist for his Lutheran church; now he was rooming with Walter at the Unitarian-Divinity School near the campus. Sometimes he and I took long walks round the stadium and past the fraternity houses. We loved the brisk weather and the red leaves. Berkeley wasn't cluttered. The campus was full of trees and wide spaces--more like a park.

AID: What were you studying there with Carl in the Memorial Room?

CTW: I especially remember Spenser's Faerie Queene. Sometimes I translated Anglo-Saxon. Without much preliminary study of grammar our teachers--first Walter Morris Hart and then, replacing him, George Smithson--plunged us into translation. Though we analyzed every word, we covered more texts than you might suppose.

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with me in the English seminar room, doing his own work while I labored on a seminar report for Willard Farnham. My long paper, "The Machinery of Horror in Elizabethan Tragedy," included witches, ghosts, and terrible ways of killing people, such as making them smell poisonous bouquets or kiss poisoned paintings or sit tied in a chair to be tortured. I analyzed the psychology involved. Mr. Farnham wrote a big "A" on that paper, with a quotation from Francis Bacon: "Reading maketh a full man." For George Potter's class in Elizabethan literature I wrote a paper on broadside ballads.

AID: Let's see--weren't there foreign-language exams?

CTW: For the M.A., my German would have been enough. I passed it the first or second week; and Mr. Farnham, who corrected it himself, asked me, "Have you lived in Germany?" My German conversation has always been wretched, but I know my grammar.

Eventually, there would have to be French for the Ph.D. When my friends took that exam, I joined them, without brushing up. Though I'd had only three semesters of French in high school, my seven years of Latin helped me through. And I was excused from the Latin test. Everybody took Latin, even the candidates in American literature.

AID: Was American literature popular in 1925?

CTW: Not really; graduate work in that field was a novelty. T. K. Whipple, a pioneer, was pointed out: "He gives a seminar in American lit." Today, of course, it's a crowded field.

AID: Had you already decided on a Ph.D.?

CTW: I felt pretty confident after getting straight A's my first semester. Some cold water, of course, was cast. When I talked with Al Upton, who'd been working on Ben Jonson for ages, "Miss Turner," he said, "you're a bright little girl, but you won't be able to finish in three years." Yet the Graduate Division, in its official bulletin, specified three years as a "probable minimum." Since I had so little money, I wanted to finish by May 1928. Such a record was rare. Years later Professor Guy Montgomery told me that whenever someone said it was impossible to finish in three years, somebody else would say, "Celeste Turner did it." I did it by keeping my nose to the grindstone. Besides, I'd read everything so recently.

AID: In science, isn't three years fairly common?

CTW: Yes, it is. Harold Olmo of Viticulture finished in two-and-a-half years. He says his thesis topic was ideal. Will Berggren, who taught here in the 1930's, had a Ph.D. from Berkeley in mechanical engineering when he was twenty-one years old. He used to take my sister

Charlene to dances. And he told her he was so sick of studying, he didn't intend to have another serious thought.

In 1925 I was greatly encouraged by Miss Tempe Allison. She had taken time out from her job as a dean at San Bernardino Junior College to get the degree (with a thesis on medieval drama). Her salary, \$3000 a year, would now go higher. "Most graduate students," she said, "want life to be pleasant. They entertain; they waste hours talking."

And indeed John Harold Swan was hobnobbing with the professors at the faculty club. He kept postponing his master's exam till the department finally nailed him. When he got a C+, he gave up on the Ph.D. and, as I've told you, went on to a career in Sacramento.

I still have the study charts for my three graduate years. Each chart showed how many hours I'd devote to my courses, how many to reading for the exams, and how many to Carl.

AID: Did he like having his girlfriend so ambitious?

CTW: Something ominous happened early. One day just before we left Southern Branch, I exclaimed to a group, "I want a master's degree more than anything else in the world." Barbara was shocked. "Carl heard you," she said, "and you should have seen his face." My real self was speaking. I wanted love, yes; but neither Carl, nor any other man, has ever made me want to give up my career.

Something bad happened during the Christmas holidays. Carl finished his finals and went home early. I had to remain for Anglo-Saxon, and Walter for Education. He said to me, "Let's celebrate by going over to San Francisco; we can see the stores and The Student Prince at Heidelberg." It was unheard of for him to invite me; of course we went Dutch. But we had a most heavenly time. Though we didn't buy two cents' worth of presents at the City of Paris or the Emporium, we felt Christmasy. And as we went into the theatre, Walter bought me a bunch of violets.

Carl and I had not announced our engagement. As his roommate, though, Walter knew that we were in love. Perhaps he enjoyed showing his power over me. Later his father said something indiscreet to Carl while taking the young men to the train. And so Carl knew about The Student Prince and was jealous. He and I had a painful scene; I said I had formerly cared for Walter. This was news--a terrible revelation. Although we made up, Carl lost some of his happy confidence. After that episode he was sometimes a little waspish.

AID: What do you mean?

CTW: Here's an example from the fall of 1926. We were taking Old French together; Carl knew a lot of modern French. Once when I settled a

difficult point in grammar, he rained on my parade by saying in German, "Now and then even the little red hen finds a grain of corn." That made me angry. Being insecure, I am always too eager for a moment of triumph.

Three years later the Old French professor, Percival Fay, did me a good turn. Though I was already teaching at Davis, he got me elected to Phi Beta Kappa. He had looked up my undergraduate record; if there had been a chapter at Southern Branch, I would have been elected there. Since there was no chapter, Berkeley took me on the strength of my graduate work. Eventually--too late--UCLA became able to invite me.

AID: Your grades must have been very high.

CTW: In graduate school, I had straight A's in my German minor; and in English I had all A's except in one course, Anglo-Saxon philology, where I was lucky to struggle through with a B. The work had been all grammar--no translation.

The teacher, Arthur Gilchrist Brodeur, taught practically all the philology in the department. For at least two decades, everybody took two or three courses from him. He may have given me that B because I'd done A work in his Middle English, a class that I liked because we were analyzing texts. Also, I'd had an A in Beowulf. Our class got a special break on that Beowulf exam. You see, sample copies were handed out in the English office. All of us, naturally, obtained them. On the morning of the test, Mr. Brodeur announced that the duplicating machine had broken down. When he distributed the same old questions we had studied, we did not protest. But we had to know a tremendous amount in order to write the two or three bluebooks that we filled.

AID: What was Mr. Brodeur like?

CTW: A kindly man with a golden beard like Tennyson's King Arthur. As a matter of fact, he had finished a book on Arthur just before the great Berkeley fire of 1923, when so many professors lost their homes and their libraries. The manuscript of his book was burned.

Brodeur was not only fascinating, but absentminded. Turning up late one morning for our eight-o'clock class, he explained that he'd gone by mistake to the room where he'd taught Beowulf the year before. He waited awhile before realizing where we must be. Then there was that time (I wish I'd been present) when Brodeur fell off the platform. Striding up and down, excitedly talking, he stepped off the edge, fell to the floor, and rose without one pause in his flow of language.

God took care of me where Mr. Brodeur was concerned. During my master's oral exam, in the spring of 1926, he asked me to translate part of "The Battle of Brunanburgh." I got along nicely, thanking Heaven I had studied it in Mr. Smithson's Anglo-Saxon reading course. Poor, dear Mr. Brodeur suspected nothing. Later, when we were alone, he said, "Surely

you hadn't read that poem before." "Well, yes, I had; but you didn't inquire." Let's hope I blushed when I said that.

AID: So you swept all before you in your master's exam?

CTW: No, Dick, I didn't feel that way about it. When Brodeur and Robert Palfrey Utter and Thomas Sanford were through with me, I ran to the ladies' room and cried. After awhile I got up courage and reported to the English office. "Your grade," said Mr. Brodeur, "is an A-. Everyone misses a few questions. On the whole, the committee was much pleased." After hearing those wonderful words, I sent an Easter telegram to my family. Now I could go on for the Ph.D.! Now I could have a fellowship to support me!

Let me explain, though, that the teaching fellows did not teach; they just corrected the freshman themes. The only graduate students who taught were experienced high school teachers, coming back for a Ph.D. Not having to teach saved me time, though it may not have benefited my students at Davis.

The fellowships paid \$650 the first year, \$750 the second. This to me was wealth. Viola Evans, in the second year, assured me: "When you get that raise, you can even buy clothes."

AID: So then, in June, you marched at Commencement.

CTW: No, actually, it was in May; Berkeley used to close then and resume in August; so did Davis--though the valley here is so very hot.

In May I rented a gown and a master's hood. I was proud of that outfit; Carl's parents took pictures of me in it, and of course pictures of Carl, who was taking his bachelor's degree. We stood together by the sundial near the Campanile.

AID: So his parents knew about you? Had you met them already?

CTW: They knew about me, but we hadn't announced our engagement. Carl was still very young; he'd been born in December 1904. Any thought of marriage was impossible until he could support me.

At that first meeting, we were all quiet and shy. His parents took us on the ferryboat to San Francisco to dinner, but we didn't get well acquainted. And that was the only time in my life that I laid eyes on them. But Carl came to see me during the summer; he took me to Rose Marie and the Duncan sisters' Topsy and Eva. We were happy, sure of spending the next year at Berkeley together.

AID: Did you and the other girls live on College Avenue again?

CTW: Oh, no; several of them had their teaching credential. Alice got married in L.A., and I was a bridesmaid--in the fraternal hall of some German society. Our friends were there, and I read a long poem modeled on Spenser's "Epithalamion." Alice had a high school job and expected to teach for a few years. Actually, what with the great depression, she went on long after Rudy died of a heart attack. It's sad to remember how joyful we were that spring before her marriage. Every morning, Alice would announce how many days remained before the "nootials."

AID: Well, with Alice gone, you must have had another roommate.

CTW: Yes, Veva Kellogg, a tall, red-haired girl, playful and charming, whom I'd known since my freshman year. We reserved a room in a "Christian Home"; it cost perhaps \$45 a month. But in August the place proved to be impossible. The managers were strait-laced Fundamentalists, and yet one of the male visitors seemed crude, always taking his girl friend (a divorcee) on his lap in the living room. Veva and I fled from those unpolished diamonds. Almost across the street (Durant), at the corner of Ellsworth, we moved into Mrs. Dixon's boarding house, a former mansion, with furnishings that had once been gorgeous but were now faded. The piano was out of tune, and the showerbath on the third floor overflowed its basin and could not be used. But we had an interesting pillbox on top of the house--a glassed-in sleeping porch and a study. John Harold and Veva, or Carl and I, coming home from a play in Wheeler Auditorium, were greeted by a statue of Bacchus carrying a load of grapes. The meals were skimpy: breakfast fruit was two or three slices cut from an orange. Since I was a vegetarian, Mrs. Dixon gave me an egg for dinner, when the boarders had a bit of meat. That hard-working widow sincerely loved me. The following year she let me have the room to myself for a whole semester--sacrificed the rent so that I could work on my thesis.

AID: Who had charge of your dissertation?

CTW: Mr. Farnham. I'd done well again in the second half of his seminar, with a long study of Thomas Middleton's comedies. As we tried to dig up a thesis topic for me, an idea struck him: "Why don't you take old Anthony Mundy? He knew everybody." When I came back with exciting leads, Farnham said, "It's a goldmine." The Huntington Library had most of the books. For the rest, Mr. Farnham promised to get me some photostats in England, where he was going on sabbatical leave. Twenty dollars would buy a surprising number of pages. When I handed over the cash, he hesitated: "What if I should sink with the ship?"

It was like a premonition. Though he didn't sink with the ship, his poor young wife was killed in a taxicab accident in New York while they were actually going to the pier. Eventually Farnham, feeling that life must go on, pulled himself together, caught a later ship and finished his sabbatical. He mailed me the photostats.

AID: What kind of person was he?

CTW: Wonderful--and he still is. When I took his seminar, he was a brown-eyed young man with a sense of humor. He read us passages from his book, The Medieval Heritage of Elizabethan Tragedy.

AID: Who advised you during his absence?

CTW: Benjamin Lehman, an exacting scholar. He was kind to me, but I've heard him give a tongue-lashing to someone who wrote a poor seminar paper. He was confident; I've heard him say, "In my not too humble opinion." He taught short-story writing and published two novels--Wild Marriage and The Lordly Ones. His first wife wrote for the screen. His second was the actress Judith Anderson. One day, at the top of the Campanile, I picked up a newspaper that was blowing around--read a Sunday supplement article about Lehman. Seems he honeymooned at the Grand Canyon, hoping to write the great American novel. Somebody at Davis told me of seeing Judith in Lehman's garden, hiding her face under a floppy hat. They soon got a divorce.

AID: Did you ever visit Lehman's house?

CTW: Yes, he asked me over after I had finished my semester with him as my thesis adviser. Being green and prudish, I was embarrassed to see hanging on the wall a big oil painting of a woman who sat knitting calmly with no clothes on above her waist. Lying near me on an ottoman was a huge cat. "Don't stroke him," said Lehman; "he has the mange."

He was enthusiastic about my work; after Farnham came back, Lehman remained chairman of my committee. But after I'd taught a semester at Davis, he made me feel like two cents because I hadn't started another research project. I felt like a bad apple he was throwing away, whereas Mr. Farnham took a fatherly interest in my life at Davis.

AID: Did Lehman influence your Anthony Mundy?

CTW: Tremendously. Being then on a Lytton Strachey kick, he advised me to model my thesis on Queen Victoria. "Put plenty of irony into your book," he said. The result was a literary kind of dissertation.

I was lucky not to encounter Lehman in his Freudian period, when, so my friends told me, you didn't dare mention cigars or baked potatoes. I took his seminar on the Nineteenth Century, partly because he was chairman of all Ph.D. committees. Writing on Thomas Lovell Beddoes, I decided he must have been "gay." When I hinted at this in class, Lehman was galvanized into action. "Come, come!" he said. "We're all grown-up here. Say what you think." In those days the subject was almost taboo. Lehman wanted me to publish on the love life of Beddoes, who spent the last few months of his life locked up with a German baker nineteen years old. Beddoes, an Oxford man and a doctor, was forty-six. "What else could he

see in that baker?" asked Lehman. Word reached me, long afterward, that he said to another group in his seminar, "Celeste Turner, who is no fool, found the truth about Beddoes."

AID: Was Lehman one of the professors you read for?

CTW: He seldom taught freshmen. For awhile I corrected papers for Lionel Stevenson, who had got his Ph.D. at twenty-three. That refined-looking young Canadian had a book of poems. Later he taught at U.S.C. and became head of the department at Duke. He was friendly to me at meetings of the Philological Association. His mother, an apple-cheeked old lady, was his date for the banquets. He didn't marry until after her death.

For one semester I read for G. Dundas Craig, a dear little elderly Scotsman, who had been the tutor of William Randolph Hearst, Jr. You know that the Hearsts gave Berkeley the Greek Theatre and the Mining Building and the Phoebe Apperson Hearst gym.

Billy Hearst dropped out of Cal about 1927. I saw him once--a handsome young man, sitting in a sport car. His parents got Craig a job teaching maybe four sections of freshman English every semester. He was thorough, but not exciting. Once the chairman asked me confidentially why Craig never gave D's. "He can't bear," I said, "to hurt anybody who is trying." After I went to Davis, Mr. Craig played the viola there one evening with the University Orchestra. I met his wife, who reminded me of Whistler's mother. Finally, rather late in life, he got the laugh on the English department because the University of Edinburgh gave him an honorary doctorate. After that, he was more gorgeous than anyone else at Commencement, in an elaborate red robe, with a velvet cap. Now, of course, he could be an assistant professor.

In my last graduate year I read for Alva Park Taylor, who had been a dean in a small college, but was now working for a Ph.D. He was shy but lovable. When I finished my thesis, his students sent me roses, and I thanked them at their next meeting. Later he became the chairman at Chico State. All three of the men that I read for are now dead.

AID: In your second year at Berkeley, was Carl still with you?

CTW: Yes, and we took a year's work in Faust together. By a curious turn of events, he even got a teaching fellowship in English; he didn't have to be an English major. Then we sighed because, with our combined incomes, we could have married--except for the nepotism rule. Our friends John and Nancy Ross struck that snag, but she gave up her fellowship for her husband's sake. Once they had us over to tea at their apartment, with a fire blazing on the hearth. How we envied them! I knew Lucy Morgan, who had finished a thesis under Farnham; she could be a teaching fellow because her husband was in a different department. George R. Stewart, the author of Storm--one of the best-known men on the English faculty--wrote Doctor's Oral about two graduate students who live in sin,

evading the rule. When the girl becomes pregnant, the young man needs a real job; everything depends on his doctor's oral. They say Lehman is in it--he's the one who asks, "How many stars does Rossetti's Blessed Damosel wear in her hair?"

AID: I must read that novel. But how did you and Carl solve your problem of not being able to marry?

CTW: He transferred to Harvard. He said that if I wouldn't marry him, he would have to leave. We were both virgins. It was harder on him than it was on me; I liked just being engaged. I wanted my Ph.D. more than I wanted him. Although Alice was managing not to have any children while she was teaching, I didn't know a reliable method of birth control until 1933, when she sent me to Dr. Etta Grey in Los Angeles before my marriage.

I suffered, of course, that summer before he left for Harvard. Once I broke down and cried at a reunion of our close friends; he wasn't there--perhaps he had left already. Everybody tried to comfort me.

I was under a strain. All year I had gathered material on Anthony Mundy at Berkeley. Throughout the summer of 1927, I worked hard at the Huntington Library--the best collection of Elizabethan books outside the British Museum. But wasn't I lucky! If my parents hadn't lived in Pasadena, there would have been the problem of board and room. As it was, I had only to hop on a bus at our front door, transfer at Colorado Street, ride past Cal Tech, then walk just a few blocks, past the millionaires' homes in San Marino; in no time, there I was at the Library.

The grounds were like the Garden of Eden except for the statues. (One or two of the male statues were brazen; I wondered how people dared put them around.) I could stroll by myself, eating my sandwiches and admiring the flowers, the trees, and the peacocks. Mr. Huntington, who married his uncle's widow, had ordered that a Japanese garden be ready when he and his bride returned from their honeymoon. Of course there is also the gallery for the "Blue Boy" and "Pinky" and other paintings. But the books! He bought up ducal libraries. I worked entirely with first editions; volumes that cost only pennies in Mundy's time are now bound in rich leather and stamped in gold. Books were constantly being uncrated.

AID: Were you reading in the Rare Book Room?

CTW: It didn't exist yet. I sat by a table in the great hall. The attendant, a young man, was handling the new shipments. Once he gave a cry of delight. "It's a bookworm!" he shouted. "They're rare as anything." But they weren't rare enough. Later on, Tracy Storer of Davis was asked to instruct the Huntington librarians in methods of coping with bookworms and other pests. I think the books were air-conditioned. The readers were not and it could be warm.

Actually, though, I loved the routine. Morning fog in nice weather still reminds me of those walks from the bus. On May 16, 1927, Mr. Schad, the curator, gave me a tour. He let me handle volumes that looked brand new. For instance there were sonnets I'd never heard of. I soon discovered why those pages had not been cut; poets in the 1590's could be as bad as certain poets today. I took piles of notes in pencil; you couldn't use a fountain pen.

AID: Could you have used a portable typewriter?

CTW: No, the library reserves the right to get out its own editions; so I couldn't bring my new Corona portable. Some years later, at the Huntington again, I could rent a noiseless typewriter; and I signed a solemn promise not to publish any texts. By that time the librarians usually asked whether a photostat would be sufficient for my purpose. But a Baconian was permitted to use the First Folio of Shakespeare, one of the most valuable books in the world. He tried to disprove the authorship by measuring between certain points on a page. "He's very quiet," said a librarian. But they watched every move he made.

At that later time, when I came back there, the Rare Book room was in use. We had reading stands for propping up the volumes. And to keep the pages open we had sandbags like long sausages. I liked the stand so much that I bought one for my editorial work. But see for yourself.

AID: Oh, you have it here. What a nice walnut finish. Well, I suppose in August you hurried back to Berkeley, after saying goodbye to Carl.

CTW: That's right, and of course I missed him. I bought letter paper with the university seal--"Let there be light." But the biggest thrill was buying a yellow blotter for my little table at Mrs. Dixon's, and stacks of typewriter paper. The time had come for writing my book--though I never dreamed it was destined to be published.

Where to begin? As I told Mr. Farnham, who was now back from Europe, I kept thinking of a chapter in the middle, about pageants that Anthony Mundy wrote for Lord Mayor's Day. "Well, why not!" smiled Mr. Farnham. "It doesn't matter what you write first."

I had already met with my committee of six professors. My book would be read and I'd be tested by Lehman (the chairman), Farnham (the thesis adviser), H. K. Schilling (representing my minor in German), Rudolf Schevill (the Spanish scholar, who was interested in Mundy's romances), Willard H. Durham (an editor of the Yale Shakespeare), and George Rapall Noyes (editor of the Cambridge Dryden, who examined us in philology if Brodeur was away). When they read over my plan for the thesis, Rudolf Schevill feared I was being overworked: "I'd be satisfied," he said, "if she confined herself to the romances."

AID: How soon did you take your first oral exam?

CTW: In November; I crammed day and night, besides writing on my dissertation. I had a large part of it ready to show Noyes before the exam; and that was fortunate, for I did miserably on the philological question. Though I love grammar, I hate tracing the history of vowels and consonants.

Mr. Noyes made matters worse because his terms were different from Brodeur's. He had a reputation for toughness. I was so scared that when he wrote the letter Chi on the blackboard and asked me what it was, I couldn't tell him, though I happened to be wearing the pin of Chi Delta Phi. After the half hour on philology Noyes said, "Well, let's turn to literature." From that moment, I shone; it was wonderful to get into civilized territory. Toward the end, Lehman asked, "Who was Sir Aubrey De Vere? Who was Stephen Duck?"--pesky little questions, but I was ready.

At the end of the exam, Mr. Noyes said, "I've been looking at your thesis; it's a splendid piece of work. Come to my office, and I'll lend you a book that will help you with philology. Then, after the holidays, I'll see you alone, and we'll run over the material again." This proposal worried me. At the boarding house were roses from Mr. Buell, who had jumped the gun. My two best friends at Mrs. Dixon's took me to a movie, but I remained dejected.

Next day, I went to the English secretary, a lady with bright golden hair who had always the air of a grande dame dispensing tea. "There's some misunderstanding," she assured me; "this report from your committee says 'unconditionally passed.'"

Mr. Lehman readily agreed to see me. When I burst into tears, he conducted me to the balcony outside his window in Wheeler Hall. "I have the greatest admiration for Professor Noyes," I sobbed; "but I've made myself ridiculous in his eyes." Lehman reassured me that the ordeal in January was a private arrangement between Noyes and me.

During the holidays, I studied the book that the great man lent me. It was clearer than the one Mr. Brodeur had used. My only other recollection is of listening to the radio reports on Charles Lindbergh, who was flying the Atlantic alone. We had a radio only because Mr. Goldthwaite of Guilford, now a widower, had been there again and had given Dad this present. Our living room had so few electrical outlets that the radio was plugged into a lamp hanging from the ceiling. Dad fell in love with the radio; his greatest joy was listening to the stock-market news.

In January I spent half an hour in Mr. Noyes's office while he quizzed me orally. "There!" he said. "Now you have done much better." During sessions on my thesis, he became my good friend. Afterward he said mine was the best dissertation he had read during his long period at Berkeley.

AID: Did you keep in touch with him?

CTW: Yes. He wrote marvelous letters and had me up to his house at Greenwood Terrace to have tea with him and his charming wife. After getting a Ph.D. in English at Harvard, he had gone into Slavic and been decorated by the Polish government. He showed me pictures of beautiful Polish women. "To think," he said, "that Hitler calls them barbarians!"

Noyes was a "reformed speller" in the tradition of Theodore Roosevelt. He wrote thot for thought, thru for through. I still have his letters.

In the 1930's I consulted him about a paper on the Amazons in Elizabethan literature. After his retirement he looked very white-haired and wistful; his eyes were intensely blue. Finally he died of a heart attack.

AID: So your thesis was a grand success?

CTW: It really was. Not only was the irony effective--inspired, as I've told you, by Lytton Strachey's Queen Victoria--but I scooped a British scholar, Muriel St. Clare Byrne, who'd been planning to get out Mundy's complete works--his plays and poems and the novelette Zelauto: The Fountain of Fame, Erected in an Orchard of Amorous Adventures. My adviser, Mr. Farnham, visited Miss Byrne in England. When he came back and read my manuscript, he wanted it to appear with lightning speed, before she could finish her big project.

AID: Were dissertations published in those days?

CTW: Usually not at Berkeley, although some places like Yale and Columbia insisted on publication. Again I was fortunate: Durham, who was on my committee, was chairman of the Faculty Editorial Board for the University Press. He recommended that my book appear at once; not a comma need be changed. I had only one session with an editor for the press--a lady who regularized my bibliography and footnotes. Thanks to Mr. Noyes, however, I had stuck to the Chicago Manual of Style.

One problem was that in March, when my manuscript was ready to be filed with the Graduate Division, I had to produce a copy for the U.C. Press. I had done all my own typing and was tired. Luckily--again--there was a solution: I had enough money to pay a business student, Albert Dollarhide, to help me. Albert was our waiter; several people from Armstrong's Business College lived at Mrs. Dixon's.

My thesis was in print less than six months after Commencement. I've never had a more joyful moment than when I came out of the Davis campus mailroom with that galley proof in my hand. I carried it to my bedroom, spread it out on my father's big old trunk (the trunk that was later stolen), and began to read the proof.

Talk about privileges--the Press granted authors the right to ask for 200 copies. All I needed was an endorsement from Professor Durham. He was leaving for a sabbatical, in wonderful spirits, ready to give anybody anything. He was a friend of Mr. Buell's: when I first went to Berkeley, I carried an introduction to "Bull."

AID: After finishing your thesis, you had to defend it publicly.

CTW: You're right, though they don't do it now. A printed program, with a sketch of my life and a summary of my thesis, was put up on the bulletin boards in Wheeler Hall. Anybody could attend the public oral exam. Those who showed up were mainly graduate students looking for sample questions. For instance Mr. Brodeur (who was not on my committee) always asked what famous people had translated Boethius' Consolations of Philosophy. The answer would be "King Alfred, Chaucer, and Queen Elizabeth."

On the thesis itself I talked for thirty minutes. The remaining time, theoretically two hours and a half, was devoted to foreign literatures. (That part always impressed the public.) I answered questions about Greek, Roman, German, French, and Italian masterpieces; actually, I had stressed them more than American literature. By great good fortune, Noyes asked me what Tennyson thought of Virgil. Well, my high-school Aeneid had reprinted Tennyson's poem. At the exam, I began to recite it; Noyes stopped me halfway through. ("Goodness!" said another woman graduate student to me. "When you quoted that, they thought you'd read everything.")

My landlady attended the exam. Afterwards she walked up to the committee and said, "You should be ashamed of the way you heckled that poor girl." But I was in my element. My mother had made me a blue dress, with a sort of cape hanging down behind, and I felt like the Queen of Sheba.

At the boarding house, Elizabeth Surr handed me a poem she had written to a tune from the Episcopal hymnal: "The fight is o'er, the battle done. / Arise and shine, Celestial one." She and our pal Maude Ashe took me out to a show; and this time, I was ready to enjoy it.

AID: Was Elizabeth your roommate?

CTW: She could afford to room alone. Her father was a corporation lawyer in San Bernardino. She was a Wellesley graduate, now working for an M.A. I loved her sense of humor; we kept in touch until, lately, she died.

AID: I think you said that for one semester, Mrs. Dixon let you have a room alone so you could study.

CTW: My last roommate had snored. She was a tomboy from Fort Bragg. I hated the grubby flipflop dolls she had sitting on the couch and the dresser. She had a loud voice, too, and she brought her business-college friends to our room. After Christmas vacation Mrs. Dixon arranged to have her move in with one of them.

I've told you that Veva Kellogg roomed with me one semester. She had to give up on the master's degree because she couldn't pass French. It was a shame, for she did well in literature and was a gifted writer. Having taken some Education courses, she went into teaching. But her end was tragic: after an unhappy love affair, she got tuberculosis and died--at the age of twenty-nine. Kitty Haggart telegraphed me the news not many months after I came to Davis.

AID: You had just the two roommates at Mrs. Dixon's?

CTW: No. There was also Ida Railey, in the spring of 1927. She'd been at Stanford, but had transferred to Berkeley because her funds were dwindling. She was fun; we used to toast crackers on top of the oil stove. It was cold in that room! The gas heater leaked so badly that the Dean of Women condemned it; then Mrs. Dixon supplied the oilstove. Ida and I ate red apples. The trademark for one brand was "Skookum," a little Indian with dark bangs. Ida had that kind of haircut and joked about being Skookum. After that semester, she got married. I still hear from her; she and Charles are now in Paradise--near Chico. She invited me to be a bridesmaid, but I couldn't afford a special dress.

AID: Speaking of Veva: did you also take Education?

CTW: Yes, indeed--as insurance. Educational Psychology wasn't bad; I was in there with Veva and Walter and Kitty. Next I took the History of Education, under Francis Bacon. (Truly, that was his name.) He was nice, but our book supplied only a few lines on Socrates or Oxford University or John Dewey. Secondary Ed was worse; that was the only Education course in which I got a B. My Methods class introduced me to a speech book that I used at Davis, and it included a lecture on producing plays. My term paper was called "Beowulf for College Sophomores"; I knew I'd be giving the Survey of Literature here.

AID: Did you do practice teaching?

CTW: No; I had signed up before my exam. When I passed, I cancelled the practice teaching. The supervisor said she was sorry, because I had scored in the highest two per cent of those taking the placement test. "We had given you a nice little class," she said--"all bright students."

AID: Now do tell me about Commencement!

CTW: Before speaking of that, I have a confession to make. That spring I was spiritually unfaithful to Carl. Feeling tired and old, I

needed admiration from a man. That was the period when I went to the Infirmary, where a woman doctor advised me to eat more eggs and get more exercise. One night I walked, with other girls, around the edge of the stadium in the rain. (Else Jaeger took her shoes and stockings off.)

What I didn't tell the doctor was that I missed Carl so terribly that one time I had a vivid image of him; he seemed to have come into the room. It was only a daydream. Anyway, the doctor's advice helped me. But in the spring I met a male graduate student in 22 Wheeler Hall, where we all went to hold conferences with freshmen. It was just a bare room with some tables and chairs.

This graduate student was a red-haired poet, rather small. Though he stammered slightly, he was witty. One evening he asked me to meet him in the seminar room, to discuss his poems. Under his influence I wrote a sonnet, "Prophets," which is really about my separation from Carl; one image is from the Saint Francis Dam disaster.

"In Those Days" hints at walks that Charles and I took in the Berkeley hills. I felt like a married woman, prudish; I wouldn't even have held his hand. But we walked and walked. Once we walked at opposite ends of a long weed that we held between us. Charles evidently hoped that my engagement would be broken. His mother obviously wanted me to marry him. She taught ballet and social dancing for a living, and she worried about her son's future. Oh, yes--they invited me to lunch on Shattuck Avenue, at The Sign of the Piper. After Commencement they took me to San Francisco on the ferry boat to eat at the Russian Tearoom. She showed me her son's dentist's bill; he had written poetry on the back of it. At Davis I would have a high salary. And I had done Charles some good: under my influence, he took his master's exam and passed it. "Until now," he said, "I put it off, because nobody cared."

AID: Did Carl know about this red-haired poet?

CTW: My letters were so peculiar that he was jealous. When he came back to California, I confessed everything. He forgave me; and, after all, nothing had happened, except that I'd hurt both of those men.

AID: Did you ever see Charles again?

CTW: Once--accidentally. Some years later, I talked with him on Telegraph Avenue; it was evening--I was waiting to meet some friends and have dinner at the Black Sheep. He looked wistful. His plan for a thesis on Spenser had not worked out.

At Commencement, though, his mother had sat happily with mine, up in the section reserved for parents (at the Greek Theatre). I sat with the Ph.D. candidates. In the procession, by the way, I met a man who had taught economics at Davis. He hated the rural atmosphere; when he heard of my job, he shook his head and joked.

AID: Who was president of the University at that time?

CTW: William Wallace Campbell, a dignified old gentleman with bushy gray eyebrows, an astronomer; I pictured him as belonging at Lick Observatory, above the clouds, not in the Administration Building. His successor, Robert Gordon Sproul, had been the Comptroller.

When I came along, across the stage, and my Ph.D. hood was draped over my neck, President Campbell talked with me for a few seconds. He asked about my major; perhaps he noticed my tender age.

That poor man retired in 1930. Not long afterward, he committed suicide--he was going blind, and he didn't want to be a burden to his family. So he jumped from a high window.

CTW: In the fall of 1927 Mr. Farnham said, "We must find you a job." I was actually surprised; I'd been living in a world where graduate work seemed eternal. But of course I intended to teach someday.

Sure enough, that winter I met the chairman from San Jose State, in our own English office. And then my friend Harold Miller told me we were both scheduled to talk with Dean Walter L. Howard of Davis. I had later noticed the inscription on Hilgard Hall: "To rescue for human society the native values of rural life."

After applying for the Davis job, Harold reported that Dr. Howard would prefer a woman. "The faculty," said Harold, "is all men; the students need a refining influence. Besides, I have only an M.A." Later, when he had his Ph.D., Harold became chairman at San Jose, where he'd held the job that I didn't take.

AID: Why did you come to Davis?

CTW: San Jose was mostly a teachers' college. Research didn't matter much, and the teaching load was heavy. But, above all, I wanted to be on a U.C. Campus, though Davis was only a branch of the College of Agriculture.

AID: Were the salaries alike?

CTW: Interesting question! San Jose would have made me an assistant professor at \$2,700; Davis offered an instructorship at \$2,400. When I innocently told Dr. Howard about the San Jose offer, he said, "Maybe we can match their offer." But since I'd never taught and was so young, Dr. Howard failed to weigh the assistant professorship. However, he soon came up with an extra \$400, provided I'd be willing to edit manuscripts for the Agricultural Experiment Station. Susan Hagan, one of my predecessors, had done that. I had honestly not thought of bargaining. In fact, I accepted the job before the adjustment in salary went through.

V THE FIRST YEAR AT DAVIS, 1928-29

AID: Poor President Campbell! But you mentioned that your appointment at Davis was already arranged. Let's hear more.

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AID: Did somebody meet you at the station?

A telephone message made all the difference in the world. I was at Mrs. Dixon's boarding house, waiting to hear from the chairman at San Jose. Dr. Howard beat him to it with a call. Thinking I'd better take the bird in the hand, I accepted Davis. And so Harold Miller, as a second choice, got the San Jose job. Mr. Lehman thought I was very foolish: San Jose is near San Francisco--all those cultural opportunities. Davis is out in the country.

AID: In those days, \$3,000 would enable you to live well.

CTW: Carl, in his next letter, called it a bonanza. Mr. Buell wrote me, "I envy you, with a salary that in my time was reserved for full professors."

There was one catch, though I hardly noticed it. If I did the editorial work, I'd get only one month's vacation. When could I do any research? "Oh, well," I thought, "I'm engaged." So from Berkeley, in March, I went to look at Davis.

AID: What had you heard about it before that time?

CTW: My impressions were odd. In my chemistry lab at Southern Branch I had met Esther Perry, who eventually got a Ph.D. in Soil Technology. She had to spend a semester for field work at Davis. Although Esther was a boyish, religious girl, she called Davis the dullest place she had ever seen. "Why," she wrote me, "the coeds have to run up and down the fire escapes for excitement."

I had also heard of Davis in connection with Tracy Kelley, a gentleman in his fifties, who was teaching freshman English at Berkeley. In 1926 he often sat in the teaching fellows' room, 22 Wheeler Hall. He was bald and gray, but had courtly manners. Some graduate student said, "It's too bad about him; he was happy teaching at Davis until someone urged him to get a Ph.D." He was destined never to go back to the place he had so enjoyed; his thesis on D. G. Rossetti took forever. He lacked the drive that a graduate student needs.

By the time Tracy Kelley had his Ph.D., the depression was on, and he couldn't get a teaching job. He tried representing the Oxford University Press; but, being no salesman, he didn't make good.

AID: For your visit to Davis, did you take the train?

CTW: Yes, Southern Pacific. In those days--if you can believe it--the trains were carried on a ferry boat across the Carquinez Straits; it took half an hour. Even automobiles used the ferry. When my train got to the other side, we passed through spring fields, very green, where the little lambs were skipping; and I thought, "Oh, how I like the Sacramento Valley!" I'd seen very little farmland; my family had no car.

AID: Did somebody meet you at the station?

CTW: Yes, my predecessor, Nan Mountjoy. Nan was a cousin of Ida Railey, a roommate I've mentioned; but I didn't know of this until Ida wrote me that summer. Nan was resigning in order to marry a distant cousin. She said she must make his twelve-room house look as if it had always belonged to her. Later (before her husband died) she went back to school and became a lawyer. I heard her speak to Farm Circle, the organization for all women connected with U.C. Davis. Her talk was on pioneer life for women in Montana.

AID: When she showed you around, did she give you any advice?

CTW: She said, "The male students will welcome you with glee; being so young, you may find it hard to keep discipline. And the boys may try to flirt with you." Let's see--what else? Oh, yes, she showed me the set for The Importance of Being Earnest. Dr. Howard had said I should coach some plays, but not until I had had one year in which to get used to my teaching and the editorial job. Nan didn't edit; she went home to Berkeley on weekends to see her fiancé. She gave me some pointers on being chairman. Yes, I'd be head of a department of two. The other woman was older but, like Nan, she had only an M.A. (I didn't meet her that day.) As the chairman, Nan tried to get funds for library books, which she called the laboratory of the Division of English. (We were a Division.)

AID: Was it Nan who advised you to move into the women's dormitory?

CTW: Yes, it was. She'd been living with Mrs. Kate Fizell in a house on the corner of Second and A streets. But Nan thought that at my age, I'd be happier in the dormitory. Since there were few coeds (only about half-a-dozen), South Hall was used by stenographers, librarians, technicians, and even public-school teachers. They ate at the cafeteria.

AID: Did you and Miss Mountjoy have lunch there that day?

CTW: No, we ate with Mrs. Fizell. There was one faculty man at the table. He mentioned that Susan Cobb, Nan's predecessor, now married to Bill Regan of Animal Husbandry, had just had a second baby--"Miss Regan," he laughingly called her.

AID: How long had there been English courses at Davis?

CTW: From the very start, about 1908; I've seen those early grades on file at the Registrar's Office. Did you know that I've written a history of the English department? There are copies in the Library and the English Reading Room.

At first the same person taught Economics and English. The instructors were men--like Tracy Kelley. But the nondegree kids were tough: They once carried a sissy male teacher bodily out of the

classroom. The Dean then hired Susan Regan (or Miss Cobb), on the theory that English was considered a proper field for women. Nan Mountjoy said this: "Now that we're getting Degree students, the Administration wants someone with a Ph.D. That's where you come in. They feel that no male Ph.D. worth his salt would limit himself to our lower-division work."

AID: What were Nondegree students?

CTW: They were like junior-college kids taking terminal courses, but they were preparing to manage the family farm or get jobs in creameries or on cattle ranches. By and large, they wrote very poor English. Nan did not have to struggle with them; Miss McMahan--Mary--had been hired to do that. To sugar the pill, she taught nondegree journalism, and her students got out the California Aggie, which was then a weekly. Her M.A. was from Columbia.

I didn't meet Mary that first day. As I learned later, she resented my being made chairman. She was much older than I, and she'd taught at Sweet Briar College.

AID: So you liked what you saw at Davis, in March 1928. Did you and Carl have a happy summer vacation?

CTW: We always looked back at that time as ideal. For once I was carefree--with no worry about studies or exams. Berkeley got out in May; Carl couldn't arrive from Harvard before June. In order to be near him for about a month and a half, I asked to start my appointment in August; I lost one month's salary because I wasn't available to edit papers. But Carl was worth it. We had reunions with our gang, and of course several evenings together at my home. He brought his freshman sister to lunch. But my best memory is of a picnic in Orange County; Carl had grown up in Santa Ana and knew about a park that was quiet. We picnicked alone, watching the squirrels and talking, feeling sure of a wonderful future together.

AID: Had he made good progress at Harvard?

CTW: His record was fine; but, having started his graduate work somewhere else, he had courses to make up. He'd got a fellowship for the coming year.

In August we had to say goodbye. I set off on the train with my possessions in Dad's big trunk. Mother and I had been spending money like drunken sailors--that's what Dad called it. We'd found a sale where dresses cost five dollars apiece. I put on a style show for Carl, trying them on. As I now realize, some of them were too large, or the colors weren't pleasing. But I thought they were lovely.

AID: Did anyone meet you at the depot in Davis?

CTW: Yes, Mary McMahan, in her Model A Ford. With her were a couple of male students: Dan Haley, the student-body president, and Kermit Schmidt, the football captain. As adviser to the California Aggie, Mary knew all the big shots. Those people took me to South Hall.

AID: Had Mary got over her resentment at your being chairman?

CTW: She'd learned to live with it. But though she was fine about showing me the ropes, and took me down to a soda fountain, there was no real warmth in her manner. Dr. Howard had had a frank talk with her, explaining that even if I quit, they would hire another Ph.D. for the academic courses.

AID: What did she look like?

CTW: She was smaller than I, though I'm only five feet two. She wore her dark hair straight, in a Dutch cut with bangs. Her voice was a little hoarse--from throat trouble--and her neck was stiff. Having lived for some years in New York, she knew the world. At South Hall she introduced me to the Superintendent of Dormitories, a Berkeley alumna. Mrs. Marx took me to my room--a typical one except that I, as a faculty member, decided to pay \$12.50 for a big double room. It had a narrow bed, a dresser, a study table, and a couple of straight chairs. The floor was bare except for two rag rugs. But what a bargain--\$12.50 a month. The fifty cents was for clean linen once a week. My room was on second floor, to the right of the porch as you stand facing South Hall.

A secretary who lived across from me kept playing "Chloe" on the piano. Her fiancé used to visit her; but except for engaged couples, such callers were frowned upon. At the head of the stairs, a partition kept men from entering the women's quarters. Funny things happened, though. Once a student of mine, George Winter, wanted to turn in his theme late. Being a freshman, he naively brought it to the bathroom, where I was shampooing my hair in one of the washbowls. The greenness of those freshmen! One of them wandered to my office; and, noticing my fifty books, he asked me, "Is this the Library?"

AID: How were your meals?

CTW: At the cafeteria, which stood where we now see the Memorial Union, we'd line up with our trays. You could eat for a dollar a day if you were careful. One librarian did that--but she skipped breakfast. I made friends with the chef, Pop Norris, a Maine man. I can still picture him lifting the asparagus to our plates--literally for pennies. The Truck Crops division was running a project on asparagus. The other vegetables and the fruits cost more; the University wasn't allowed to go into the food business, except that cheese (made by students) could be sold at attractive prices.

In that big dining hall, men and women very seldom mixed. If a coed ate with a man, they were getting serious. If they went to the Community Church together on Easter Sunday, they were engaged.

AID: What kind of coeds lived in the dormitory?

CTW: Up on the third floor, where the temperature in August was terribly high, lived Katherine Esau, a hard-working graduate student. She had attended a German agricultural school. Now she was getting a Ph.D. in plant science. A few years later she was president of the American Botanical Society--the author of books on plant anatomy.

AID: Did you know Katherine well?

CTW: Not at that time. I knew her better during World War II, when I rented Maynard Amerine's house at 242 Rice Lane, just across the fence from Katherine's house on First Street.

One coed I liked was Nanice Poett, in the room next to mine. She was homesick for her family in Lompoc, but especially for a cowboy named Russell. Nan had connections; she went down to the cotillion at San Francisco when one of her girl cousins "came out." After one semester, Nan left us--married Russ and produced a big family. I still hear from her at Christmas.

Posie Hotchkiss was tall, handsome, and healthy-looking. The men admired her because she was such a lady. She had graduated from a finishing school. Everywhere in her room, and in Elaine Kennedy's room, were pictures of horses. Many of the coeds went around in riding boots. On Picnic Day they paraded.

Their favorite instructor, of course, was Carroll ("Studhorse") Howell. In the barn I saw Gunrock, a descendant of Man-of-War. One of his daughters was Rockada. When Gunrock was finally sent away, one of the Animal Husbandry majors explained, "They had to get a new stallion; Gunrock is now related to everything around here."

Really, Davis was a fashionable campus. Betty Best, who commuted from Woodland, was already a graduate of Mills College. Though the makeup she wore would be nothing today, the Aggie said, "Say, fellows, have you noticed the new paint job on our campus?" Betty was a dashing figure, with a sports car.

AID: Didn't you say there were schoolteachers at South Hall?

CTW: Yes. Their paying such low rent made the landlords of Davis angry. But most of them went away every weekend.

The social treatment they received would horrify a woman's libber. If a teacher got married, her job ended "right now." One of them kept her

marriage a secret and announced it triumphantly in June. The teachers were not allowed to smoke, either. One of my college friends lost a job in Los Angeles by smoking at the Biltmore; her principal, walking through, saw her puffing away.

Elizabeth True, who taught fifth grade in Davis, heard some gossip about teachers' attending a wild fraternity party, where women smoked. I myself went on that picnic, where six faculty wives acted as chaperones. The "wild" incident was that one of the stenographers lit a Lucky Strike. At the dorm, smoking was accepted, and one girl called me a prude for turning up my nose at it.

Liz True (whose father had been chairman of Animal Husbandry) had a daring spirit. She complained to me about a mother who kept prying into teachers' private lives. That woman asked Liz, "Where were you last weekend? When I telephoned, you were out of town." Then Liz, to settle her hash, said, "I go home to Berkeley. But the fact is, I start back early and stay at a motel with a boyfriend." Then she smiled, as if making a joke.

AID: College teachers were lucky. Where was your office?

CTW: In the old Classroom Building. At first I shared it with Mary McMahan, but before long she got separate maintenance at the other end of the corridor. We both liked being alone when our students came in.

Our building stood on the site of the present Library--until it was condemned as an earthquake hazard. The auditorium was a menace: when they tore it down, the balcony was hanging by a rusty wire. But I loved that old building, with the wisteria outside the windows. Our English classroom was right next to my office.

The University Library was downstairs--occupying only four or five large rooms. When a classroom was converted into more bookstacks, we felt that the library was growing fast. Our department had about \$100 a year to contribute for the books. Susan Regan had obtained the money.

AID: Who was the librarian?

CTW: Miss Nelle U. Branch. Perhaps that's the reason her name couldn't be given later to the main library. Though she richly deserved the honor, "Branch Library" would be misleading. But we have the Nelle U. Branch Browsing Room. She was competent, hard-working, a pioneer.

Women were at a disadvantage. In the 1930's, when my sister was a secretary to Harold L. Leupp, the Berkeley Librarian, he would sometimes keep Miss Branch waiting for him for hours even though she'd come all the way from Davis at his request.

She and I were friends except once when I emptied water from a vase out of my window on the second floor. I was too lazy to go downstairs. Without thinking, I tossed the smelly water out the window. When it soaked into the earth just below Miss Branch's own window, she telephoned me, "What have you got against the library?" I apologized, and Miss Branch forgave me. She was so amiable that once (after we'd known each other for years) I gave her a big hug and said, "I've always loved you." She answered in surprise, "Thank you, dear!" When she retired, I was chosen to praise her at a banquet.

Many said that Miss Branch always flushed all three of the toilets in the ladies' room in the basement. The mosquitoes were fierce, and she reasoned that they were breeding in the water-closets. (There were overhead boxes, and you pulled a chain.)

Our janitor, by the way, was peculiar. He was said to have gone through the halls with a shotgun, looking for burglars. Once he showed me a huge glass jar full of hairy-legged tarantulas. And I've always connected him with a bat that I found sitting in my office chair one morning when I arrived. I didn't shriek; I probably went to the math teachers for help, or to John W. Gilmore, an agronomist who had been president of the University of Hawaii; he had the other office on that floor.

AID: Did you spend a whole lot of time in your office?

CTW: Yes. Faculty in the College of Agriculture had to be available. Besides, I did the typing for my department. We had \$100 a year for stenographic help, but we always transferred it to library funds. I made out the travel vouchers--which, of course, weren't numerous. I also planned our annual budget request.

AID: Did the chairpersons get extra salary?

CTW: Not in my time. In larger departments, the heads were relieved of some teaching duties. But I loved all my classes except the Subject A. In alternate years I offered the Survey of English Literature, and such courses as the American Short Story, Current Literature, and Introduction to the Drama. Milton D. Miller of the Agricultural Extension still praises my courses in Speech and Business Correspondence.

AID: What were the students doing outside of class?

CTW: At registration time there were contests between freshmen and sophomores. Everybody turned out to watch the tug-of-war, with the winners pulling the losers through a fire hose. There was also the tank rush, with the winners throwing the losers into the irrigation water. The sophomores always won. Then they herded the freshmen like cattle through the streets. Often they used paddles and hurt somebody's shins. Years later this kind of hazing was abolished, along with freshmen "dinks" (blue-and-gold caps) and moleskins. The sophomores strutted in jeans, and

the upperclassmen in corduroys that whistled. Seniors bought sombreros, but those hats disappeared during the depression.

AID: Was football a big thing?

CTW: Yes, it earned money for the other sports. We played Nevada and Whittier. There was a Homecoming Day rally before the match with the College of the Pacific. It was modeled on Berkeley's pajamarino before the Stanford game. Families came. There was a giant parade, with the band playing. I recalled that at UCLA the students from USC had beaten up our freshmen, who were guarding a bonfire.

AID: What interested you socially?

CTW: Oh, by all means, the dances. Soon after I got here, an important secretary coaxed me to Berkeley on a double date. She was a handsome young woman with dark curls; the fraternity men used to beg her to go out with them. Now she was going to a dance at Berkeley with Bill, a graduate student. As a partner, Bill offered me a new Ag Engineering instructor. In Berkeley we dined at a country club. The lady and I stayed at the new Durant Hotel. To me she confided, "Dates like this lead to something." But this one led to trouble, for Bill, not knowing I was engaged, took a fancy to me and even sent me roses in Pasadena at Christmas. I couldn't help being flattered. After the holidays, I went to a dance with Bill. When his former date saw him, she looked cold and distant, though she was there with another man. But it was just a friendship; I still intended to marry Carl.

AID: How often did you write Carl?

CTW: Maybe twice a week. But he and I had never danced; and so when the South Hall girls gave a fall party, I found myself dying to attend. Finally I asked Lee Landerman, a student from my literature class; he was two or three years older than I. In return, he took me to the Block Lettermen's dance.

Anonymously, I published this poem in the California Aggie:

A PROSPECTUS FOR COEDS

Farmerettes, wide-eyed and dear,
Gather round my chair and hear
What a life of varied charm
Waits for you at Davis Farm.
Choice in studies will be free--
Soils or Poultry Husbandry.
Social joys you may command;
Pleasures tempt on every hand.
In South Dorm set up your rest;

Choose an east room, choose a west;
 Some hang pennants on the walls;
 Some dry stockings in the halls.
 At the caf, your choice you take--
 Now it's pie and now it's cake--
 For a life of varied charm
 Waits for women at the Farm.
 You can write long letters home
 Or on roller skates may roam;
 Saturdays, if it is fair,
 You may even wash your hair.
 Praised be such variety!
 If you ever bored should be,
 Take a choo-choo ride to Sac,
 Buy some hankies, and come back.
 Or just walk downtown and see
 Now a fence and now a tree.
 Oh, a life of varied charm
 Waits for coeds at the Farm.
 You'll meet handsome men in class;
 They will greet you as you pass,
 Some in cords, some khaki dressed;
 All like out-of-town girls best.
 Coeds plump and coeds thin!
 Some go out, but most stay in;
 And for each, at Davis Farm,
 Waits a life of varied charm.

Dances were painful for me that fall; a plantar's wart was agonizing my right foot. I visited Sacramento by train to have the wart burned out by a foot specialist. For twenty dollars I got rid of the wart; but it left a hole in my foot, and I felt like the little Mermaid in Andersen's story--as if I were dancing on hot plowshares.

My clothes were being influenced by a pretty librarian, who had been a sorority girl at Berkeley. She delicately implied that the woolen dress Mother had made me looked wrong. To glamorize myself, I decided to have my hair cut. That took courage; I had always curled my long hair on rags and then twined it around a black velvet bandeau. Now I went to the Marigold Beauty Shoppe in Sacramento.

AID: What was the natural color of your hair?

CTW: About the same as the tinted color is now. I still have the hair that was cut off that day. I do all my own tinting, besides cutting my hair (with the help of mirrors) and setting it with bobby pins. Since I started tinting it at the first sign of gray, I have no idea how it would look without the Clairol coloring.

My haircut was for a fraternity party. A tall, attractive blond football player had walked into my office and invited me to the Iota dinner dance at the Senator Hotel. Though he was only on the second string, I was flattered. The party itself turned out to be a shocker: in spite of Prohibition, there was plenty of bootleg whiskey in a hotel bedroom. I wouldn't drink, but some of the other girls accepted a glass. One of the men went crawling under our dining table and set fire to the president's shoestrings. That president, Gilbert Scott, was the only studious member of the house. When he made Phi Beta Kappa the following spring, I helped him with his letter of acceptance--to the Berkeley chapter. The first Davis student so elected had been Leila Hardy, who still lives near Woodland.

AID: Where did you learn to dance?

CTW: In Guilford I attended Miss Helen Marsh's classes in the Universalist Hall. In Pasadena, Cousin Charles took me dancing on the tennis courts in Tournament Park, but I had to share him with his daughters. At Davis, I soon learned enough to get by. Never once, before I met my future husband, did I let any of those young men kiss me; as Dickens says of the spinster aunt in the Pickwick Papers, there was a touch-me-notishness about me.

Before Christmas that year I splurged on a beautiful blue coat, with a collar that the clerk at Weinstock's called silver fox. Mother was horrified because it cost \$75. But I wanted something tasteful to replace a reddish coat we had bought on sale.

AID: Did you give any parties yourself?

CTW: For my birthday, March 17, 1929, I entertained several friends at the Hotel Senator. It cost only five dollars a couple--I paid in advance. My own date was a student I had had the previous fall. He'd kept dropping into the office. At the hotel, he was careful not to harm my reputation. After a happy time, I got back to South Hall and fell asleep; but at 2:00 a.m. I was awakened by some of my guests, who'd got hold of some bootleg--as I judged from the roaring and giggling from their car outside the dorm. In my terror I thought, "Those drunken fools will awaken everybody, and I'll be disgraced." But I wasn't.

By the way, I asked Dr. Howard before dating students. "A girl," he said, "has to go somewhere. Our men take out the public-school teachers."

My date's name was Karl--perhaps that was why I noticed him. Having enjoyed my birthday party, he asked me to his fraternity dance and to the Interfraternity, which was then as important as Cinderella's ball. I felt worried, dishonest, because he didn't know I was engaged. On Easter Sunday, after I had attended the Community Church, he borrowed a car and took me driving up Putah Creek to see the redbud. He pointed out Monticello, shining in the middle of the plain. That town is now at the

bottom of Lake Berryessa; when the dam was built across Putah Creek, even the graveyard was taken up. You've read my poem "Highway into the Water."

During the summer, Karl came to see me, and I even went by train to visit his parents. (My mother advised me to go.) That evening, sitting out in his car, he asked whether I would see him in Berkeley the following year. When I told him about the other Carl, he was terribly disappointed. Now, for the first time, he understood the purpose of my trip East; I was going to Massachusetts to spend a month with Carl, who couldn't come home. I did say--and it was true--that I'd become somewhat doubtful about my plans for marriage.

AID: Did that trip to Cambridge work out?

CTW: In a way, it did. Carl wasn't feeling well; he had chronic appendicitis, but the Harvard doctors decided not to operate. He looked thin, and his parents were having financial trouble. I insisted on helping him a little. (Eventually, he repaid every cent, of course.) He promised to eat baked potatoes and send his suit to the cleaner's. Nothing could have revived my affection more quickly than the sympathy I felt. He was still very much in love, very appealing. I rented an apartment; and although he studied elsewhere during the day, we had dinner together in a cafeteria. Now and then we did some sightseeing--went on the subway to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and on the bus to Lexington. We even took a train to Scituate, though we couldn't find the cemetery.

When we parted, Carl said pathetically, "I'm going to write you every day." He did it, too; and I mailed him almost as many letters as he wrote. "Just remember," he said, "that I exist. Don't fall in love with those handsome young farmers."

But the real trouble was that I adored every aspect of Davis; I wasn't eager to be a UCLA faculty wife. I loved independence, a sense of importance. And I wanted to dance with young men. But having had no teens, I was still an adolescent.

That fall I met my future husband.

CTW: Yes, at night I could hear the chuckle of the irrigation water. In the summer, clouds of butterflies hung over the alfalfa.

Since Yedder could not afford to take me on dates, we just went along in the Sunken Garden, which is now the outdoor reading room of the library. We lunched on crackers with hamburger cheese, and we read the poems of Hardy, Yeats, Frost, Rousman, Dickinson. "Picnic near Monterey" describes those hours in Davis.

You can see how immature I was. At twenty-five, with a Ph.D., I delighted in the company of a twenty-one-year-old junior. He was

handsome--not tall, but athletically built, the star of the track team. He had wavy blond hair, inherited from Dutch ancestors; it was so beautiful in the sunlight that I held my breath. He could take me to the Block Lettermen's dance and the Golden Gate Club's barn dance. When he came in white trousers to South Hall, his face said he looked darling.

AID: Well, in 1929, what else was new?

VI TEACHING, COURTSHIP, AND MARRIAGE, 1929-1933

AID: This is the first time you've mentioned Vedder. Give me the background.

CTW: I first noticed his wonderful bluebook in the Subject A exam; style, humor, and imagination were not common. When we talked in my office, I recommended (without having read them) the writings of Richard Halliburton, who had adventures like swimming the Hellespont. Vedder loves geography, travel, deeds of daring. But he soon perceived that Halliburton was a phony.

The following spring, Vedder took my English 1A and wrote charming papers; I saved one about his childhood in Bellingham, Washington, where the children played in what they called the "Brick Pond." From that time on, he always took my courses. Wilfred Robbins, for whom the botany building was later named, heard about our friendship. In a botany class he said, "I'm rescheduling the lab. Does anyone have a conflict?" Vedder's hand went up. "It's with English," said Vedder. "English?" said Robbins. "Oh, you'll be able to fix that one." And indeed I gave Vedder a course in Drama all by himself.

He was poor--had a job as janitor, cleaning the toilets in the Classroom Building. Looking out of my dormitory window, I could see him running across the alfalfa on the Quad. He went to work before breakfast.

AID: The quad was then an alfalfa field?

CTW: Yes, at night I could hear the chuckle of the irrigation water. In the summer, clouds of butterflies hung over the alfalfa.

Since Vedder could not afford to take me on dates, we just read aloud in the Sunken Garden, which is now the outdoor reading room of Shields Library. We lunched on crackers with limburger cheese; and we read the poems of Hardy, Yeats, Frost, Housman, Dickinson. "Picnic near Monterey" describes those hours in Davis.

You can see how immature I was. At twenty-five, with a Ph.D., I delighted in the company of a twenty-one-year-old junior. He was

handsome--not tall, but athletically built, the star of the track team. He had wavy blond hair, inherited from Dutch ancestors; it was so beautiful in the sunlight that I held my breath. He could take me to the Block Lettermen's dance and the Golden Hoof Club's barn dance. When he came in white trousers to South Hall, Liz True said he looked darling.

AID: Well, in 1929, what else was new?

CTW: When I came back from Cambridge that August, Price Gittinger joined our department. He taught Subject A and relieved Mary McMahan of some big classes. He'd been at Berkeley, working for an M.A.; but his wife produced a baby, and they needed more money. As it turned out, Price never completed the M.A., for he couldn't pass French. He had a blind spot for foreign languages. Eventually he got a Master's degree in Education.

AID: And so Davis accepted a male English teacher, after all.

CTW: For peculiar reasons. Price was musical, and he could travel around with the Aggie band--for instance, to Reno, where we played Nevada at football. He also conducted the glee-club songs and sparked other entertainment. Years later he was Dean Knowles Ryerson's right-hand man; still later he had charge of relations with schools. He and I were the same age, and he encouraged my attempts at poetry.

In the fall of 1930, Price went down with me to Berkeley to be initiated into Phi Beta Kappa. He'd been elected at Oklahoma, where his father was Dean of the Graduate School.

Monroe Deutsch spoke eloquently at the Phi Beta Kappa dinner. President Sproul later put him in charge of internal relations with the faculty. He was a fine classical scholar. Listening to him at the banquet was Edward Roessler, who had corrected my Latin papers at UCLA. Ed was destined to become the first Ph.D. teaching mathematics at Davis. Beside him sat a pretty girl, who may have got the University Medal. That was Betty, his future wife.

AID: Were there many Greek letter societies at Davis?

CTW: There were eight fraternities; only AGR was a national. In the fall of 1929, the coeds asked me to help them form a sorority, which would include all eight of them. I invented an Amazonian ritual. We called ourselves Tau Kappa and ordered pins. Our president was Bernice Schmeiser whose aunt (Virginia Saunders) became president of the Bank of Davis. When Bernice got engaged, in the spring of 1930, the Tau Kappas were at the party. She married Edwin Burks, an official of Caterpillar Tractor; they now live in Peoria.

Eventually Mary McMahan dissolved the sorority; it had become too exclusive--wouldn't take some of the new women students in. Until lately, that was the end of sorority life at Davis.

AID: Please reminisce about the buildings at that time.

CTW: That tiny one on the corner by South Hall was the Comptroller's Office, where we went for our mail. There sat the Central Operator, plugging in the campus telephone calls. At night a boy replaced her and could listen in on every call that was made to the Women's dormitory. The University House of today used to be the Faculty Club. We used the living room for bridge parties. One year Miss Branch, the Librarian, and I had charge of those parties; we had paper plates of apple pie lying on the kitchen floor. Women were eligible only for associate membership; but they could make and serve the coffee, select the prizes in Sacramento, and decorate the big room. . . . Jean Cleghorn, a secretary, told me she had lived in that house as a child; her father was in charge of the campus.

Besides South Hall, there were North and West Halls. West, the biggest, has been torn down to make way for the Student Union. Next to it was the cafeteria, with the infirmary under the same roof (a convenient arrangement). Behind it was the old gym. Would that I had a dollar for every dance I attended there! But winter dances were in the auditorium of the Classroom Building--the gym was too cold.

On the west side of the quad was Horticulture (including botany). Just after my arrival in 1928, the Animal Science and Agricultural Engineering buildings (which are still there) were finished; I attended the dedication.

AID: Where was Chemistry?

CTW: In an ugly two-story black building that smelled horribly of hydrogen sulfide. It stood, I'd say, south of our present Olson Hall. Truck Crops had offices upstairs. The stairs seemed to tremble when you climbed them.

Nearer the quad was Soils-Irrigation. It burned down in 1938, while I was on leave in Indiana. When I returned, I rubbed my eyes: the building just wasn't there. Bob Hagan, who was then a graduate student, had lost all his notes and books; I was coaching him in German for the Ph.D.

AID: Where were the barns?

CTW: Up the road running south from our present Haring Hall; the horsebarn must have stood on the site. I liked the smell of the horses. The Silo snackbar of today was then part of the dairy barn; I saw the milking machines in action.

Every springtime I would visit the baby pigs. (Read my poem "Dumdo.") In January 1938 I noted a lamb with the umbilical cord still attached. (Again, see a poem--"The Parson's Wife.")

As an editor I ran all over. I would sit beside a professor at his desk, pull out the manuscript he had sent me, and discuss it. Sometimes he'd give me some grapes or almonds. Francis Smith of Agronomy gave me State of Maine beans. They're the best beans for baking, those yellow eyes, but they don't produce heavily enough to be profitable on the expensive soil of California. (Maybe that casts light on a saying--"Not worth a hill of beans.")

AID: Most of the students ate at the cafeteria?

CTW: Yes. Downtown you could get mainly sandwiches and milkshakes, though there was a Greek restaurant, now the "Antique Bizarre." There was no liquor; even after Prohibition was repealed, the state enforced a three-mile limit to protect the farm boys. In Berkeley one mile from the campus was enough.

AID: What was the enrollment when you first came?

CTW: Maybe 350, including a large number of Two-Year kids, Nondegree. If they hadn't been eligible for football, we couldn't have had a team. Bob Wiggins and Tom Hanzo, when they came here in 1950, had to teach some Nondegree English.

AID: Did you teach any of it yourself?

CTW: Not until right after World War II, when I was the first English teacher recalled to duty. The Signal Corps had occupied the campus for two years. On the spring of 1945 we had a peculiar semester: there were only Nondegree courses, and I taught them. In the fall there was a big influx of such people in English. We divided them into Excellent, Good, and Poor on the basis of an exam. I volunteered for the Bad group. Eventually the Two-Year program died on the vine.

Now and then, college graduates turned up in Nondegree. Whitney Warren, a socialite, studied here. I saw him at the cafeteria--a fine-looking young man, supposedly in love with Jeanne Eagles, the actress; he went to meet her train. (Passengers coming to San Francisco from the East were familiar with our station.) To get back to Nondegree: most of those kids came from agricultural families. There were some athletic tramps, who wanted a Block CA letter.

AID: What were the roads in Davis like?

CTW: Many were still not paved. But even then there were lots of bicycles around. Me, I simply walked. Cars, of course, could go anywhere on the campus. After the war I drove to class--in the rain, when I needed

to carry books. I would park by Animal Science or Haring Hall. After the enrollment grew, cars were forbidden.

AID: What was your department's connection with Berkeley?

CTW: We gave standard lower-division work. A student could transfer from our College of Agriculture to Letters and Science at "Cal." This was convenient for the kids who grew up in Woodland, Winters, or Dixon.

AID: The students had a yearbook, El Rodeo. Did you advise it?

CTW: That was Mary's job, along with the California Aggie. One year, however, the editor asked to work with me. I chose the poetry he quoted under photographs of beauty spots on the campus. His name was Kenneth Miller. Years later, after Mary resigned, some editor was supposed to consult me. He didn't visit me--got out his own peculiar kind of yearbook. To my secret joy, it was very bad; some of the students (girls, I believe) threw him into the creek for wasting their money.

AID: Could you talk more about the faculty?

CTW: They were scientists; I was the first Ph.D. of either sex to teach here in the humanities.

Tracy Storer, of Zoology, joked with me at registration, advising the agricultural students. But the really hilarious joker was Wilfred Robbins, the botanist, with his deadpan humor. He was close-fisted; his department, I heard, had to pry money out of him.

AID: Robbins was the chairman of botany?

CTW: Yes, and his textbook was used all over the United States. Supposedly his first wife had a hand in it. She was a sad-faced lady who taught botany at Sacramento Junior College. People said she was seen pacing the floors of her home late at night, working out passages for her husband's book. They were later divorced, and she wrote me from a wheelchair. Once I said innocently to Robbins, "It must be fun being married to another botany teacher." With a deadpan expression--more deadpan than usual--he replied, "Yes, I tell you, it's great." That was not long before their divorce. Then he married a Viennese lady, a delightful hostess. "She's too good for him!" said Dr. Howard enthusiastically.

We all loved Charles Bisson, the head of Chemistry, a magnificent teacher and a very kind man. He was overweight, and he overworked. I can see him now signing each and every study list for the lower-division students even after Robbins, Storer, and I had counselled them. There he sat sweating on an August day. He died of heart attacks or a stroke. His wife Alta was a dear also. In an Extension class in article writing, she said, "I'll write about the kind of old lady I intend to be." She died

before her husband. One day I ran across their graves in the cemetery. I'd never been there before; it wasn't green and pretty, as it is now. And there were those headstones, side by side--all that was left of Charles and Alta Bisson. I didn't go back for many years.

AID: Did you know Harry B. Walker of Ag Engineering?

CTW: A dignified older man; I never edited for him. Mrs. Walker was gracious; I remember her as the president of Leisure Hour, where I gave talks on Eugene O'Neill and Thomas Mann. (I was asked to repeat the Mann lecture in Woodland.)

AID: What about other departments?

CTW: In Trucks Crops (later Vegetable Crops) there was Oscar Pearson, a neat little New Englander, breeder of the Pearson tomato. He and his wife Helen still drop in on me from Ithaca, New York. She has a Ph.D. also. For their first child, they sent out an announcement bearing several genetic symbols.

I'm always dropping the name of Maynard Amerine, the great enologist, for whom Gallo lately endowed a chair. As an undergraduate, fresh out of Modesto Junior College, he would come to my office to discuss poetry. Later he and my husband were fraternity brothers, and still later they lived with another AGR at Berkeley.

AID: Were you friendly with the head of the campus?

CTW: Dr. Howard would chat with me in his office. He hoped he could get James Joyce's Ulysses, which I told him about. Ruth Witt-Diamant, who later founded the Poetry Center at San Francisco State College, lent it to me for a couple of hours in our graduate days. It was kept in Case 0 (restricted), very hush hush. Dr. Howard wrote on Luther Burbank, whose fame he tended to pooh-pooh. I edited a catalog of Burbank's plant productions. Dr. Howard himself was a pomologist; his degree was from Halle, in Germany.

AID: Let's get back to your personal life. Did you make any investments? When your dad lost his money, was it in the crash of October 1929?

CTW: That might seem a good guess. But till 1931 or 1932, Dad even made money. While everything was going well, he advised me to buy Standard Oil of California. I soon owned a hundred shares; it was the best investment I ever made.

Dad was extremely frugal. When I asked him how much I should live on, he said, "If I were you, I'd spend seventy-five dollars a month and put the rest into stocks. Then, when I retired, I'd be worth maybe \$75,000." Back in Guilford, that would make one a leading citizen.

Mother spent very little. When I showed her my tennis racquet, she she said, "Tish, tish, anything and everything that costs money!" In 1933, when we shopped together, I picked out a navy blue dress with white sleeves costing \$8.98. "How do you like it?" I asked. And she replied, "It is nice, but isn't it too expensive?" "Well," I explained, "it may be my wedding dress." "Oh," said Mother, "in that case--."

AID: Do you mind telling how it was when your dad lost his money?

CTW: I didn't read the newspapers in those days, and nobody mentioned the crash to me in October. On the train, going home for Christmas, I sat with a girl whose father had lost money in Wall Street. When I asked Dad whether he'd been affected, "Not at all," he assured me. But by June 1932 he was wiped out.

He kept the terrible truth from me until I came home to use the Huntington Library. I could hardly believe it when my dignified father broke down and cried. "On paper I've been worth \$60,000," he said; "I wanted to make us rich. But then the market went down, down, down."

Obviously, I should have to support the family; Dad was seventy-three. Charlene had just finished her freshman year in junior college. We decided to send her to business college. "You're a Turner!" Dad cried out approvingly when I said I would shoulder the responsibility. But then I shed tears and burst out, "Now I can never get married!"

AID: Was Carl home for the summer? Could you talk it over with him?

CTW: No. He had gone to Germany on a Sheldon Traveling Fellowship. Let me backtrack a little. We'd been drawn close together again at Cambridge in 1929. But the following summer he was bitter; a precipitate had come down from the jealousy he'd felt about my going to dances. I remember a painful scene in the lobby of the Biltmore, where we met to attend a matinee. He smoked a cigarette. Surprised and upset to see him doing it, "I feel sadistic," I said. "So do I," said Carl.

In a week or two, I got a frantic feeling that I was losing the one great love of my life. So I telephoned him to meet me at the L.A. public library. Arriving a little late, he explained, "I have been at confession." This was another shock: he had become a high-church Episcopalian. (How funny it seems! Today I am an Episcopalian, whereas he has lost interest in that church.)

Pulling myself together, there at the library, I told him we'd better get married at once; otherwise, we might never do it. He pooh-poohed my fears. And of course I wasn't willing to give up my job. He was scheduled for an instructorship at Harvard, but he still hadn't completed requirements for the Ph.D.

AID: These long engagements are very wearing for both parties.

CTW: The following summer, Carl was in Berkeley, and I spent a month there with my chum Barbara, who had eloped from her parents and from her job at the Paramount Studios, where she was secretary to Ernst Lubitsch, the German director. She had married the Australian first mate on a United Fruit Company "banana boat." She was now alone--Jack was off on a voyage--and I loved living with her.

Things looked promising! Carl was teaching in summer session. We were together just as we had been in graduate school. But, again, all was not well. I was now very fond of Vedder. And Carl was going to Berlin.

This brings me back to 1932. With my dad ruined, I had more than the simple problem of choosing between two attractive men; I resolved to get tenure. Luckily, I had already come to Pasadena for research.

Mr. Farnham, my adviser, happened to be at UCLA. He said my future looked very good. Theoretically, I could climb to the rank of full professor. I'd confided to him that I'd met someone at Davis.

As you can see, I was finding it convenient to marry Vedder. I sat down and wrote a "Dear John" letter. Carl was much more hurt than I had expected; he would have been willing to help me support my family. And he was bewildered, for I still dared not mention Vedder; I merely declared that I'd have to continue at Davis. Afterward he reproached me for the pain I had caused him while he was there in Germany, helpless and alone.

AID: Did you accomplish much at the Huntington?

CTW: Indeed, yes; I pitched in and worked my silly head off. Luckily my role model, Lily B. Campbell, was researching there. She was a famous scholar; Mr. Buell used to point to her as an example. She approved of me--said I was a smart little thing. With my eyes still swollen from the conversations at home, I took refuge at the library. In no time I decided on my subject, Elizabethan conventions about the usurer. In the end, I got two long papers out of it.

Miss Campbell asserted women's rights. "The men expect us," she said, "to eat with the women librarians. But I won't. Pick up your tray, Celeste, and follow me." So we ate with ten male scholars; and from that time forward, Miss Campbell was the queen bee. I sat by her side like a frog full of shot.

I was really timid. One day when she wanted me to have tea at the Atheneum, a sort of club where the scholars lived while researching, I mumbled something, leaped out of her car, and took the bus home. Next day she asked, "Why did you run--like a scared rabbit?" Perhaps I had had no money with me.

But the Huntington was a delightful place to work. We'd sit under the trees and talk after lunch. Once Louis B. Wright (later the Director

of the Folger Library) invited us all to his house for cocktails. I consulted him about my usury project; he liked it. He and O. J. Campbell and Tucker Brooke all mentioned my book on Mundy.

AID: How did you get the summer free of editorial work?

CTW: When Dr. Howard had asked Dean Hutchison how I could do research, Hutchison immediately said, "Just mail her the manuscripts; let her edit them in Pasadena." The plan worked; very seldom did I miss even a day at the library. When I got back to Davis in August, with my notebooks, Vedder would sit beside me and study in the South Hall living room while I wrote my paper.

Naturally Vedder knew of Carl's existence. He'd been violently jealous in the summer of 1931, when I stayed in Berkeley a month and Carl was there. To punish me, Vedder took out a local coed, a friend of mine. When I came back and learned about it, I lay awake an entire night. It was enough to convince me that I loved Vedder.

AID: When did you announce your engagement?

CTW: Fate took a hand. Vanity led me to accept Vedder's fraternity pin just before one of the brothers came into my office. Hitherto I'd supposed that "pinning" didn't mean much. For a coed, perhaps it doesn't; but, as I learned, a faculty woman is different. Price Gittinger pounced on me with reproaches because the students had got the news first. Then there was a headline in San Francisco--PROF TO WED PUPIL. It was like "Man Bites Dog."

AID: So your hesitation was over.

CTW: Oh, no, Dick; not really. I still believed that Carl and I were like Tristram and Isolt; I wanted him to be masterful and claim me.

He came back from Europe shortly before the date I had set for my marriage. I asked him to see me; we drove up a canyon. When he offered me a huge bundle of my letters, I refused them. "I wish," he said, "we could get back." But we couldn't; it was over.

I continued to have ridiculous ideas. Being still a virgin, I felt sure that marriage would cure my interest in all men except my husband. This was not true: all I really wanted was poetry. I read Elinor Wylie's last volume, bound in exquisite blue cloth, and gave copies of it to both Carl and Vedder.

AID: But you went ahead with the marriage anyway?

CTW: Yes--Carl took no for an answer. Besides, I admired Vedder. Not only did I love our reading together, and our quiet walks, but I had been proud to sit up in the bleachers and watch him run in a trackmeet.

He had won the 440, the 880, and his share of the relay in one afternoon, flying along with a beautiful, effortless stride. The California Aggie called him "iron man." That had been in his second year as captain of the track team. He looked like Discobolus.

I enjoyed the parties that engaged girls hope for. Mrs. John Conrad--Marion--gave a kitchen shower for Elizabeth Fitzgerald and me. Lillie Eames, the cashier at the Comptroller's Office, had invited me to join her in an announcement party; she was leaving for Purdue, where her fiancé was in agriculture.

Down at the Bank of Davis, Mr. Kleespie, the cashier, asked me whether I'd be fired. But I'd already squared Dr. Howard by saying, "I'm perfectly helpless; I've got my parents and two sisters to support. Rather than lose my job, I'll remain single."

"You're safe," said Dr. Howard. "Of course there's a university rule against hiring both husband and wife. If Vedder were even a foreman in Truck Crops, you'd have trouble. But he only works by the hour."

AID: What was the date of your wedding?

CTW: June 26, 1933. That was earlier than I'd planned, but a house happened to become vacant--an ideal little cottage, with a living room, a bedroom, a kitchen, and a bath. It's gone now; but it stood on the west side of C Street, between Second and Third; a dentist and an optometrist have a one-story office building there now. The landlady gave me the preference. She was Amelia Berry, a janitor's wife, who'd been serving lunches for fifty cents to some of us women. I had long admired her dolls' house of a cottage.

AID: Where was the wedding--Pasadena?

CTW: No; I just didn't want my family. The place that I wanted on my announcements was Berkeley. By good luck, Barbara had moved into a cottage. We had the ceremony in front of her fireplace. Her husband attended. That big, lusty he-man later commanded a Chinese junk that Richard Halliburton was sailing from China to the World's Fair on Treasure Island. Along came a typhoon, and the ship perished with all hands.

Two more guests were Elizabeth Freimund (formerly Surr) and her husband, a German agriculturist. "You'd be bats," she said, "not to take a chance. Otto and I are happy. I have a job as bookkeeper for a stationery store."

The only other people at the wedding were Price Gittinger and Else Jaeger, an attractive German girl whom I'd known at Mrs. Dixon's. Price was at summer session, still trying to learn French. He offered to lend us his auto for the honeymoon. We ungratefully returned it full of peanut shells; we'd been eating those peanuts on the Seventeen Mile Drive, near

Monterey. Before we could find a trashcan, we had to catch a train. Poor Price picked up the auto at the railroad station. At the wedding, he was best man. He reminded Vedder to buy me a gardenia corsage, and he gave us an electric clock. We had a nice wedding ring from Granat Brothers, where I'd also bought some table silver. That ring was platinum, with twenty-eight little diamonds; yet it cost less than a hundred dollars.

AID: You haven't mentioned the minister.

CTW: Oh, the Reverend Eldred Vanderlaan, who'd been pastor of the Unitarian Church on Durant Avenue. He couldn't stay for the salad, cake and ice cream. I had walked from Barbara's house to the bakery for rolls. Plodding along in the heat I thought, "This is not like a bride on her wedding day."

AID: Where did you and Vedder go on your honeymoon?

CTW: We went first to the Hotel Durant. All I remember eating there were seedless grapes, which we feasted on in bed the next morning. When we finally got up, feeling happy and carefree, Vedder went with me on department business--to pick out books for the Davis library. In those days I would walk into the Sather Gate Bookstore, look over some volumes, and make a list. While we were in the store, along came a librarian from Davis. She looked surprised, maybe amused.

The next night we slept at the William Taylor in San Francisco, advertised as the tallest hotel in the West. There we were in our snug room, up among the fog banks, overlooking the city lights. But the next day, after mailing our wedding announcements, I found myself locked out. Vedder was taking a shower and couldn't hear me. When I appealed for help, the chambermaids pointed at the sign, DO NOT DISTURB, and refused to open the door. Vedder finally noticed my pounding.

He and I shopped for furniture--a sofa bed, a stuffed armchair (reddish), a lovely green chair with bow legs, and a polished table--oh, yes, and two pretty little rugs, to scatter on the hardwood floor. The hitch came when we asked when the furniture would be delivered. "We can't be certain," said the clerk. This crippled the honeymoon. I kept picturing that furniture being set out on the lawn, or carried back to San Francisco.

But we drove to Salinas, where Vedder had once worked for the Ferry Morse Seed Company during a vacation. (He had sent me a great box of sweet peas, and he had later arrived at South Hall with a bunch of them.) Staying in Salinas was unromantic: the room looked battered, as if cowboys rioted there every Saturday night. But we loved the Monterey Peninsula.

Then we went home to Davis--far too early. Vedder never forgave me for curtailing the honeymoon. Whenever we were out of sorts, during our

married life, he would reproach me: "You spoiled our trip, just because of that damn furniture. And it wasn't delivered for several days."

AID: Were you out of sorts very often, early in your marriage?

CTW: Once when Vedder came home from the field to lunch, I'd been reading. I hadn't even cut the stems out of the tomatoes for our salad. Another time I was terribly warm after trying to hang the green curtains in the living room and the white curtains in the bedroom. We were both cross, and after he'd gone back to work, I shed tears. A neighbor found me in a peculiar mood for a bride. But you've no idea how warm Davis was before air-conditioning. Vedder and I would lie out on the lawn after dark, eating watermelon.

AID: You didn't like housework?

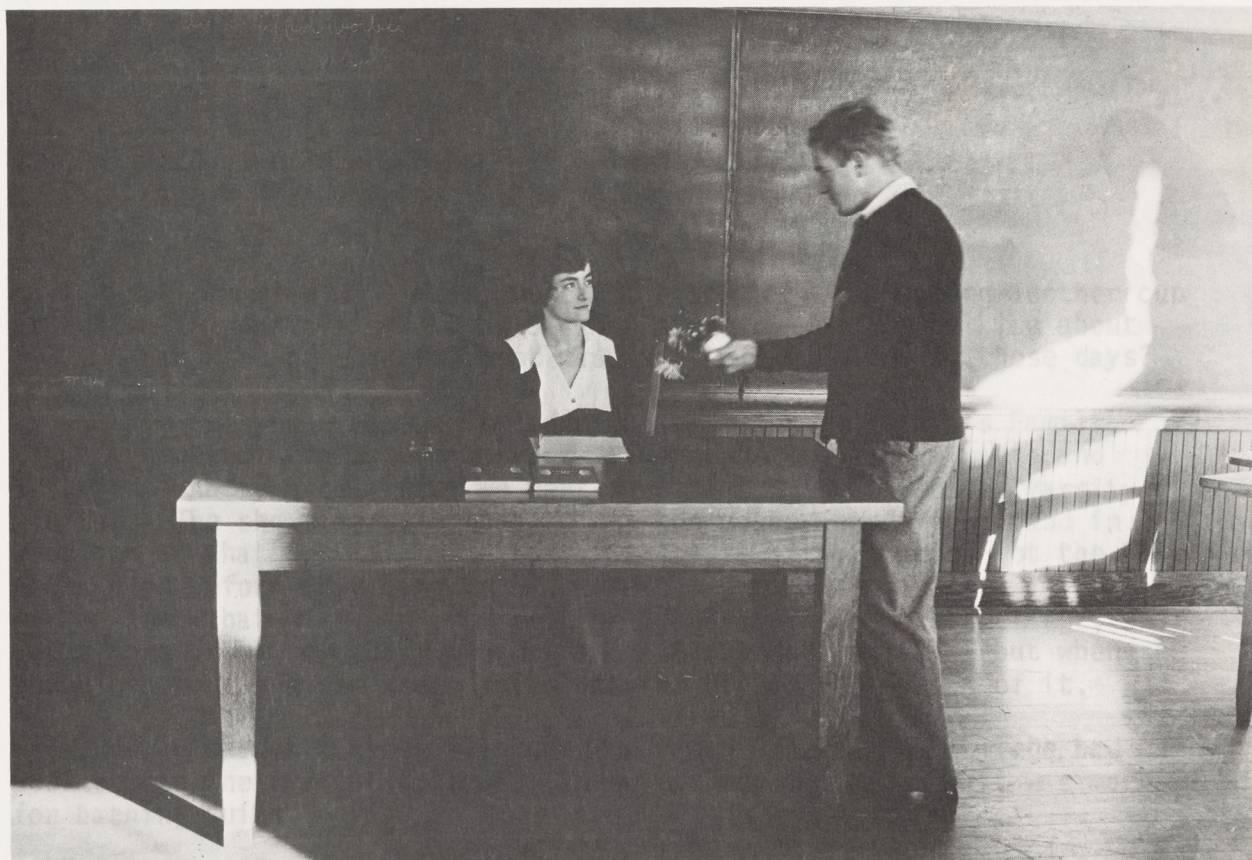
CTW: Certainly not. When the ladies of Farm Circle were planning refreshments, I suggested we buy cookies. They were shocked; "Well," I said, "don't look at me; I don't even have flour in the house." I was proud of it.

AID: This concludes our conversations. The next interviewer--as you know--will be Bob Wiggins of your department.

CTW: Let me thank you, Dick, for being a wonderful confidant. I've felt able to tell you anything, and I'll be consulting you about the manuscript.

In the Classroom Building, 1934: Celeste and Vedder Wright.

A slide made for the Faculty Club.



In the Classroom Building, 1934: Celeste and Vedder Wright,
a slide made for the Faculty Club

CTW: Eventually we bought a used Chevrolet from Jim Wilson, the wool expert, who lived over the fence from us. Jim had judged the beard-growing contest at Vedder's laboratory. He was a wool expert, not the wool-growing type.

Being Scotch, Jim probably charged too much for the Chevy—we paid him \$425. We had a blizzard in a few days. It was not Jim's fault that we also got dented by another car on our first trip up the canyon; Vedder nearly had a fist-fight with that driver. Then we collected from Herbert Rourke, the agent for State Farm.

RW: Besides being a professor, Jim had a business. In Australia he bought the patent for a device that castrated sheep.

CTW: Yes. In my public-speaking class, one of Jim's sons explained the device and concluded by saying, "Now if any of you gentlemen care to step up for a demonstration--."

During the summers, in our cottage, I gathered material for a memoir of my childhood. Kineo haunted me; I seemed to have total recall. I'd been stimulated by Katherine Mansfield's "Prelude" and "At the Bay," about her early days in New Zealand. And so, in two or three years of part-time writing, I turned out the first draft of First Resort.

RW: What else did you do in the summer?

VII MARRIED LIFE IN A COTTAGE, 1933-1935

ROBERT A. WIGGINS: Well, Celeste, here we are, drinking another cup of coffee in your office. Dick Dickman says you've been talking about 1933. What kind of entertainment was available in Davis in those days?

CTW: Everyone was fascinated by a soap opera, One Man's Family, about a household in San Francisco. Vedder and I bought a radio and listened. About once a week we went down to the movies at the Varsity Theater. The shows were top-notch, not the cowboy stuff you found in Woodland at that period. Mike Luft, at the Varsity, somehow got the best films even before they came to Sacramento. One amusing sight was the double seat that Mike had provided for Ida Brady. She was so large, she got offers from a circus. She was intelligent and ladylike; but when she stood behind a big elm tree, you could see her on both sides of it.

People swam at Cannonball Rock, on Putah Creek. The college had no pool except the irrigation tank. There was mud all around; it was murder for bathing suits.

RW: Did you have a car?

CTW: Eventually we bought a used Chevrolet from Jim Wilson, the wool expert, who lived over the fence from us. Jim had judged the beard-growing contest when Vedder took part. He and his helper wore white laboratory coats and talked scientifically. They said Vedder was the mutton-, not the wool-growing type.

Being Scotch, Jim probably charged too much for the Chevy--we paid him \$425. We had a blowout in a few days. It was not Jim's fault that we also got dented by another car on our first trip up the canyon; Vedder nearly had a fist-fight with that driver. Then we collected from Herbert Rourke, the agent for State Farm.

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RW: What else did you do in the summer?

CTW: Oh--this is important--in 1934 my sister Charlene started work in the Comptroller's Office. When our dad lost his money, she took a business course. Then she tried working for a lawyer, who didn't even pay her regularly. Next she was a bookkeeper for Sears, in a roomful of girls, who dared not look up from their machines long enough to relax and talk a little. She was mighty glad to get a job at Davis. When I showed her picture to the Comptroller, Ira Smith, he said, "Honestly, is she so lovely as that?" She was pretty; she had a very refined face. When she started work, he said it was almost too good to be true. If one penny was missing from her books, she would spend the whole weekend looking for it.

RW: That seems almost wasteful.

CTW: Ah, but the University sometimes sent auditors who would turn everything upside down, looking for a few cents. Think what their salaries cost the taxpayers.

Employees can take one course each semester. Charlene was in my public speaking class; and by arrangement with Berkeley, she studied English 46A-46B, the Survey of English Literature, under my guidance and then took a final examination that they mailed up; this was at a time when I hadn't scheduled the course at Davis. She also took economics under Alyce Williams, a Ph.D. candidate who had been my student. Charlene finally reduced her job to part-time.

At first she had a room at Mrs. Berry's own house, where she could walk through the back yard to see us. In the fall, when Vedder spent a semester at Berkeley, she moved in with me and Bernice Fry--an honor student in Dairy Industry with a great sense of humor.

RW: So Vedder had to be in Berkeley. Where did he live?

CTW: At International House; he had always liked foreign students. But for us, as it turned out, that fall was a disaster: I became ill. At first it was like stitches--little pains--in my side, really in my lungs. Then my right eye developed a red spot, which became more and more noticeable. That scared me. Upon the advice of Dr. Ruth Storer, I went to an eye doctor in Sacramento.

It was one of the most miserable days of my life. "There's a poison in your system," said Dr. Briggs. "Have you had a checkup lately?" Upon

learning that I had no doctor, he got me an appointment immediately with Dave Dozier, M.D. While I was waiting for afternoon to come, I had a wretched meal at a cafeteria, buying the cheapest things, such as a small macaroni salad. When I had to undress for the examination, I was embarrassed because my pink underwear had been bleached out by many washings; my old dead girdle needed to be replaced. After looking me over, Dr. Dozier was very much afraid that I had tuberculosis. He sent me to an X-ray specialist.

These things always happen on Fridays. It took all weekend for the results to be available. Meanwhile I was in a morbid state. I sent a frantic appeal to Vedder, and he came up. On Monday he went with me to see the doctor. Meanwhile, we called a new local man--Dr. Leo Cronan--and he gave me sleeping pills, so that I finally got some rest. I was terrified by the word tuberculosis.

On Monday we learned, to our infinite relief, that my trouble was congestion of the lungs. It meant, though, that I'd have to rest for a whole month. "I can't do it!" I gasped. "I am teaching two English courses and a German class, I am coaching a play, I am editing agricultural publications, and I am chairman of my department." That didn't faze the doctor; he sent me to bed. Mary McMahan took over my English classes; Herman Allinger (a chemist) taught the German class; and some of the townspeople in the play managed to keep it going.

RW: That load of work was enough to put anybody into bed.

CTW: The irony was that Professor Thomas Tavernetti, for whom the victory bell was eventually named, had been aware of my overworking. Not long before I collapsed, he called me in and said, "You have a heavy schedule. You need a reader to help you." I said no reader could satisfy me; besides, I was strong and could carry on. After going to bed, I wondered how I could ever face Mr. Tavernetti, who came up from Berkeley occasionally. Well, I never saw him again. I repeat, there's irony for you: while I was ill, he himself died of pneumonia.

RW: Strange coincidence! But who took care of you?

CTW: My mother, of course; I sent for her--Bernice and Charlene went to live in the dormitory. I sat up in bed and edited manuscripts. For entertainment, I read Thomas Mann's novel The Magic Mountain. As you know, it's about a tuberculosis sanitarium. No reading was every better motivated. I was having to take my temperature for the doctor. The patients in the story made me feel sicker than I really was. I would get out my thermometer and be relieved.

RW: Meanwhile, how did Vedder get along?

CTW: That part was unfortunate. He flunked his German at the time I was taken ill. The emotional upset contributed. Christmas, though, was a

happier time. With Dr. Dozier's permission, we took a voyage from San Francisco to San Diego on a freighter. There were other tourists aboard, dancing while the band played "June in January." We visited Vedder's family at El Cajon. They were ideal in-laws; his stepmother was devoted to him. Then came the voyage back--not quite so nice, for I got seasick after breakfast. It was weird--very sudden. I enjoyed my food, but it all came up. Lunch was all right, and we finally sailed into San Francisco harbor, with the city lights shining.

Another indulgence was our new (or used) car, which we drove on our next Christmas trip to southern California. I had learned my lesson--not to begrudge myself money just because I had a family to support. Vedder and I would go to Sacramento occasionally. But in the hot summer of 1935, he sometimes worked eleven hours a day out in the field, when his time should have been spent on his graduate work.

RW: How do you account for your frugality?

CTW: It ran in the family. Even when Dad had money, he said nothing about it. Mother once got down his checkbook from the top shelf of the pantry and looked--a daring thing for her to do. But she learned nothing from it. Poor Mother! She never wrote a check; he treated women as children. Only after he lost his money did she have a checking account.

You probably remember that as chairman I was very frugal. Things were so tight, during the depression, that I worried about getting enough desks. Mary had been using an old desk in her office. When she resigned, in 1935, to marry John Stahl of the Landscaping department, the Home Economics chairman (new on the campus) wanted that desk. There was quite a tussle between us. According to the inventory, that old wooden rolltop really belonged to Agronomy. I was happy when at last Home Economics consented to buy themselves a new desk. Those were the days when you rejoiced if you got a raise of \$96 a year, as I did in 1935.

RW: You mentioned your German class; I have often heard that you were the first person to teach any foreign language on our campus. How did that come about?

CTW: One spring day in 1933 Dr. Stanley Freeborn, a liaison man between Berkeley and Davis, walked into my office and said, "We're starting a new program for 'Combination' students; it's a way of making up high school deficiencies and entering the University through the back door. One common deficiency is in foreign languages. If you can teach German, that will count as their makeup course. Or would you rather teach French? Professor Fay says you could handle that."

"No," I gasped; "he knew me only in medieval French, a very different matter. But I can manage the freshman German."

Our department was then renamed Languages and Literature. When the Combination program proved to be a success--building up our enrollment--the University hired, for 1935-36, Dr. Iver Nelson, a newly fledged (but mature) Spanish Ph.D. from Berkeley who was also competent in French. Before he came, German was our only foreign language. You can imagine how frightfully those Combination students performed. In high school they had already flunked French or Spanish--sometimes both. German is harder--a highly inflected language. About a third of the Combination group disappeared from my class before the end of the term. Some of them went into our Two-Year program in agriculture. Others, of course, made good. And some regular Degree students came to me for their German. Dallas Tuck is now Professor of Pharmaceutical Chemistry in the U.C. Medical School at San Francisco. He once corrected German papers for us.

RW: From experience, I know that there were also Combination kids in the English courses.

CTW: Yes, our Nondegree classes became big; Price Gittinger gave one for people who had missed high school literature. When he first saw seventy-five people awaiting him, he turned to me with his tongue hanging out like a dog's. At the next faculty meeting Dr. Howard chuckled, "I'll bet we'll have two hundred more students in no time."

RW: What about the new program in Home Economics?

CTW: That was Nondegree. It was taught in the South Hall basement, where the laundry tubs and the clothes lines had been. Carpenters transformed it. There was even an attractive social living-room.

The first teacher, Harriet Morgan, arrived in 1935. I was shocked--or at least surprised--because she was wearing bobby socks. (We were stuffy in those days.) Harriet had a Ph.D. in Animal Nutrition from Cornell, but she knew some home economics. So she came to the basement of South Hall. On weekends that summer, she and I sometimes had lunch in Sacramento and saw a movie. Long afterwards she confided that she'd been secretly married a whole year. She'd kept her marriage secret because her mother-in-law was working for her in the department; that lady, Mrs. Fyler, had charge of the Practice Cottage, on the northwest corner of First and A streets, where the girls lived to learn housekeeping. Since she wasn't trained in home economics, Mrs. Fyler was not an ideal teacher. Harriet finally left to join her husband in Chicago; and of course Mrs. Fyler also disappeared.

RW: You spoke of getting a raise. When did you climb from instructor to assistant professor?

CTW: After six years in the rank. That was true even of Katherine Esau, because of the depression. But let me tell you my tale of woe. Promotions came from the Administration; there were no ad hoc committees.

When Dean Hutchison asked Dr. Howard, "What has Miss Turner published?" the answer was "I don't know that she's published anything."

Upon hearing of this--much too late--I said, "Why Dr. Howard, I gave you a copy of my book, Anthony Mundy." Dr. Howard looked sorry. "Oh," he said, "I haven't thought of that for years. My secretary borrowed it." So I didn't get promoted while it was still possible. And the next year the University cancelled all promotions. Also, at some stage of the game, the English department at Berkeley objected because I was younger than their assistant professors.

There were dreadful scares during the depression. On one occasion, we all gathered to hear Dean Hutchison announce a salary cut. "You have contracts," he said, "but I advise you not to protest." Most of us wouldn't have dared. I would have scrubbed the floor of my office if they'd told me to do so.

RW: Didn't anybody say Peep?

CTW: In San Francisco, at the state college, some of the faculty refused to cooperate. I saw some of their names, with salaries, listed in the newspaper. When I finally became an assistant professor, in 1934, I was making less money than before the salary cuts. By depression standards, my pay was still excellent. Food was cheap: for a month's supply of groceries, Vedder and I spent \$13 apiece. Thanks to my illness, I gained fifteen pounds.

RW: Thanks to your illness?

CTW: Dr. Dozier ordered me to gain. That was the meanest thing he ever did; I have never got rid of those fifteen pounds. Mrs. Harold Goss--Hilda--whose husband was a nutritionist, helped to fatten me. Twice she took me over to the doctor's office in her car and treated me to a milkshake. My weight shot up from 115 to 130. When I went back to my classes, I was bursting out of my clothes. The students were sympathetic. To offset the weight, I began doing exercises from a chart put out by Metropolitan Life. Though I didn't lose many pounds, my posture improved.

Let me give you one final footnote on that illness. I suddenly had a toothache--swollen gums. After finding he couldn't possibly save that tooth, the dentist pulled it and said, "What an abscess! This had been with you for a long time." It seems reasonable to conclude that the abscess caused the poison in my system. It was on the same side as the mysterious red spot on my eyeball.

RW: You haven't said anything more about Vedder's graduate work.

CTW: After my illness taught me to spend money, we corresponded with a geneticist, Karl Sax, about having Vedder study at Harvard. Believe it or not, Harvard would have cost us only an additional \$1000 a year. But a

professor at Davis talked us out of it. He was so friendly, we dreamed that eventually Vedder would be in Truck Crops here.

But these hopes were dashed. Our last good time together was in December 1935, when we went south in our little Chevrolet. We attended the wedding of Walter Koerper, on whom I'd had a crush at UCLA. He was now a junior-high teacher. His bride was a Pasadena girl of Danish descent. It was a big church wedding. And there, among my old college crowd, were Carl and his wife. He had married the daughter of a woman professor. I've often told you about Carl.

RW: Yes, I know--wasn't he now teaching at UCLA?

CTW: Yes. By the irony of fate, our teacher, Diamond, who had always wanted Carl in his department, had been killed by a car in October 1933. Carl had returned from Germany and was once more at Harvard. Somehow UCLA thought that he already had his Ph.D. So they gave him an instructorship, and he never completed his Harvard dissertation. Years later, the best plan for him was to finish at Berkeley.

To return to Vedder's setbacks: on February 1, 1935, he took his Qualifying at Berkeley and flunked. When he walked into our little house, Charlene and I couldn't believe the terrible news.

At that period, the U.C. genetics faculty were at swords' points: Berkeley didn't want Davis to offer graduate work. At Berkeley, Babcock and Clausen did their experiments with *Drosophila* (fruit flies) and did not approve of applied science (the breeding of onions).

Wilfred Robbins, the botanist on poor Vedder's committee, said that he and Paul Gregory voted to pass the candidate but Babcock, who was all-powerful, refused. Vedder does not speak fluently when under pressure. With Babcock firing questions, he became inarticulate.

Flunking gave him a frightful trauma. He said bitter things: "If we hadn't been married, I could have concentrated." He and I had read novels aloud--such as Anthony Adverse. We had listened to One Man's Family.

On February 5, relief came when a Dr. Wade, from the U.S. Department of Agriculture, advised Vedder to transfer to Wisconsin. "There," said Wade, "the faculty wants to help candidates, not hinder them." For the sake of Vedder's morale, I said we could manage the finances. "Next year," said Wade, "he'll get a fellowship." Then Professor Max Gardner, who had called Vedder a wonderful student, suggested changing the major to plant pathology.

So off went Vedder to Wisconsin. Within a few days or weeks he passed German. Two or three months later he passed the French. Carrying the equivalent of twenty units, he earned excellent grades.

So the move was ideal except, alas, that it interrupted our marriage--not that we dreamed of a permanent separation. I remained in Davis to support Vedder as well as my parents and Georgia. For any young couple, such an arrangement is very bad.

I sold our Chevrolet for \$275 to Dr. Porter of Truck Crops, who wanted his wife to have a car while he was away on trips. And I moved out of the honeymoon cottage. Two young office workers, women, were glad to get it, and I inherited one of their rooms at South Hall. Charlene was delighted to have me living in the same corridor.

My most sentimental memory, though, of that little cottage is of one day not long after our marriage. Vedder and I were reading in the living room. The weather was chilly; the gas heater had been turned on. Stretched out on the floor, he suddenly said, "I could just purr." "Why?" I asked. "Oh," he answered, "I like this house, and I like the way we are living." In spite of our troubles, there had been many happy times. But now he was in Wisconsin, and not for five years did he return.

RW: About your sister Charlene: was she already interested in Harbison Parker, whom I knew at Berkeley after the war?

CTW: You're right: she became acquainted with him in a German class at Pasadena Junior College. They had some dates, and later they corresponded. He worked in a grocery store, with no prospect of continuing school. But when his father found an editorial job, Harbison got to Berkeley at the same time as Charlene. They graduated together and were married. Then his wartime service with the Navy enabled him to get a Ph.D. on the G.I. Bill of Rights, just as you did.

But while Charlene was still with me at Davis, she was not yet engaged; so she dated, and found it exciting to live with the other girls. Most of them were hard up financially; yet they had a glorious time.

RW: Who were some of them?

CTW: We especially liked Gladys Schulte. She was willing to do some of my ironing--doilies and handkerchiefs and guest towels--when I was moving out of the cottage. She said to Charlene, "Your sister pays me swell." It was probably thirty-five cents an hour, but that was better than the fifteen cents that many a coed received for baby-sitting. Would you believe it, a faculty wife sometimes expected a girl student to wash a sinkful of dishes in addition to minding the baby--all for fifteen cents an hour. The Administration announced that double work should mean double pay; the girls were being exploited. "Schulte" eventually married a young man named Gilhooly. My son--after I had him--played with their son. Years and years later, David graduated from our Art department. His ceramic frogs are now the rage; he gave me a little one in exchange for a book of poems. He teaches in Toronto, but has spent time here as a visiting professor.

RW: Who else made good in spite of the depression?

CTW: One who succeeded was Harry Whitcombe, a public-speaking student of mine. He married Marie Olsson, a blond young woman who had already been the garden editor of Sunset magazine; she came to Davis to study horticulture. She and Harry were at all the student dances. They made an ideal couple--famous beekeepers. They followed the honey flow, taking colonies to Nevada when the sage was in bloom. The real money lay in the package-bee industry: Harry produced queens and marketed them by mail. The Whitcombes were written up by the Saturday Evening Post; he has a book, Bees Are My Business.

RW: When I joined the faculty in 1950 and commuted by train from Berkeley, I saw packages of bees at the station--not only queens, but workers. Sometimes they escaped from the boxes and hovered around; there were always bees flying near the depot. They were shipped out daily because they were perishable.

CTW: I remember Harry's entertaining talk at our public-speaking banquet. But another meal was more important: once while he and Marie were living in a pumphouse, they fed me lamb chops and green peas, and confided that their ambition was to make a million dollars. They are now worth at least that. They bought Davis real estate. During the war, Charlene desperately needed a house for herself and her little boy; Marie gave her the preference--rented her a cottage. Young John Whitcombe is now an important builder.

RW: You've had students--we all have--who derived great benefit from their training in agriculture.

CTW: Here's a classic line--"My hogs are keeping me in school." The student who told me that was Kenneth Clarke. And, oh, yes, I connect Kenneth Brown with turkeys. When he made a D in English, his mother wrote me an indignant letter. I wrote back, trying to convince her that I grade fairly. Next fall he came back to me and made up his deficiencies. After the grades were filed and I was at home in Pasadena, the doorbell rang, and a messenger deposited a limp form. It was a turkey from Kenneth's mother. We roasted it for our Christmas dinner.

RW: Speaking of the turkey business: George Nicholas has become a millionaire in that way.

CTW: Indeed he has; he was another of my public-speaking students. Just a few days ago the Chronicle reported that he's retired and has sold his share of the turkey industry to one of the Rockefellers. His specialty, I understand, is eggs: he's been a breeder. The growers have developed smaller birds for small families; broad-breasted turkeys for the connoisseurs who prefer white meat.

The Agronomy department has turned out its share of Aggies who made good. Thelma Bulkley, a friend of mine, married a quiet little fraternity brother of Vedder's who later became a big success in the grain business--seed. Wilbur White and Thelma were married when they could hardly pay the rent. Wilbur later started his business in Glenn County. Besides bringing up their five children, Thelma attended classes at Chico State; she even taught school for awhile. And she's prominent in the local history society. But I remember her as the girl who lived next door to the old Alpha Gamma Rho house on Third Street and had me in for Thanksgiving dinner.

RW: Did any of your students go into politics?

CTW: Yes, in a way. Jerry Fielder, after making good as a rancher near Dixon, became head of the State Department of Agriculture. He and his future wife took Directed Reading. Incidentally, Bob, that was a wonderful way of getting acquainted. I invented English 9 because it was hard to schedule a literature class. The kids saw me privately, half an hour a week. I insisted on important books--Tom Jones, Vanity Fair, Anna Karenina, The Magic Mountain--selected from a list approved by the National Council of Teachers of English. I refused to discuss any book that I hadn't read.

RW: Jerry Fielder came to a mysterious end. He was flying by himself and apparently the plane was struck by lightning.

CTW: I pitied "Triple M," as we called Mary Margaret Murry. One of her themes for me reflected her great happiness at the time she was falling in love with Jerry. A few years ago I met one of their sons at the AGR house. Bob, you wouldn't believe how many of my students have been the children of my earlier students.

One more sad little note about Jerry Fielder: as a senior, he was elected student-body president. But while he was working on a float for Picnic Day, decorating it with flowers, he and the other boys stole some cherry blossoms in Capitol Park. They were caught. Since the trees had been a gift from the Japanese government, Jerry resigned the office of student-body president. After Pearl Harbor, that raid on the cherry blossoms came to appear as a schoolboy prank.

RW: You've mentioned moving into South Hall again. Is that how you lost your diaries out of the basement?

CTW: Yes, fifteen years' worth of diaries, in my father's trunk, which had "G.H.T." painted on it. That trunk was so heavy that two men always had to move it. And yet it suddenly disappeared. It had contained not only my diaries, but my love letters; also my green curtains and an electric iron.

Margaret Eddy, the superintendent, suspected the janitor, whom she'd fired for getting drunk. He kept a diary, and he knew I kept one. Once a secretary came back to her room unexpectedly. And there, sitting in her slipper chair and reading her diary, was the janitor! In his spare time, that bald-headed little man wrote in the basement, copying passages out of books. Mrs. Eddy said he was just freakish enough to want the diaries. After he moved to Sacramento, I sent him a tactful letter, asking whether he could throw any light. He replied that he was sorry--he just couldn't suggest a clue. Well, I've never been blackmailed.

RV: Did you enter into the life of the clouds at South Hall?

CFW: I had a marvelous time, thanks to Dr. Margaret Martin.

RV: She died before I came. What was she like?

CFW: A dear little creature in her forties, with the heart of a girl. She had dated Kroeber, the anthropologist. There had also been a colonel on the Lurline, cruising to Hawaii. But she'd remained a spinster, teaching in the School for the Blind. She took two blind children into her home and sent the young man through Stanford. After they were on their own, she wanted to leave her cloistered existence for Davis. I was interviewing candidates for a job as English teacher and Adviser to Women, replacing Mary McPherson.

RV: Was Margaret's Ph.D. in Education?

CFW: Yes, but she had an A.B. in German, which eventually she taught. Her M.A. sounded solid--Classical Archaeology, with a thesis on Roman coins. "I am interested also," she joked, "in coin of the realm." We became friends. When she was chaperoning dances, she got the cards to invite me. I was her cousin's ex-boyfriend. Another time I invited a former student.

RV: Weren't people shocked? After all, you were married.

CFW: If they were shocked, I never heard about it. In contrast poor Margaret, an innocent soul, was a victim of gossip. Professor Fred Griffin, the Hondegree Supervisor, asked me whether she had gone swimming with a bunch of men. "Why," I sputtered, "she doesn't swim; the water would spoil her hairdo." But she did dance and one of the men students had a crush on her; he couldn't believe she was old enough to be his mother. Oddly enough, nobody gossiped about Ma.

RV: You once told me a story that would interest feminists--about a faculty woman who was almost destroyed by gossip.

CTW: I happened to know her. It's a pitiful instance of the fate that can overtake a woman if her department isn't solidly behind her. This particular teacher was at UCLA when I was an undergraduate. Since several older faculty had no Ph.D.'s, their jobs became precarious. Then the Director announced that they could take time out, earn the degree, and return. Obviously, though, snobs were sure to look down on these "retreads."

And so when this harmless little widow returned to her job, the snobs around her office, who took no interest in his work. Being actually a psychotic, he began saying that she had propositioned him. This shameless lie cost her her job. I advised her spirit, instead of hoping, she

VIII FACULTY FRIENDSHIPS, 1936

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And so when this harmless little widow returned to her job, the snobs used gossip against her. A student twenty years younger than she hung around her office. She took an interest in his work. Being actually a psychotic, he began saying that she had propositioned him. This shameless lie cost her her job. I admired her spirit; instead of moping, she commuted to the Huntington and got out a book. For once, virtue was rewarded. The young man flipped his lid, and people realized that she had been wronged. President Sproul took her under his wing and placed her at a state college, where she taught happily until her retirement.

RW: On the comic side, do you remember Linda Van Norden's story about a student who thought she was in love with him?

CTW: Please tell it for the record.

RW: Linda was teaching in the University of Puget Sound. Since she had the friendship of the Administration, nobody believed the student--who, of course, was a nut. Sometimes Linda would see him looking into her office through the transom. Sometimes she saw him walking behind her on the street. He came to her house, but her mother was always there. Finally the Dean of Students counselled him. He went to Linda and apologized. "For a long time," he said, "I thought you were following me around. But now I realize it was just someone impersonating you."

Getting back to South Hall: you say you remained there only one semester?

CTW: Yes; in April 1936, bad news struck like a bolt of lightning. Mr. Ira Smith, the Comptroller, ordered all women to move out before August--that is, all except the coeds. The rooms were needed for Home Economics majors. What scared me was that lodgings were unobtainable. Oddly enough, I never wasted a moment regretting Mrs. Berry's house. What I wanted was a room.

RW: Was Charlene leaving for Berkeley?

CTW: Yes; she'd obtained a scholarship from Professor Voorhies, for whom a building is now named. Voorhies had charge of giving out scholarships. I heard indirectly that he said, "Charlene Turner has everything: grades, looks, and character."

In Berkeley Charlene applied at one of the new cooperatives, where the students did their own work, bought and cooked their food. She moved into Lucy Stebbins Hall, a house sponsored by the famous Dean of Women. When she was invited to a sorority, she declined. She's still proud of having lived at Stebbins.

RW: Was it coeducational?

CTW: Bob, what a ridiculous idea. In the 1930's, girls still had to sign in and out of their living quarters. They could stay out all night only after the Big Game. At Davis I had trouble getting plays rehearsed; my actresses had to be back in South Hall by ten.

But Charlene could spend hours with Harbison during the day; they could study together. They were active in the Christian Science Society. One president of that club, by the way, was Bickford O'Brien and another member was Lois, whom he married.

RW: They eventually came here; he was in History and became the chairman. But let's return to Harbison and Charlene.

CTW: They made good grades as English majors. She was eligible for Phi Beta Kappa; a copy of the list always came to me. But in those days, letters of recommendation were important. Since Charlene didn't know anyone at Berkeley, she wasn't elected.

After graduation she worked in the office of the University Librarian, Harold Leupp, a former colonel. Although he was crusty, a disciplinarian, she got on with him very well. She and Harbison were married. But it's not yet time to tell about her wedding.

RW: How did you get a roof over your head in the spring of 1936?

CTW: I was under pressure, for I wanted to visit Vedder during the summer. On Second Street an old lady, the wife of a mailman, rented me a room for fifteen dollars plus a dollar for the privilege of having a radio and washing my underwear.

After it was all arranged, suddenly Ann Aschenfelder, who was also homeless, purchased a lot on A Street, between First and Second. You can still see the house that she built. She arranged with "Slim" Barovetto, the architect, to design a little gem. There would be two bedrooms, and she begged me to rent one of them.

When I asked Margaret Eddy, "Am I neat enough to live with Ann?" she said, "I'm not, Celeste, but you certainly are. That's why Ann wants you."

Now, how to replace myself at Mrs. Taylor's, where I'd paid a deposit? Luck was with me. Through Harriet Morgan, of Home Economics, I reserved that room for Dr. Margaret Maxwell, a new instructor from

Chicago. Since she'd need it in July, and since Ann's house wouldn't be ready before Christmas, I still had to find something to tide me over during the fall. Finally Iver and Lu Nelson, of my department, let me borrow their daughter's room.

RW: Have you mentioned Iver Nelson?

CTW: Yes. He had arrived the previous year, to teach French and Spanish; he and Lu and their children had moved into College Park. Salaries were so pitiful, he was at his wit's end to pay for that house. So they rented me the room for a few months.

From College Park I could easily walk up what is now Howard Way. Only once was that walk disagreeable. I was cornered, that time, by what looked like a rabid dog. He circled around me. His coat was mangy; his ribs were showing; he reminded me of the sick wolf in Jack London's "Love of Life." Since he wouldn't leave me alone, I was terrified.

At last I flagged down a car and escaped. Aside from that incident, life with the Nelsons was idyllic. They were dear people, and they never pried into my comings and goings. I ate at the cafeteria or at the boarding house on the northwest corner of First and A streets.

RW: How did Margaret Maxwell (now Mrs. Kleiber) like her room at the Taylors'?

CTW: It was anything but idyllic. I unwittingly gave Margaret a horrible introduction to Davis. She was young and pretty, and soon Mrs. Taylor became jealous. To get the impact, you must realize that the husband was in his sixties, ready to retire from his job as mailman; furthermore, he looked like a cute little Brownie. And yet Mrs. Taylor feared that the lady professor was trying to steal him. You see, Margaret, being slightly lame from polio, accepted Mr. Taylor's offers of a lift on his way to work. She ate breakfast with me at the boarding house.

Eventually Mrs. Taylor ordered Margaret to move out. She then wrote me to send back the deposit that she had refunded. She also retained an unfair portion of Margaret's rent. All this was to punish us for having made her unhappy.

When Margaret took our troubles to Dean Ryerson, the new head of the campus, he laughed his head off. After calming down, he wrote Mrs. Taylor that she must stop harassing his faculty women.

Little old Mr. Taylor, the mailman, was evidently embarrassed. By the time Margaret's second-class mail reached her, it always had little xxx marks around her name on the magazines. A mysterious box of chocolates also arrived; and since it, too, bore the xxx marks, Margaret returned it to the post office.

RW: You haven't spoken of your trip to see Vedder in Wisconsin.

CTW: It was a disappointment. Oh, the campus was beautiful--located near lakes, and full of leafy trees. And the student union impressed me, with its pretty dining room, its cafeteria, its Paul Bunyan cellar for drinking beer. Vedder's grades and his other work were going well. But, alas, he had now an unfortunate ambition: to travel abroad with a man who was already sure of the doctorate. Those two argued that study in Europe would give them prestige. But it would slow Vedder's progress, and I'd have to finance him.

RW: You were still supporting three people in Pasadena.

CTW: When I wouldn't hear of the European plan, Vedder became dejected. He has always loved travel; he would have been happy as a plant explorer like Knowles Ryerson.

To make matters worse, in Madison we stayed at a cheap hotel. I had asked him to find something inexpensive. But that place was grim. The bathtub drained slowly; there were even the marks of dirty hands on the towels. There was no closet--just a halltree. I have written it all up in my unpublished novel, where I blame myself for my stinginess.

RW: How long did you stay?

CTW: A couple of weeks. On the train going home, I read George Santayana's novel The Last Puritan, which emphasizes that we cannot rely on anyone else for our happiness. Riding over the Great Salt Lake, I stopped depending on my marriage. Not that I dreamed of being unfaithful; sex, although pleasant, meant less to me than romantic feelings, poetry, and companionship.

When I got back to Davis, still during the summer, I made friends with two bachelors who were taking their meals at the boarding house. There were faculty women at that table too--Harriet Morgan and Margaret Maxwell. But the men were extremely entertaining. They were both in the Chemistry department--Sidney Babcock and Roger Gillette. Roger was a Wisconsin Ph.D.; that gave us something to talk about. I forget where Babcock came from. Anyway, he was bright; he and Thomas Jukes worked together on some vitamin project, and later Babcock researched at the Lederle Laboratories. Both these young men were bored in summer and enjoyed talking with us women. It was all platonic. Babcock was in love and eventually brought his bride to Davis. Roger was engaged to a Wisconsin girl, one of his students.

We all listened to Sidney's classical records; he had a lot of the old 78's. Once we went to the State Fair in Roger's car. And we just sat around--did a lot of talking. For the first time, I was getting well acquainted with faculty men.

RW: Did the group travel to San Francisco?

CTW: No, but we hiked in Muir Woods, going through the fog. What a relief from the Valley heat! On that hike, what impressed us was the way Roger quoted from the poets, including Goethe and Heine. He would start a quotation from Shakespeare or Wordsworth, and I'd finish it. He could also recite humorous jingles like this: "He was only a boy, and the parson's joy / In the dawn of his rosy youth, / When he cast a smirch on the Baptist church / By betraying a girl named Ruth."

In August, Carol Brady arrived and at once took Roger over for herself. Our group disintegrated. Besides, we all had to begin teaching.

RW: Was this Carol's first year at Davis?

CTW: No, it was her second. We'd been close friends; I had talked her up to Roger. When she arrived, I invited her to join us in a picnic at Lake Tahoe. Babcock was busy and couldn't come; but Roger--the one with the car--carried out the scheme. I felt apologetic about Carol; I had wanted her to dazzle him, but she looked ill. The fact was, she had become anemic.

That day at Lake Tahoe, however, it was ridiculous of me to worry about the impression she was making. Roger fell violently in love and resolved to break off with his fiancée. Only two days after the picnic, he told me, "I have never been able to resist a girl with a nose like Carol's." He wanted to marry her. Though she had no intention of accepting him, she enjoyed having him as her slave. He would even get out of bed, drive to her lodging, and transport her to class. He called it "making the supreme sacrifice."

RW: She had taught Subject A at Berkeley. Even after I got there, in the 1940's, she was still a legend.

CTW: She had graduated from UCLA. And she told me, playfully, that she had disliked me without ever having met me, because people at UCLA were always praising my scholastic record. I was their first Bachelor of Arts to go on and obtain a Ph.D. But at Davis, she seemed fond of me.

RW: How did she happen to get the job?

CTW: In the fall of 1935, we had more German students than I could handle; the English enrollment was also up. And so Dr. Howard said, "We'll strike while the President's in the mood. You need another instructor."

Before hiring Margaret Martin, we had interviewed Carol, but she wasn't the type for Adviser to Women. She was doing brilliantly in Anglo-Saxon. When we asked whether she could teach modern German, her adviser, Mr. Brodeur, said, "Carol, take the job; I know you can do it."

RW: Did she make good on the German?

CTW: Oh, no, Bob; by the end of the first midterm period, her Combination students were dying like flies. I heard so many complaints that I took the whole big class back again. I wanted her to be happy, for I loved her company. She was a tall, vivacious blonde.

And she seemed pathetic. She was sending much of her salary home. She and her sister had to support their parents. Their mother was an invalid. Carol wrote to her every day--on legal-sized yellow--and consulted her about all decisions. But her mother seems to have been too suspicious of people. Carol told Gwen Needham that once when the Brady girls were on roller skates, their mother paid them a quarter to go back and forth in front of a neighbor's house, making a racket.

RW: Did you finally become disillusioned in Carol?

CTW: The disillusion set in soon after she met Roger. I stayed overnight with my sister at Stebbins Hall; and, by arrangement, he picked up Carol and me and conveyed us to the apartment of some graduate student. Everybody was drinking red wine; some of the people got pretty drunk. I left just in time--feeling out of things--and walked back to Stebbins Hall by myself. Next morning I learned that the neighbors had called in the police to quiet the drinkers.

RW: Did you take any of the wine?

CTW: I'm not sure. Later on, I would certainly have done it. I drank sauterne at the Hotel Espanol dining room in Sacramento with Carol and Roger and Sidney.

I'd been brought up to believe as my father did. "Any woman," he said, "who takes a drink of liquor has lost caste." Vedder softened me somewhat. In 1935, just after the dentist pulled my abscessed tooth, I got some ethyl alcohol by prescription, to ease the pain. There was some left over, and I drank it in lemonade. Vedder stood there applauding in our little cottage on C Street. I took enough to feel pretty tipsy. But you mustn't forget that since the ending of World War I, America had been theoretically dry. The bootleg I saw at Aggie parties in the 1920's might have been wood alcohol. Only Roosevelt brought Repeal.

RW: After that wild party in Berkeley, what happened?

CTW: Next day Roger picked me up, as he had promised. He was suffering from a hangover and couldn't eat. For some reason, he and I were to eat together in a Berkeley restaurant and then fetch Carol. He was raging with jealousy--was convinced that Carol liked some man at the party. I didn't enjoy the ride back with them to Davis.

RW: Did you know the graduate students at that affair?

CTW: No. One was the daughter of a college president; and I think Carol was accurate in connecting her with a strange occurrence the following spring. Evidently, that young lady was invited to visit the Robert Gordon Sprouls. She stole a piece of Mrs. Sproul's private writing paper and wrote Carol this message: "I hear that you and Mr. Gillette plan to be married. It will give me great pleasure if you will permit me to arrange a party announcing your engagement." The latter was signed with one of Mrs. Sproul's given names, which were Ida Amelia--but not with the name she officially used. Carol was furious. Just as she was resolving to write an indignant reply, she noticed the date--April 1.

RW: April Fool's Day--what an elaborate hoax.

CTW: Yes, but listen to this one. About a year before Hitler took Czechoslovakia, Carol received a letter from the Czech embassy in Washington, inviting her to lecture at Charles University in Prague, as an authority on the legends of Ermanaric. The letter was addressed to Mr. Brady and spoke as if Carol were a man. Of course she consulted Professor Brodeur. He showed the letter to Koerner, a distinguished Czech in the History department, who said it was undoubtedly from the Czech ambassador. Finally somebody noticed that the offer was dated April 1.

RW: Carol's graduate student friends were diabolical.

CTW: Once when she was broke, they telephoned to offer her a job. She was almost convinced; then she heard somebody laughing.

Though it took me a long time, I finally decided that Carol and Roger were not to be trusted. At a soda fountain that very first day, after the picnic at Lake Tahoe--they suddenly laughed, and he said, "Do you like to hate people too? Let's have fun hating them together." It seemed to be just a joke.

But after some months Alice Gillmann wrote me to watch out for some woman in my department. An acquaintance of ours, a woman teacher from UCLA, was married to a laundryman named Golden Green. Golden had been a Nondegree student at Davis. Now he was the laundryman of Carol's parents. He came into their kitchen while Carol was there. They talked about Davis. And he sent word to Alice, through his wife, that I'd better be careful--in my department was a woman who didn't like me.

RW: Did you get any other evidence?

CTW: Yes, much stronger. As I've said, Sidney got married; and his wife later told Liz True that at the Hotel Espanol, after a few drinks, Carol called me "that moron who tries to run the English department." She evidently wanted the chairmanship.

Roger didn't remain at Davis very long. After about a year as Carol's slave, he probably decided she was just exploiting him. She

stayed on until World War II. Though I feared her, I could never spend time with her without falling under her spell. I am always taken in by bluffers. Only recently have I begun to see through them.

RW: Don't you think your reaction to Carol was normal? There are many people who, simply by their air or manner, get their own way.

CTW: Right you are. Winning through Intimidation was a popular book. One young professor in our department even boasted of using it. When we meet bullies, Bob, we've got to spit in their eye. If I can say "To hell with that!" I develop courage.

RW: You are really a complex person.

CTW: Aren't we all?

At this period I spent my weekends with my sister. Since my boyfriend was now in Berkeley, I began taking those long rides with an ex-San Francisco. Everything was so safe and pleasant in those days. You could walk from Jack's restaurant on Sacramento Street to the opera house without fearing purse-snatchers. Charlene and Harrison had no money, but I had plenty; you could get a dinner for less than a dollar. And oh, how we loved riding back and forth on the ferryboats!

To make up a foursome, I would invite a former student of mine who had transferred to Berkeley. Being a strict Baptist, he was congenial for Charlene and Harrison, too, as Christian Scientists, didn't drink. (Louis wouldn't even play cards or dance.) I felt safe with these kids--I shared their tastes for walks in Chinatown, street-car rides to the De Young Museum and the Legion of Honor Palace. We saw Elizabeth Browning as at You Like It, Norma Shewer and Leslie Ward in Emma and Juliet. We tried various restaurants--Lido's, a huge Italian place, A Hot of Sweden, the Russian Tearoom (where the red-headed poet had taken us in 1901).

At the Merry-Go-Round, where the dishes of food went gliding past our table, I broke my oath. After twenty years of vegetarianism, I remembered that Dr. Dozier had wished he could build me up with meat. In that restaurant I tried an omelet containing chicken livers. The taste was disappointing; but on other occasions I began ordering roast beef, halibut, abalone. At Davis the A's, who invited Carol and me to the fraternity house, opened their mouths in wonder when I accepted a steak.

RW: Louis was your former student?

CTW: Yes, he had introduced himself at registration. His sister had carried one of Vedder's high-school friends. After he got an A in German,

IX ANN'S HOUSE AND THE HUNTINGTON LIBRARY, 1936-1937

RW: Can we get back to 1936-37? When did Roger leave Davis?

CTW: Not till the end of the academic year. Meanwhile he pursued Carol, while Margaret Martin and I resented her superior air. Margaret even asked a Christian Science practitioner to help her get over the anger she felt.

At this period I spent many weekends with my sister. Since her boyfriend was now in Berkeley, I began taking those two kids with me to San Francisco. Everything was so safe and pleasant in those days. You could walk from Jack's restaurant on Sacramento Street to the opera house without fearing purse-snatchers. Charlene and Harbison had no money, but I had plenty; you could get a dinner for less than a dollar. And oh, how we loved riding back and forth on the ferryboats!

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RW: Louis was your former student?

CTW: Yes, he had introduced himself at registration. His sister had married one of Vedder's high-school friends. After he got an A in German,

I hired him to correct easy sentences. When he transferred to Berkeley, I got him a chance to earn his board and room at Mrs. Dixon's.

Just before Louis left Davis, an accident made me solicitous about him. During final exam week, he went out on the quad to play baseball. Somebody's bat flew out and hit him in the face, breaking a cheek-bone and throwing one of his eyes out of line. He was taken to the Woodland Clinic; and there I met his sister, a registered nurse who had hurried up from southern California.

Louis had a girl in Redlands and eventually married her. But he enjoyed my company, and so he and I sometimes went to San Francisco alone together when Charlene said she must study.

RW: You were rooming at Iver's. Did you move in with Ann Ashenfelder before Christmas?

CTW: No; her new house wasn't ready. Of course I took a trip to Wisconsin, where Vedder had found us a nice hotel. Still, things didn't go right. Having me with him--since I wasn't going to remain there--only upset him. Though I bought him a gold wristwatch, Christmas wasn't very happy. With a feeling of relief, really, I caught the Challenger, that famous economy train, and headed for Pasadena and my family. My trip included an overnight visit to Harriet Morgan Fyler in Chicago; her husband was intelligent and charming. (Unfortunately that marriage did not last.) At the Field Museum I saw the X-rayed mummies that I mention in "Daquerreotype."

This brings me to Ann's house. On January 4, 1937, when I moved in, the plaster on the wall was not quite dry, and Ann and I got the flu immediately. That was the worst flu I have ever had. Fortunately, it was during registration; I missed only my work as an adviser. Wilfred Robbins of Botany really contributed to my recovery. One evening, to my surprise, he dropped in, as an old friend of Ann's. He gave us hot toddy, made, he said, from the finest whiskey. This was still a daring drink for me. Relaxed and dizzy, I went off to sleep. Next morning I felt much stronger. Perhaps it is relevant that just before I fell ill, we had snow for two days. The Aggies built snowmen and a fort.

Pop Titus was rushed to Woodland with a heart attack. I'd been to Sacramento with him and Margaret Eddy (the Superintendent of Dormitories) and Margaret Maxwell just three days before. We had all had a jolly dinner at the Hotel Espagnol.

RW: Was he the Titus for whom a dormitory was named?

CTW: Yes; he had long taught mathematics here. The legend was that his wife ran away with a student. In my time Pop had a room at North Hall. The boys painted his name on a step at the entrance. But the Administration removed the letters, explaining that names were officially

given only by the Regents. Long after his death, Pop's name was bestowed on an impressive building.

Pop was a lovable old gentleman with blue eyes. He was getting feeble; young Edward Roessler and others covered for him when he missed his classes. Albert Burdette must have come to Davis by that time. Pop died sometime before May 5, 1937.

RW: After you and Ann got over the flu, did you enjoy her new house?

CTW: Not really; the house was a main source of our problems. If I fetched a glass of water from the kitchen, I was scolded for forgetting to wipe off the beautiful red linoleum on the sink. And oh, Bob, the panic I felt after treating a cough. Dr. Cronan had told me to fill a pitcher with hot water, add tincture of benzoin, and inhale the steam. After that treatment, I found that the fumes had discolored one of Ann's shiny kitchen doorknobs. She was out, thank heaven. I high-tailed it to the grocery store and bought a jar of Wright's Silver Cream; that took the tarnish right off.

I often forgot to store my galoshes in the basement stairway. When I washed my hands, I forgot that the small rug in the bathroom was "kitty-cornered" to protect the floor. I must not waste heat by opening the bathroom window. I must not powder my nose in front of the mirror there, for Ann thought that the fluorescent lights cost a fortune to operate. No, I put on my face in my own room, where the light was dim.

One day Ann came home and asked, "Did you take a bath? Why didn't you wait till night, when we'd turn the furnace on anyway?" "Oh," I said, "I can reassure you. I did not touch the thermostat; I took my bath in a cold house." She gave an embarrassed laugh.

RW: Did she apologize?

CTW: No, indeed. And she didn't mind when her cat, Pootsie, sharpened its claws on my upholstered chairs and my sofa bed, which I'd brought with me to save her the expense of furnishing my room. Ann didn't say she was sorry when Pootsie chewed the buttons off my bow-legged green chair. Eventually, though, she gave Pootsie away; a cat was too much trouble to be worthwhile.

One weekend I did some ironing in my room; before miracle fabrics, pressing was important. Next morning Ann said, "Celeste, the thump thump of your electric iron yesterday gave me a headache. When I get migraine, I see black lines; and sometimes a person's head or arm will be blotted out. It is just dreadful. Please don't iron any more on the weekends."

I could manage to iron while she was at work; but my favorite time for using my portable typewriter was in the evening, to write letters home

and to make an entry in my diary. Ann said I must stop before 8:30 p.m.; the sound of that machine caused another headache.

When she coaxed me to live with her, she had offered to let me receive callers in my room, which, with the convertible sofa bed, looked like a little parlor. I soon learned, however, that even a quiet conversation early in the evening would upset Ann. "Celeste," she said, in exasperation, "I would never dream of renting a room if I didn't need the money." This outraged me: before agreeing to live with her, I had talked with Mrs. Chapman about a possible room at the University Hotel. And when, under pressure from Ann, I dropped the idea, Mrs. Chapman felt hurt and told people that I was not a woman of my word.

RW: The University Hotel is no longer standing. It used to be a landmark at the northwest corner of B and Second Streets, where Sambo's restaurant is now located. I rented a room in that hotel when I was on sabbatical and needed a quiet place to write.

CTW: I could have stayed there for five or six dollars a week. Margaret Maxwell made up a joke: "Then Celeste, in a fit of rage, straightened the rug, powdered her nose in the bathroom mirror, tore the toilet paper crooked, and marched out of Ann's house."

Liz True longed to compose a novel in which Ann's extreme fussiness about her house came into conflict with her tremendous interest in men. In the company of a man, Ann became a different person. Tragedy overtook her when she fell in love with a student from Germany. That was before my time, but she told me about it. The young German took her riding on his motorcycle. There was an accident, and he broke his leg--really smashed it, so that the doctors expected him to be lame. Ann had worked for a woman doctor; she knew how to give therapeutic treatments. She brought his leg back to normal; and, since he was very handsome, she fell in love with him. She herself was plain; he wouldn't have wanted her, no matter what. But he did have a girl friend in Germany, and eventually he married. Ann had colored snapshots of him in her living room.

RW: As I recall, she was not a member of the faculty.

CTW: She helped with some research. Her work caused that smell in the Dairy Industry building. There were tubs of melted butter around her lab.

RW: You probably spent extra time in your office.

CTW: Oh, yes, during the week. And on weekends when I wasn't away, Margaret Martin would offer me the use of her suite at South Hall, which she was able to keep as the Adviser to Women. She'd be in Berkeley. It was heavenly--no one to scold me every time I breathed! I would spend an afternoon up there correcting papers; it was warmer than Ann kept her house during the winter.

Margaret continued to help with my social life. Once she asked me to chaperone a coed dance at the I.O.O.F. Hall in Sacramento. For another dance, I bought a taffeta dress the exact color of a bluebook. A song was current--"The Beautiful Lady in Blue." At one dance I discovered a sophomore, Al White, who was a campus hero because of his pitching on the baseball team. He dreamed of professional baseball; years later, he played with the Sacramento Solons. When he took English 1A from me, I invited him to a coed formal at the Flyers' Club in Woodland. On the way home he told me of his ambition to become a flier. That was April 9, 1937. In World War II he got his wish. Later still, the newspapers told of his bringing his plane down when his engine had failed. It was like "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty." Al used a fountain pen or a corkscrew and held together until he landed.

I still have a little wooden statue that he gave me--the Chinese goddess of Mercy. It stands on my dresser to this day. And to Al I secretly wrote "Handsome Unknown," which I revised in the 1960's. That's an example of the rare kind of poem that rushes into my head. I was just doing my roomwork at Ann's, making my bed, when the whole thing occurred to me. In "Handsome Unknown," a woman catches a glimpse of a handsome man, rushes home, and resolves to have nothing to do with "a face like that." Actually, Al was chivalrous and old fashioned.

RW: Were you writing other poems?

CTW: Very few; my poetry had been sidetracked since graduate school. In 1937 I turned out "Campus Doorways" for El Rodeo. My cousin Norman showed it to the head of Pasadena Junior College--my high-school civics teacher. Dr. Harbeson used that poem on the program for the dedication of the new buildings.

RW: Your cousin Norman? Was he living in Pasadena?

CTW: His father was Mother's brother. Charlene was born at their house in Maine. But from the summer of 1937 until the summer of 1938, he lived with my family and attended junior college. The music department there put on The Student Prince, with Norman in the leading role. He had a wonderful tenor voice. He tried to get into the movies, but it didn't work out. Not until after the war (when he sang in the service) did he make it big at the Metropolitan.

RW: Had he got started early?

CTW: Yes; he won an Atwater Kent Contest--gave up the idea of being a minister and, instead, attended the Eastman School. He's in Who's Who in America. Oh, dear, they've dropped him out of the latest edition. If I don't accomplish something, they'll drop me.

RW: Cheer up. Just lately--on November 11, 1978, when we dedicated the new Recreation Hall-- your "Campus Doorways" was played by the

University Orchestra and sung by the Chorus. You and Jerry Rosen took a bow; there were photographs of you with your arms full of flowers.

CTW: Yes, that was a thrill. When Jerry asked me for a song, I revised "Campus Doorways."

RW: That's the way you write. Even when a poem is in print, you don't consider it a static thing; it's alive, and from time to time it changes or grows.

CTW: I don't plan it that way. When something appears in a magazine, I think it is done with; but by the time I want it for a book, it may not satisfy me any longer.

RW: In the 1930's, did you do any other creative writing?

CTW: Several of us took short story and article writing from Maren Elwood of the U.C. Extension. She commuted from Hollywood by train once a week--taught in Sacramento also. She gave us the point of view of a professional writer--had her own agency and school. I have always liked her slogan: "The future belongs to those who prepare for it."

RW: Didn't you publish articles that you wrote for her?

CTW: Yes, one appeared in Contemporary Living: it was about my illness in 1934--when I learned to allow myself a little pleasure. And Hygeia, published by the American Medical Association, accepted my humorous article on vegetarianism. I got my title from Charlene; she had heard a girl say that Shakespeare wrote Much Taboo about Nothing. I'd had a taboo against meat.

RW: Were you doing any research?

CTW: Oh, yes--publish or perish! I had a splendid adviser. In the summer of 1937, Vedder had to go to a field station, where I couldn't visit him. During my short stay with him in Madison, we visited Professor Merritt Hughes. After reading my second paper on Usury, he told me to spice it up a little. Sure enough, by injecting a little humor, I placed it with Studies in Philology. I'd known Merritt Hughes at Berkeley.

RW: You never lose track of anybody you've liked.

CTW: That's the subject of "New Acquaintance." But let me tell you about the trip to Madison, that time. From Davis to Chicago I traveled with Margaret Maxwell. From Denver on, we rode the Burlington Zephyr, a famous train, streamlined. The porter made up a double bed; and--here's the creamy part--Margaret slept with Pooh, a teddybear. As for me, I couldn't indulge in my usual reflections (no pun intended). Usually, when I slept in a pullman, I looked like a body laid out in a white sheet; I

saw my reflection on the polished bottom of the upper berth. But now the upper berth was gone.

RW: You have a humorous poem "Salutation to the Body."

CTW: What a memory, Bob! But to get back to Margaret and her little bear: a few weeks earlier, Pooh had fallen into the mud near North Hall, and a truck ran over him. She laundered him; then she hung him up by the ears to dry.

Just to show you what childish fun we used to enjoy: One Easter she and I skipped hand in hand near the Community Church. It was evening and we were chanting: "Oh, Easter time is the time for eggs, and the time for eggs is the Easter time." Price didn't think we should have done it. Quite seriously he said, "It reflects on the University."

RW: After visiting Vedder, did you go to the Huntington?

CTW: Yes--where I hadn't been for several years. Mr. Farnham was there, and he told me to put more irony into my next article. He liked a topic that Lily B. Campbell had proposed: "The Amazons in Elizabethan Literature." After sampling the card catalog, I forged ahead. That paper got the place of honor--page 1--in Studies in Philology.

On the lawn after lunch, I met Virgil Whitaker, a stout young man in a white suit; he became chairman at Stanford. Other scholars were at a party round the swimming pool of Louis B. Wright, later the director of the Folger Shakespearean Library.

I adored the white-haired, blue-eyed Professor Oscar J. Campbell, of Columbia. Every noon he would stick his head through the door of the Rare Book Room and cry "Cuckoo!" That was our signal for going to the cafeteria, which served orange juice and avocados from the Huntington estate. After lunch we'd sit where the peacocks were strolling past the statues. We talked of Amelia Earhart, who was missing. Speaking of airplanes: I met Susanna Dakin, a young historian who later crashed in one. That summer her face was scarred from an auto accident. Though she seemed to be a society girl, she was researching in American literature.

E. K. Root, the Chaucerian, rushed up to my desk and asked to peep at my copy of the 1475 edition of Boccaccio's treatise on women--De Claris Mulieribus. It was beautifully illustrated. I met Mr. Root's protégé, Bill Ringler. Later--in the 1970's--Bill spoke at Davis. Next morning he came to coffee in my office, and I met his wife.

There was one unpleasant episode at the Huntington--but it was funny. A Johns Hopkins man, who shall be nameless, tried to kiss me while we were talking on a bench. I had met his browbeaten wife and their tiny son. But even if we'd both been single, he was no temptation: he admired the Soviet constitution, and he pulled out (at the lunch table) a very

dirty handkerchief. As for his attempt to kiss me: I passed it off, saying, "You're trying to tease me because I'm a Puritan."

RW: You were staying, as usual, with your parents?

CTW: Yes, and Cousin Norman brought cheer and good times, which we needed because Dad was so bitter about the loss of his money. It was too bad, though, that Norman had with him a dog named Ducky--a gift from Mrs. Sanborn, the elderly widow of someone in the coffee family. (She had a crush on Norman--wanted to marry him.) Privately, and with tears in his eyes, Dad told me how miserable Ducky made him. She even went into heat all over his bed. After sending her away, Norman stayed at our house for a year. He helped Mother; and she was proud of his singing in The Student Prince.

Back in Davis again that August, I met Knowles Ryerson, my new boss. I liked the twinkle in his blue eyes. To me he quoted a saying of Dr. Grenfell of Labrador: "Whenever you can choose between two kinds of action, take the road that will lead to more adventure."

RW: When I arrived here, in 1950, Ryerson was still our boss; but he never got the title of Provost, which went to Stanley Freeborn. Didn't the Ryersons build the house in College Park that became the Chancellor's residence?

CTW: Yes, Knowles planned it himself, with storage places for his maps and souvenirs, not to mention his telescope. When he moved to Berkeley, in 1952, he didn't go gladly. He was given a title--Dean of Agriculture--but he wanted to stay here as the first provost. Unfortunately, that was Freeborn's ambition too. Knowles himself told me about that difficult time. But he's still living, in his eighties, whereas poor Stan died of cancer in 1960.

Soon after my return, Gordon Anderson died. He had been our mayor. His hardware store downtown later moved and became the Davis Lumber Company. As a bride, I bought a cast-iron skillet from him and was thrilled when he kept calling me Mrs. Wright. His wife was one of the first Davis people I met; Lillie Eames, of the comptroller's office, took me to see "Essie" after an appendectomy; so I got to visit the Woodland Clinic. Eventually Don Anderson was in one of my classes--a brown-eyed freshman. Later, he ran the lumber company, which, of course, sells hardware, games, gifts, and dishes. Marie Rogers's store on the west side of G Street, between Second and Third, sold groceries on one side, clothes on the other. As Price said, we enjoyed "Marie's delicious groceries and lingerie." Her slogan was "Fine things to eat and wear."

RW: Was Price getting along well?

CTW: He was a big help, full of commonsense advice. But his real work was with the band, the glee club, public functions. Price was

harassed, though, about money: although he and Sceatta had a great social life, very attractive invitations, his salary was low.

The younger faculty were all hard up. Gwen Needham and Arnold sent money home to their families. Not until after their grocery shopping did they know whether they could afford to buy a newspaper. Then Arnold developed an expensive health problem--herpes on his eyeballs.

RW: You haven't mentioned when Gwen was hired.

CTW: Oh, haven't I? Two years after getting Carol, Dr. Howard and I again went to Berkeley for an instructor. Gwen and her husband both applied, just in case we wanted a man this time. And of course we might have done so. But we couldn't take Arnold, because he was only just starting his dissertation, whereas Gwen was practically through.

She had had a sad experience, by the way. She and her thesis adviser, Robert Palfrey Utter, had been congenial, a fine team; he had invited her to write some of the chapters for Pamela's Daughters. But one night, when he happened to be crossing the campus at the wrong moment, a tree fell and destroyed him. The University Press asked Gwen to complete the book--a study of the heroines of English fiction. With that work to her credit, she had a splendid start in the academic world.

When I mentioned Gwen, Carol Brady said, "Oh, you'll like her; she always has a big smile on her face."

RW: As I recall, Gwen and Arnold had some difficulties with Carol.

CTW: Yes, and it's quite a story. At Berkeley these two women graduate students lived in the same building, Carol would drop in whenever Arnold was calling on Gwen. He was very handsome and had been Varsity Cheerleader.

Secretly, Arnold was in love with Gwen. And one day when Carol was in class, he came calling on Gwen and said, "I've been trying to see you alone. What I want to say is that I'd like to marry you." Their engagement was a shock to Carol. But at Davis she went to their parties in a country cottage near Willowbank.

RW: How did you amuse yourself socially in the fall of 1937?

CTW: Once I rollerskated in Sacramento with some of my students, especially a tall one named Alvin Brereton. I had mastered the art at Kineo, in a basement paved with shiny concrete--the dance floor used by the waiters and chambermaids.

In December, Margaret Eddy, at South Hall, gave free bridge lessons to some of us; she wanted to improve her own game of Contract. I was less clever than I'd been when I was a child, playing whist at Kineo. Bob

Hagan (of Water Science) usually attended those bridge sessions. He and I still ate at the boarding house (Lear and Deck's).

I also had a literary friendship with a Nondegree boy, Edward Gregory, who wrote short stories. We discussed narrative technique; he knew the magazine editors' jargon. To compliment me, he said my writing sounded like a man's.

X DEATH OF FATHER, SABBATHS AT PONDOK, 1937-1938

RW: Did you read any papers at learned meetings in 1937?

CTW: Fear me not, as Shakespeare would put it. The day after my Thanksgiving dinner with Elizabeth Freund in Berkeley, I read "The Usurer's Sin" to English Section I of the Philological Association.

Alphabetically, I was last speaker. It was dark outside, and the scholars in Wheeler Hall were thinking of dinner, not Elizabethan usurers. Charlene was the only undergraduate present. She sat there beaming encouragement, and afterward she said she was proud of me. At the end of my twenty minutes I was rewarded with a loud guffaw from an elderly stranger, who said he was Harry Craig. That famous professor flattered me by declaring, in a letter, "You are one of the few scholars who see how funny the academic profession really is...your papers are as learned as other people's, but they tickle me more."

RW: Did you see Vedder at Christmas?

CTW: Yes, at Purdue, where he'd accepted a job. His second-hand Ford carried us to a holiday dinner at the Athletic Club in Indianapolis. We were guests of his Uncle Harry and Aunt Bet, who rolled around in a big LaSalle. Harry had been president of the Lincoln College of Chiropractic. As for me, I was tickled to get a shagreen and a finger-sock for thirty-five cents, which was fifteen cents cheaper than in California.

The reunion with Vedder didn't last long. On December 26, he had to go--willingly--to the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Not to be outdone, I stopped off in Chicago to visit the Modern Language Association. The hotel was hot; I preferred the chilly streets. But I heard Archer Taylor, the Berkeley German department's latest ornament. Carol Brady was there, distant from me and looking glamorous. Archer Taylor had heard her read to a small section, one devoted to early Germanic literature. Kemp Malone of Johns Hopkins, I think, was present. As she later assured me, she was a complete success, both in the conference room and at cocktails, where attractive women scholars were not common. From then on she referred to her mentor, Brudeur, as "poor Arthur," because he had published so little, his book having perished in the Berkeley fire.

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The reunion with Vedder didn't last long. On December 28, he had to go--willynilly--to the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Not to be outdone, I stopped off in Chicago to visit the Modern Language Association. The hotel was hot; I preferred the chilly streets. But I heard Archer Taylor, the Berkeley German department's latest ornament. Carol Brady was there, distant from me and looking glamorous. Archer Taylor had heard her read to a small section, one devoted to early Germanic literature. Kemp Malone of Johns Hopkins, I think, was present. As she later assured me, she was a complete success, both in the conference room and at cocktails, where attractive women scholars were not common. From then on she referred to her mentor, Brodeur, as "poor Arthur," because he had published so little, his book having perished in the Berkeley fire.

RW: He made up for it later on, with his treatise on Beowulf; and he taught in Oregon after his retirement.

But tell me--I am confused--how had Vedder got from Wisconsin to Purdue? Had he already taken his doctor's degree?

CTW: No, Bob. In October 1937, I was upset to learn of his \$2,500 offer from Purdue. He had done awfully well at Madison and had passed his qualifying; all that remained now was the thesis. I wanted him to finish it.

Professor Max Gardner, at the cafeteria in Davis, said jobs were so scarce, he couldn't blame Vedder for accepting one. I was more cautious. How could I support my family?

But Vedder persisted; he wanted me to join him. My problem now was to see how I liked Indiana. My friend Lillie Eames had married a man in the same department as Vedder. She had gone East with the same kind of Wool Growers' blanket that I had in my hopechest. Her marriage, however, had ended in a few months. "What," I thought--"what if I'm unhappy like her?"

It was Vernon Puryear of History who suggested a sabbatical leave. "Go," he said, "and visit your husband. You can write your paper on the Amazons, and you can try living in Indiana."

RW: Your problem was solved.

CTW: Yes, though the plan involved a delay--a bit more time at the Huntington before I could spend the six months at Purdue. Things are different there now, but in those days the Purdue library looked shabby.

Speaking of shabbiness, when I got back to Davis in January 1938, I found chaos. Unexpectedly, the old Classroom Building had been condemned as an earthquake hazard; and my department, without waiting for me, had been whisked off to Animal Science. My office was the only furnished room left in the "C.R.B." The Library was now in the old gym, much to the distress of the basketball team.

RW: Where in Animal Science did they put you?

CTW: In a huge room downstairs on the north side. John Jacobson, who was in charge, had carpenters build a partition, to reduce the echo. Since we could afford only one telephone, we had the men cut a hole; colleagues on either side of the partition could pick up the phone. This was fine unless someone placed it out of reach. We got a new radiator and better lighting. The room overlooked the court; we could glance out of the window and see someone from Vet Sci carrying a tub of guts along.

RW: What kind of man was John Jacobson?

CTW: Big, blunt, stolid. Next to Ira Smith, he had probably the greatest power. I was afraid of him because, early in my career, he and the Comptroller, Deming MacLise, had given me a good scolding. As the dramatics coach, I was putting on a play; but I left all the practical details to the stage manager, an older student. He talked me into letting him drape the auditorium curtains--tie them back in a certain way. Somebody reported to Jacobson, who called in MacLise to help him lecture me. "No doubt," they said, "you consider this very artistic; but it isn't good for the curtains." I felt like Alice in Wonderland when she was "wedged in between those two great creatures," the Mock Turtle and the Griffin. I was being crushed.

RW: You haven't said much--if anything--about the plays.

CTW: Dr. Howard had let me wait until my second year; but from that time until Carol came, I had to direct a play every semester. Luckily, there were always a few experienced student actors, and some talented stenographers. Loyd Deaver liked to play older men, as in Cappy Ricks or Milne's The Dover Road. Emmett McCombs was the drunk in Don Marquis's The Old Soak. Sam Keeton didn't fit The Show-Off, but he gave it a sissy interpretation that was new and funny.

These plays financed themselves. Literally, there were no University funds for the purpose. Yet the Dramatics Club somehow got advertising, which paid for the programs, and found plays with a \$25 royalty. To interest the student public, we always put on a one-act play at an assembly--for instance, The Marriage Proposal, by Chekhov. Playbooks came from Samuel French. We'd inherited quite a makeup kit from my predecessor, Nan Mountjoy. I have horrid memories of cleaning up the spilled powder and putting away the grease paint by myself while the students went off to celebrate in Sacramento.

RW: Did Carol coach very many plays?

CTW: Only about two. Then Gwen was asked to take over--she knew more about dramatics than we did. But the loss of the Classroom Building put a crimp in the project. After trying a couple of one-acts, Gwen simply quit. But I still look back at my productions--about ten full-length plays and the same number of one-acts--with considerable pride. The only problem was to guide the students away from trash: instead of The First Year, they wanted something called Broken Dishes.

In my personal life, something really momentous happened: on February 15, 1938, my father died. I was sitting in my office when Mother telephoned. On the desk was a Valentine box of candy from Vedder; I enjoyed passing it to students. Then the message came: "Daddy died this morning." Mother called him "Daddy," as if she were his child.

RW: Hadn't there been any warning at all?

CTW: Actually, yes; but one hates to accept the truth. Back in August 1937, Dad for the first time let Mother call a doctor for indigestion. Instead of discovering that this thin old man had an ulcer, the doctor said Dad was suffering from a diet of eggs, ham, bacon, toast, baked beans, and coffee. He had never liked vegetables, and he simply wouldn't touch salad. People back in Maine in the 1880's and 1890's hadn't worried about vitamins. I can still picture Dad, one December 31, taking a mince pie out of the cupboard and saying, "Well, I'll have a little New Year's lunch." It was after he lost his money; I was thankful, that night, to see him in such a cheerful mood. Most of the time, he was depressed. In his little bedroom, up over the porch, he said to Mother: "I've gone through hell many a night, lying on this bed." His stocks represented his achievement. When they went "down, down," the heart went out of him forever.

The last time I saw him alive was at New Year's of 1938 on my way back to Davis from Purdue. He looked broken--emaciated and old, though his hair was still brown. At parting he said, "I hope I shall see you again, Daughter," in a formal way. Such was our final moment together. I'd never forgiven him properly for losing his money--taking chances--though I knew he'd intended to make us rich. Mother said he had let her down--after all her hard work, he had gambled away their livelihood. When he died, however, she was broken-hearted.

RW: I suppose you hurried home.

CTW: No, because Mother said not to come. The Masonic Lodge was putting on the funeral. He had never attended a meeting in Pasadena, but we had paid his dues at the lodge in Guilford. Cousin Norman sang, and he helped Mother with everything. She said she didn't want to see Charlene and me there, crying around.

RW: So you didn't go down.

CTW: No. It was hard for people to understand. Mrs. Eddy cautioned me that I might regret it. Ann, as might be expected, said I was shirking my plain duty. "Things like this, Celeste," she said, "reveal a person's character." Then I burst out with the truth--that I had resented my father, because his gambling in Wall Street had taken away my freedom. "I can't bear to enter that house again," I exclaimed; "it's a doomed house." I'd expected too much of Dad--that a seventy-eight-year-old man should be brave and cheerful. Mother, too, had been bitter about my help. And yet if I had married Carl, or gone off to live with Vedder in Indiana, I would have sacrificed what I valued most--my career, my job. For me the campus was really an ideal world.

RW: Did Charlene feel that she shouldn't go to the funeral?

CTW: She was stunned. "It seems," she said, "as if this were happening to someone else." I stayed with her overnight, and went shopping. She'd denied herself everything. For example, she had no bedroom slippers; she was using her gold evening pumps, which in those days cost about \$3.00. I bought her some useful things. We cried together, and I returned to Davis. She had Harbison to console her.

RW: Did you learn the exact cause of your father's death?

CTW: He died of a hemorrhage from his ulcers. But he also had liver trouble and gall-bladder trouble, so his doctor told me the following summer, when I went for a checkup. By the way, Dr. Macmillan was the father of Edwin, who later won the Nobel Prize. Mother called him too late; needless to say, he was not the quack I mentioned earlier. My friend Barbara knew his son when she worked for the Physics department at Berkeley.

RW: After things settled down, what happened in the spring of 1938?

CTW: I made friends with my students. One of them, a pale, self-confident young man, was Bill West. He was being sent to college by a rich old gentleman, who wanted him to prove that Francis Bacon wrote Hamlet and Macbeth. Before arguing the point, I discovered that Bill, although glad to accept the money, wanted Shakespeare to remain Shakespeare.

Because of my little quizzes in 1B--ten-minute affairs to keep people studying--Bill and I had a painful experience. One day, having finished his quiz, he noticed that a certain girl was cheating. Although she was bright, she had not done her reading that day. He didn't report the cheating to me until (some hours later) he said, "Miss Doe, who's so high and mighty, was copying Richard Roe." I said "Tish, tish," only half believing. But that night at Ann's house, correcting the quizzes, I perceived that two of the papers were alike; both students had made a peculiar mistake. Then I looked at the names--Doe and Roe!

Next day I consulted Charlie Fenn, who was on the Welfare Council. "Don't worry," he said; "turn the case over to us." Egad, Bob, it wasn't so simple as all that! I did not erase the "F" I had penciled on Jane Doe's paper. This fact was used against me later on: the girl's mother declared that my "F" had prejudiced the Welfare Council. The mother was a prominent alumna of Berkeley, where she wanted her daughter to make a top-flight sorority. She talked of appealing to Provost Monroe Deutsch. It was horrible to have the mother, who had previously talked of giving a party for my class, cross to the other side of the street when she saw me coming. Dean Ryerson told me that he had been snubbed too.

RW: In those days the students took the Honor System very seriously. How did this case turn out?

CTW: The Welfare Council merely assigned an F on that daily quiz; it would scarcely affect the girl's excellent average. But her mother never forgave me. I have reason to think, though, that her father did. One day in a restaurant, with lots of people around, he walked up to me and shook my hand. There was absolutely no reason for doing it except to imply that he respected me. He was a prominent professor.

Bill West dropped out of school. Later he brought his bride to have lunch with me at a restaurant. Then he went into military service. He was last seen parachuting down into Austria. You must know his best friend--it was Howard Shontz.

RW: Why, of course I know Howard. For a long time, he was our Registrar. Then, after important work at Santa Cruz, he moved to Berkeley. He's important there too.

CTW: I've learned his title from a card he sent me: University Entrance and Career Exploration Specialist. Well, he hasn't forgotten my English 1A. Lately he telephoned about my oral history; and he wrote that he was sorry to miss my song, "Campus Doorways," at Recreation Hall. I think of him as "Ox Eyes," the name the Greeks used to apply to Juno. He has beautiful eyes. And he marvels because I remember the Atlas exercises he did as a freshman. After the war he put on weight. One day I stopped him--the Registrar--in the corridor and said how handsome he'd be if he'd eat less. Would you believe it, he slimmed down; and he gives me the credit.

That same spring of 1938, I had some friendships with faculty men. Bill Mersman of Mathematics took me to hear Carmen in Sacramento; he later married Dean Ryerson's secretary. Bob Hagan took me to the Steak Bake when his fiancée was unable to come up; on April 9 I met her at the dedication of the swimming pool. A third man, Alfred Anderson, took me bird-watching. He was a lonely soul, having spent four years in a basement at Cal Tech, working for his Ph.D. Being a bachelor, he always forgot to send his shirts to the laundry; instead of getting one washed, he would buy a new one. You never saw such a library of shirts! He consulted me about his failure to find a girlfriend: "I'm lonely," he said. "One has to do a lot of bird-watching to forget the loneliness." Within a year he became engaged to a really congenial girl. Their children are outstanding professional people, but he, alas, is dead.

RW: At the end of the semester, you were going down to the Huntington Library for a few more notes on the Amazons.

CTW: Yes, but before then, Mother came to Berkeley for Charlene's and Harbison's Commencement. That was the time when Dean Ryerson and I stood together, waving at the agricultural students.

Charlene and Harbison went to the Senior Ball. But poor Mother's pleasure in her trip north was short-lived. My cousin Norman, who was

about to sing in a musical show, had a ruptured appendix and sent a wire, which reached her on the very morning of Commencement. Instead of consulting a doctor about his stomach ache, he had gone on with rehearsals. His appendix burst, and right after the exercises in the Stadium, Mother took a train home.

I soon followed her to Los Angeles and visited Norman at the Good Samaritan Hospital. The tubes dangling out of him looked horrid, and so did the jars of stuff under his bed. He recovered, though. I paid part of his medical bill, and some friends in the East sent him other money. Norman's been unlucky: early in his career, on the very evening when he was to sing in an opera, he received word that his mother had died of a heart attack. She was a hard-working little woman: though the doctor had warned her, she died while putting a blanket through the wringer.

After working at the Huntington for three weeks, I was ready to start my sabbatical.

RW: What about Ann? Did you leave your furniture at her house?

CTW: No, Bob, I didn't. Some of it went to my office--the dining table and a floor lamp and the green chair with bow legs; Iver Nelson took a nap in that chair every day after lunch.

Of course I said goodbye to Ann. But, though it's hard for anyone to believe, neither she nor I mentioned the future. I couldn't do it. Living with her had become a humiliation. She'd even said that the plaster was beginning to crumble because I took such prolonged baths.

As I found out later, though, she asked Margaret Eddy, "Do you think Celeste is planning to live here when she comes back from Indiana?" And Mrs. Eddy replied, "I think if she wanted to live with you again, she would tell you." Ann rented the room to a coed, who would not be spending the weekends there. As for me, I wrote to Jane Chapman, saying that her hotel was the place where I'd always wanted to live. Carol Brady liked living there.

After World War II, by the way, I as chairman had to help find a room for Linda Van Norden. To my dismay, the only place available seemed to be with Ann. Well, I reasoned, Linda is a lady; Linda is so refined--so "out of a bandbox"--she can manage, though I couldn't. The deal was made, and Linda moved in. But the leopard hadn't changed a single spot. Though the room--my old room--was very small, and though Linda needed the closet for her handsome assortment of clothes, Ann asked to store a couple of dining-room chairs in that closet. Linda politely refused. And so it went--one inconvenience after another--until she found another room.

RW: What became of Ann? I used to meet her at club affairs.

CTW: I always went up and spoke to her when I saw her. But we didn't meet often. After retirement she became so confused that she'd go down to the drugstore, open her purse, and ask the druggist to take whatever money she owed. Finally some relative took her away.

RW: Tell us about your sabbatical at Purdue.

CTW: Vedder had rented a basement apartment, cool in summer. When I arrived, there had been a terrific rainstorm, and the place was flooded. It had been mopped out, and a big electric fan was drying the living room. But it was easy to care for. After I made the bed in the morning and rolled it into a closet, everything looked neat. We bought some cute dishes for the kitchen, where we ate our meals. I planned frozen desserts and had Vedder's boss and his wife in for dinner. Downtown, though, I was strangely embarrassed--as if I had lost my identity. At Davis, where most of the tradespeople knew my name, I had felt important.

RW: Do you care to comment on a woman's position in faculty life?

CTW: My position bolstered me. But at Davis I was a good little girl--butter wouldn't melt in my mouth. "Don't get up!" said Knowles Ryerson when he walked into my office and I rose as if he were the King of England. I considered myself a public servant. Anyone was entitled to take up my time. In faculty meetings, I reasoned that other people knew best. Was it because I was the youngest department head? Was it because Mother had conditioned me to think of women as second-class citizens, standing behind their husbands' chairs to wait on them?

At Purdue I felt like a mere appendage to Vedder. And since he was only a junior botanist, with his Ph.D. only partly earned, he didn't give me prestige. Purdue had a caste system at that time. When I went to a women's party, the tenured people's wives were beautifully dressed and kept to themselves; the younger men's wives were deferential, and their clothes were less good. Don't forget, the depression was still upon us.

RW: Did you make some friends?

CTW: I liked Elizabeth Roberts, the wife of a young man in Vedder's department. She and her husband both had Ph.D.'s in botany; they were doing some private research with mushrooms. But unlike me, Elizabeth really wanted a family. I said, "Oh, yes, I'd like to have a baby sometime, but we can't afford it now." Vedder, too, always postponed children.

At Purdue I ate compulsively--reached the incredible tonnage of 139 pounds. "Well," said Vedder, "you're no shadow." I was a prisoner in that basement, typing notes, making an elaborate index. The paper is a survey of Elizabethan passages on the Amazons.

For excitement there was the department's picnic at Tippecanoe or a visit to Vedder's relatives in Indianapolis. Uncle Harry (the retired head of the Lincoln College of Chiropractic) asked me to read "Thanatopsis" aloud. The only books in the beautifully furnished apartment seemed to be the poetry of James Whitcomb Riley, bound in leather and stamped in gold, on the center table, and perhaps Ben Hur or a Booth Tarkington novel. Uncle Harry would ask Aunt Dot to sing; although pretty, she'd lost whatever concert voice she had once had. I was indescribably bored.

We played croquet with Frank Olson and his future wife. Though you may not realize it, Bob, you have heard of Frank. He made national headlines. He was the person to whom, without his permission, the CIA gave experimental doses of LSD in the 1960's. Frank went insane with the drug; and, though supposedly he was being guarded, he jumped from a high window and was killed. There was a lawsuit. When the facts came out--rather late--the Government paid his widow and his children a large sum. They had been deprived of their husband and father; worse yet, they had thought him to be a suicide. Vedder kept saying at the time, "I can't believe that Frank Olson would kill himself!"

RW: I remember reading about that case.

CTW: During my sabbatical I did plenty of research; but I could not be happy. Vedder gave up the idea of having me resign.

On October 22 we left for a vacation in his second-hand Ford. We discovered motels. In Cheyenne we rented one with a bedroom, a living room, a bathroom, and a kitchen--even dishtowels and silverware. All this cost us \$1.50 a night!

At Davis we were royally received. Maynard Amerine put on a dinner for us at the Terminal cafe. With the wines he served, and the cooperation of the Greek chef, it was quite an occasion. Alpha Gamma Rho also had us to dinner.

On the campus, we visited Mr. Griffin, now remembered for compiling that Golden Book of Aggie war heroes in the Memorial Union. We saw Ira Smith, Mrs. Eddy, and Dr. Charles Bisson (who had once called Vedder--in my hearing--a splendid student).

On our way to Berkeley, we skimmed happily over the new Golden Gate Bridge. The yellow lights were enchanting. But at 2410 Dana Street--Mother's address--we found that Vedder's wallet was gone. I had foolishly left it in my lap after paying our toll. When I stood up to leave the car, the wallet landed in the gutter. We were desperate, having lost not only our money, but the driver's license.

RW: That must have spoiled your trip.

CTW: Though it seemed futile, we advertised in the Berkeley Gazette. A student had found the wallet; and while we were downtown, he brought it to Mother. We gave him twenty dollars.

In Berkeley we visited with Bill Snyder and his wife. Years before, I had known Bill as a graduate student; now he was an important man in Plant Pathology. By a coincidence, his roommate at Wisconsin had been Ralph Caldwell, Vedder's boss at Purdue.

Down the valley, at Denair, we found Vedder's brother and sister-in-law. In a way, I had made that match, having arranged a blind date for them when David was one of my students and Barbara was living in Sacramento; her mother signed all state teachers' credentials. But now, as the parents of two small children, Dave and Barbara were pretty harassed.

RW: David has made a career as a Farm Advisor, hasn't he?

CTW: Yes, but at Denair he was teaching in the high school. The townspeople were so puritanical that he dared not smoke in public; he and the other teachers all had to pull down their shades.

Next we visited El Cajon, where Vedder's father raised chickens and carried the rural mail. By this time he and his second wife, Sara, were prospering: they had built a nice house; and in that balmy climate they could even raise bananas, besides oranges and avocados. We went to the San Diego Zoo, the best, I believe, in the entire world. We drove down to Ensenada--my first glimpse of Mexico. I bought some tiny clay dishes--novelties, I thought, for our friends at Purdue.

At Redondo Beach we visited my mother-in-law, who liked to be called Miss Winte Vedder. Since she looked remarkably young, her friends did not know that Vedder was her son. She and his father had been divorced about 1920. She was living very well indeed on an allowance from her father, a bank president in a small Kansas town. We had a ten-dollar bill with his autograph on it. Winte gave us a lobster dinner at Palos Verdes.

When I married Vedder, I had supposed that his mother must be hard up. I was amazed to find her in what for me was luxury. Her father, it seems, had been glad to support her, but refused to let her keep the children; actually, the boys made her nervous. But now that Vedder was grown, she and he were congenial--they would sit up half the night talking after I was in bed.

Near UCLA, we visited Carl, my former fiancé, and his wife. That gave me a feeling of reconciliation.

In Arizona we saw the Grand Canyon--also the Casa Grande, the medieval Indian structure that suggested my sonnet "The Big House." In Lincoln, New Mexico, we entered the room where Billy the Kid, playing

cards, shot the sheriff and escaped. At Carlsbad we hiked through the Caverns by the long route. That inspired "Stalagmite." Ripley, of "Believe It or Not," happened to be in the Big Room; the lights went out, and someone sang "Rock of Ages."

Then we drove to Purdue, having been absent exactly a month. Driving to Indianapolis at Thanksgiving, I saw many cars in the ditch. Mid-westerners think nothing of skidding off an icy road.

In December I visited classes in public speaking--met the author of a textbook that I adopted. From that time on, my English 7 improved.

After Christmas I took a train West. "Don't hell around too much," said Vedder, playfully.

To celebrate, we dined at the Capri restaurant in Oakland. Mother was upset at not paying a dollar apiece for that meal, which included salad, olive, anchovy, combination salad, French bread, soup, fried chicken or thick steak, baby corn-cakes, and coffee. To calm myself down, I avoided the potatoes. Afterward in the window-shop, and I--at least--was deeply content. Mother was still depressed about Father's death, and George was suffering from a disappointment in love, involving a brilliant student who did not want to be tied down. (It took her ten years to get over him.)

On January 2, I returned to Davis, and Mrs. Chapman--Jane--installed me at the University Hotel. She went to great lengths, having no hesitate between two rooms because one had a green vanity dresser and dished, but the other had more windows, she brought the green furniture to the room I liked, overlooking 8 and Second Streets. There was a washstand, with an abundance of towels; I used the place well, fanning with farley's English lavender soap. And so, at last, I had perfect freedom. Since the bed looked like a sofa, I could entertain male students after taking them out to dinner. A good meal at a small restaurant cost fifty cents. These young men confided in me. My diaries analyze their characters.

At registration, Charles Wilson no longer signed the check-book. He had changed three tires on his car after some joker had let the air out. The exertion was too much. Next day he had a stroke, which, several months later, caused his death. He left two orphan sons.

RW: No building was named for Charles Wilson. Why?

EW: I knew something about that situation, having twice been on a Names committee. Although known as a superb chemistry teacher (so that our 1A-1B was equal to any), he did not publish. And he died in his thirties. His successor, Herbert A. Young, worked on the Manhattan Project during the war, and afterward developed (for ten years) our College of Letters and Science. He planned the building that bears his name.

XI FREEDOM AT THE UNIVERSITY HOTEL, 1939

CTW: New Year's Day of 1939 was my family's first time away from the Rose Tournament parade. To compensate, we dined at the Capri restaurant in Oakland. Mother was upset at our paying a dollar apiece for that meal, which included salami, olives, anchovies, combination salad, French bread, soup, fried chicken or thick steak, baby cream puffs, and coffee. To slim myself down, I avoided the potatoes. Afterwards we windowshopped, and I--at least--was deeply content. Mother was still depressed about Father's death, and Georgie was suffering from a disappointment in love, involving a brilliant student who did not want to be tied down. (It took her ten years to get over him.)

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At registration, Charles Bisson no longer signed the studylists. He had changed three tires on his car after some joker had let the air out. The exertion was too much. Next day he had a stroke, which, several months later, caused his death. He left two orphan sons.

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Names are given for various reasons. Louise Struve was the second chairman of Home Economics. Struve Hall is not a research building--it's a women's residence. Louise was a gracious lady--striking, too, being tall and well dressed. Her family in Watsonville had race horses. She taught at the University of Hawaii and knew Harry Owens, the author of "To You, Sweetheart, Aloha," and a dozen other songs. Whenever I like some Hawaiian dance music, it turns out to be by Harry Owens.

RW: He used to broadcast from the Royal Hawaiian Hotel.

CTW: He stopped by Davis to see Louise--not that they had a romance. She married a Mr. Crowder; and, alas, soon after that she died. (It was during the war.)

The home economists adored her. She liked good living and was generous. One weekend when she was away, she told Margaret Maxwell just to move in, with me for company. Instead of taking a good rest, Margaret gave a dinner for a couple of male faculty and the Tracy Storers. When the single men had left, the Storers argued about the dimensions of the living room; Tracy figured them out by pacing, but Ruth wasn't convinced. That's the only time I ever heard the Storers disagree.

RW: Who else taught home economics?

CTW: Evelyn Blanchard, whom I knew at the University Hotel. She was a rebel--unconventional--and it did me good to be with her. Once, after dinner in Sacramento, she and I strolled in Capitol Park. Up came a couple of soldiers who were on leave. I would ordinarily have taken flight, but Evelyn saw no reason why we shouldn't split up into two couples and continue walking. My soldier, a Vermonter, was jolly and courteous. Evelyn enjoyed talking with the other man.

RW: Were you still going to dances?

CTW: No. Now that my mother and sisters had an apartment in Berkeley (it was on Dana Street), I liked to spend the weekend there and go to San Francisco with Wilson Anderson, who had done brilliant work in 1A-1B. His compositions were often funny; I laughed till I cried over one or two of them. He had a talent for editing. Vernon Puryear of History, a researcher, needed someone to polish his style. Not that it was illiterate--no--but it was pedantic. Wilson would make the sentences flow. "He's a jewel," said Puryear.

Just before going East on sabbatical, I took Wilson to a stage performance of You Can't Take It with You. (I'd read that play to the Faculty Club.) We had dinner at Dunlap's, which specialized in Southern cooking. Then we took a walk in Capitol Park. Oh, yes, and I knew Wilson because, for a month, he did my personal typing; I paid him out of my own pocket for copying Mother's poems and my childhood memoir.

RW: As you say, that was private work. But did the English department have any clerical help?

CTW: Not a regular secretary. Sometimes we hired a typist by the hour, and sometimes the Government provided employment for students. Wilson may have been working for Puryear in that way; his father was a Methodist minister over in Winters, and the salary was small.

Wilson was a delightful escort, and I needed one because my former mainstay, Louis Blanc, had married his girlfriend and brought her to Berkeley. Wilson and I saw the plays on Geary Street. I loved Alexander Woolcott in The Man Who Came to Dinner--"Take your hands off me; you have the touch of a sex-starved cobra." After the show, we'd eat at places recommended by Maynard Amerine.

RW: What, for instance?

CTW: We felt devilish at Fred Solari's; Maynard had made it sound very naughty. We had been at a ballet. Then, in high spirits, we went upstairs to a private dining room, where a bottle of wine was sitting in an ice bucket. Wilson, although only about twenty, was a typical clergyman's son, longing for some wine. We were disappointed because the waiter didn't knock twice, as Amerine had predicted. Any waiter could have seen, though, that we were a couple of Milquetoasts.

In preparation for the World's Fair on Treasure Island, somebody had published a book, Where to Sin in San Francisco; it gave you some notion of prices. But we splurged, paying 75 cents for a pint of Beaulieu cabernet; Amerine was shocked.

RW: The World's Fair--that sounds exciting.

CTW: Margaret Martin compared it favorably with the 1915 Exposition, which she'd seen as an undergraduate. I went once with Wilson, and once with Charlene and Harbison, and once with my mother (who had never before drunk black coffee; she stood in line for a second free cup of it at the Guatemala display). Everybody saw Botticelli's Birth of Venus and Raphael's Madonna of the Chair. I remember the great statue Pacifica, and also the Tower of the Sun, with a chime of bells. The island itself was a miracle, being manmade; rocks were lowered into the bay, soil was placed over them, pumps kept the briny water away from the rose bushes. It's the subject of my ballade "At the Fairgrounds."

RW: Wasn't that fair competing with a bigger one in New York?

CTW: Yes, and some people took them both in. By the way, 1939 was for me a musical year. On Treasure Island I heard the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, with Stokowski conducting; and in our grammar school building (of all places) I heard the San Francisco String Quartet. Sid Babcock, a violinist, coaxed them to Davis.

At the President's Reception, Bob Allard (who has since been a Faculty Research Lecturer) made a date with me to hear Kirsten Flagstad in Die Walküre. We had dinner first at Dunlap's, in Sacramento. For the two of us, tickets to that opera cost a total of \$5.30. Allard was one of my undergraduates. And I influenced his career: since he wanted a Ph.D., I told him to start German immediately.

To continue with my musical year: I became fond of Beethoven because of a talk by Katherine Esau at the Faculty Club. She lectured so beautifully on the Sixth (the Pastoral) Symphony that it was the first record I bought for my phonograph.

RW: Katherine became president of the Botanical Society of America. And of course Davis has a famous Department of Botany.

CTW: Yes, though Professor Robbins wouldn't fight for funds. Also, when Katherine became Faculty Research Lecturer, it was really his duty (as chairman) to put on a dinner; but he didn't do it. Ethel McNeil, a scientist, got me and some others to give a little tea in the Home Economics basement of South Hall. We presented Katherine with a corsage, and she was grateful. She gave a witty and delightful lecture.

RW: Was there always a President's Reception?

CTW: As far as I can remember. We used to go down the line in the old auditorium of the Classroom Building, shaking hands with the Howards and the Hutchisons and the Sprouls. In 1939 we must have been in the gym. Gwen, Carol, and I sat at a table with President Sproul, who had blue eyes and a loud, hearty laugh; his blond hair was a little thin.

RW: How long had you known him?

CTW: He became president in 1930. On October 29, our department heads were invited to meet him at lunch in the old cafeteria. Dr. Howard told him my age--twenty-four--and Sproul said to me, "I'm a child prodigy myself." He was one of the youngest university presidents. I felt that if I could please him, it would be like getting on the right side of Jehovah.

Sproul prided himself on remembering names. Perhaps he'd read How to Win Friends and Influence People, which I recommended to my public-speaking students. Sometimes, however, he would slip up. Once when I was ascending the platform at Commencement in the Sunken Garden, he asked me, "How's Bill?" A man standing by him explained, "This isn't Susan Regan." Next morning Sproul, in the Administration Building, walked over to me and said, "I really know you."

RW: He was the Republican who nominated Earl Warren for the presidency of the United States. But the presiding officer at that convention introduced him as Dr. Robert Sproul Gordon.

CTW: And once a radio announcer called him "Dr. Sproul." But he had a tremendous voice. While he was still just Comptroller at Berkeley, President Campbell heard him booming away. "Who's that?" asked Campbell. "It's Mr. Sproul," said an officer. "He's calling Sacramento." "Well," said Campbell, "why doesn't he use the telephone?"

Sproul adored Earl Warren--called him "the perfect public servant." When Haring Hall was dedicated, Warren was there as Governor, lifting out the first shovelful of dirt. He was a fine, big Viking of a man, impressive enough to become Chief Justice.

Getting back to Sproul: I was disillusioned when somebody told me that he could be unreasonable with his office helpers; he would shout at them and make them cry. That story came back to me the other day when our colleague Brom Weber told of sitting across the aisle from Governor Jerry Brown on a plane trip. The Governor yelled at the women clerks.

I have heard that Sproul's speeches were written for him--sometimes by a brilliant undergraduate, sometimes by a scholar, and sometimes by a clever politician. (It was wonderful how he could get money out of the Legislature--Sproul, I mean, not the politician.) During World War II, Carol Brady was stationed at Berkeley, and Sproul asked her to research material for his speeches. He called her help "invaluable."

Well, Davis people were clever about getting money out of Sproul. When our student body was growing, and we wanted to impress him with our needs, we sat on the grass in the Sunken Garden for our assembly, though we could have fitted into the old auditorium. Dean Ryerson was tickled when the old Classroom Building was condemned and torn down; but the Physical Ed department hated to have us use the gym for meetings. Finally, very late, we got Freeborn Hall.

RW: And not until 1978 did we dedicate Recreation Hall. What about banquets? Was the Cafeteria suitable?

CTW: We packed the place, about 1929, for a banquet in honor of the football team. Not very often had we won a championship.

But when my public speaking class held its banquet, we went to Sacramento. Our favorite place was Frank Fat's private dining room. Once George Mee drove me over there in his car. George was that lovable boy with brown eyes whose picture hangs in the Mee Memorial Room. Little did we foresee that he would be killed.

RW: The war had begun, but America wasn't in it.

CTW: I still feel that all war is insane. I was upset when Dr. Rosenfeld, a botanist, went around predicting that we'd soon do more than furnish supplies. And yet, being an Anglophile, I almost exploded when

Vernon Puryear said that Hitler would reduce England to a province. "Britons," I quoted, "never will be slaves."

On September 1, 1939, I heard King George say over the radio, "We are at war." I remembered the abdication of the Duke of Windsor; at the boarding house, people had gossiped about "Wally" Simpson. At first I refused to believe such stories.

Warsaw was bombed in September 1939. Dr. Richard King went to jail there for taking 2000 photographs in Europe. And yet war seemed so remote that Dr. King, back in Davis, was chiefly concerned about spending \$200 of his own money for band uniforms, much to the delight of Price Gittinger. Dr. King devised wonderful marching patterns. The drum majorette was Mary Jeanne Gilhooly, for whom a memorial award is given annually now.

RW: Did you know Mary Jeanne?

CTW: She worked one summer in a lab near my office; I could hear her singing. I couldn't believe it when word came that she had gone to sleep at the wheel, during a long drive to see her family, and been killed. If she had lived, she would have been the aunt of David Gilhooly, the ceramics artist.

RW: What was happening in our own department?

CTW: Arnold Needham was writing a thesis on John Dryden; but George Rapall Noyes, editor of the Cambridge edition, turned thumbs down. Gwen came to her husband's rescue with a new topic. She went with him to the Huntington Library; and later I found a corner for his typewriter. Our office was good for his morale.

Before that solution was found, Arnold was so disheartened that he wanted to quit researching. He put pressure on Gwen to let him take over her job. She asked to resign. And she shed tears; it was breaking her heart to see Arnold so unhappy.

At this point, something strange occurred. Professor Guy Montgomery at Berkeley asked to see me. On February 25, 1939, he begged me, for Arnold's own good, not to let him postpone the dissertation. And he warned me to keep an eye on Carol Brady. When I asked, "What do you mean? What might she do?" he made serpentine motions with his hand and wrist. And indeed Carol told her sponsor, Professor Brodeur, that Arnold was being overburdened with housework and gardening for his wife. This report, which was untrue, injured Arnold with his committee. He persevered and finished. But Lehman (the new chairman) would not endorse him for Davis.

RW: How was your Amazon paper progressing?

CTW: It was accepted by Studies in Philology. "Killing two birds," I read it at the Philological meeting in L.A. My old friends rallied round--Lily Campbell even rested on my bed at the Hotel Mayfair. Hardin Craig complimented me again. Mr. Buell praised my grape-colored suit. When I later wore that suit to class, one student said loudly, "This is it!"

My diary mentions a building at this time--the new Library. I compared the fresh plaster (still in wheelbarrows) to divinity fudge. A dog with whitewashed feet tried to jump on me. The unfinished cement stairs didn't look new; they reminded me of medieval staircases in a monastery, worn down by the feet of generations.

RW: Davis was lucky to get that building finished before the war. What about your summer? Did you visit Vedder?

CTW: Yes, but while I was on the train, his father died. Mr. Wright wasn't old, but he felt suddenly ill--while he was working in the garden--and was dead within a few hours. Vedder did not attend the funeral. He and I had a somber kind of reunion at Lafayette. As you probably know, Purdue is in West Lafayette. But Vedder had found an apartment across the river. From our porch, upstairs, we saw the brewery making Tippecanoe beer.

On the train, I had met Daisy Bement of Holland, Michigan. She was Dutch by descent, and the story of her life would have made an Edna Ferber novel. Well, I resolved to write about Daisy. After Vedder had gone to work, I would take off my clothes, put a pillowcase on a chair, and sit there naked as a jay-bird, trying to type. But my literary bent wasn't strong enough to carry me through such hot weather.

Vedder's landlady put crocheted pieces on all the chairs and the sofa. She said, "I'll give you these right away; you can start enjoying them." We tried to be festive, naming one of our closets "Kraft durch Freude," Hitler's slogan, which meant "Strength through joy." Vedder's tennis racquet was there, and our set of Chinese Checkers.

RW: That was the period for Chinese Checkers--and Monopoly.

CTW: Vedder was trying to train a hawk. He had it riding on his wrist, and he hoped it would learn to come back. But it didn't return from a trial flight. We still had his cat; it made messes and was always scratching around the room. After my departure he kept its kittens. He is tender-hearted. At Davis there was an owl, Sammy, in the garage. When it died of a heat stroke, he dug its grave in the garden; and he dripped tears while he was shoveling.

Some of the news about him wasn't good. He had been in two auto wrecks, one involving his Ford and the other a State car. He knocked down

a row of Burma Shave advertisements--those little jingles on posts along the roadway. I was not pleased at his taking flying lessons.

Another sore point was his taste in investments. Since my father's ruination, I hadn't bought any more stocks. Vedder, however, had certificates in his briefcase. If I depended upon him financially, what would happen?

RW: Did you like his friends?

CTW: Well enough. But Frank Olson (the later victim of LSD) and another man who'd been living with Vedder were poor housekeepers. Vedder had finally moved out of their "Boar's Nest." Though they paid a woman to come and clean, they didn't ask her to do the bedrooms, where they strewed dirty underwear around. The towels were black because they forgot to send out the laundry. It was the worst example of how bachelors live.

I was depressed. It was no fun, trying to keep our apartment neat and to dream up menus. The main thing Vedder cared about was something to quench his thirst during that hot weather. He drank bucketsful of milk, orange crush, iced postum, and beer. I felt like the Lilliputians bringing Gulliver their tiny casks.

Being despondent, I gained weight; my ankles looked thick when I examined them in the full-length mirror. So I signed up for a reducing scheme--six treatments for ten dollars. At first it was fun: a Swedish woman kneaded me, and used the vibrator on my back. She was a disciple of Dr. Francis Townsend, who was hoping to make Congress vote an income for senior citizens.

RW: Wasn't that the scheme called Ham and Eggs?

CTW: Yes, or "thirty dollars every Thursday." By the way, in July my salary became \$3,300. This was my second raise in eleven years. It was tops for my rank; I would soon be near the associate professorship.

Out of curiosity, I attended the meeting of the American Association of Agricultural College Editors, right there at Purdue. But it was so boring--you have no idea! I must say, our U.C. publications looked very plain--just white covers, with black printing. Some other experiment stations used colored pictures.

RW: Were you still the only editor at Davis?

CTW: Oh, yes. Mr. Berg, my boss, came up once in a while, to talk with authors who had technical problems. My job was to see that the manuscripts were readable. And apparently my work was a success; he and Mary Rubo, his assistant, had only to check them for scientific accuracy.

My diaries for years are full of complaints about eyestrain. After doing my themes or the German exercises, I'd spend evenings or weekends on projects like Market Milk Production. When I finished my third reading, the Roadhouses and the Hendersons took me out to dinner at some motel dining room near Davis; we even danced with them. The book made a lot of money, and it cost little to produce, because they were entitled to full editorial and secretarial assistance. And yet Iver Nelson, who had a crippled arm, was not supposed to have any typing on his Spanish grammar done at University expense.

As for agricultural editing, let me mention dear old Frederick Bioletti, for whom one of the campus roads is named. Before becoming a viticulturist full time, he was an editor. When Mary Rubo finished her studies at Berkeley and accepted a job, Mr. Bioletti said, "Don't do this if you're a creative writer. It will ruin your style."

RW: And is that true?

CTW: In a way, perhaps: it's made me self-conscious; I find it hard to write spontaneously. Maybe that accounts for my not selling my novel. Poems are different. As I see it, one should polish. Once when I had looked over a great batch of poems written by a graduate student, I said, "These are promising, but you should revise them." "Not I," he said; "there are plenty more where those came from." They haven't been published. Let's see--where were we?

RW: Did your summer at Purdue lead to an understanding with Vedder?

CTW: Yes, if you can call it that. He wanted to save his money, buy a thirty-foot boat, and cruise the Pacific. I was to keep my job for a while yet. As you know, he later went in a small schooner to Tahiti--with a group, all of whom worked the ship.

On the other hand, he and I were impressed with Eve Curie's biography of her mother. Speaking of Marie and Pierre Curie, Vedder wrote me: "These are the people who count--the kind of people who love their work."

RW: So you went back to Davis.

CTW: I had been reading that Curie book on the way. When I woke up in my berth, one August morning, the train was standing in Sacramento. The day was hot; there was, of course, no air-conditioning. I washed my face in some of the ice water from the cooler.

At the hotel in Davis, my mailbox contained a request from Carol, who had not yet arrived. Could she take over my room for a couple of weeks so that she and her sister could be together? For some reason, that would be best for them. I was not pleased; her room was untidy. She always boasted, "I never see anything but the desk"--supposedly because she was a scholar. Carol had once left a plate, with a piece of pie in it, under her bedclothes. The chambermaid found it while changing the sheets. And

once Carol left the electric iron on; it burned all the way through the ironing board. At all times, her room smelled of cigarettes. So Mrs. Chapman encouraged me to say no.

RW: What was Margaret Maxwell doing? Did you travel together?

CTW: No, but she saw me off to Indiana. She brought Pooh, her bear, down to the station and offered to let me have him in my berth. But in the summer of 1939, she no longer felt playful; she underwent a serious operation. Polio had left one of her legs shorter than the other. To correct the strain on her back, the U.C. surgeons in San Francisco shortened the bones on the longer leg. I visited her; an anesthetist had given her morphine, which always has a dreadful effect on Margaret. She was in bed nearly all summer, but by fall she was out on crutches.

RW: Whom else were you seeing?

CTW: In October of 1939 Nelle Branch, the librarian, gave a garden party at her lovely home in College Park. Susan Regan was there, and Rebekah Stromgren (now of the Placement Center); also Marie Davis, the math teacher (wife of the eminent pomologist); and Mae McCabe, the motherly nurse at the Infirmary. Miss Branch looked flustered when she picked up a net and lifted a frog out of the pond. Hanging from that frog were long strings of eggs. Miss Branch said apologetically, "They do this every year!"

RW: Didn't she censor the books--ban some of the best sellers?

CTW: No more than some of us English teachers. It was a prudish age compared with the present. When we returned Faulkner's Sanctuary to the Sather Gate Bookstore (after getting it on approval), the person who condemned it was Price Gittinger. One mother called at my office to denounce Century Readings in the American Short Story because one narrative suggested--without using the horrid word--that brothels exist.

RW: Speaking of scandalous doings reminds me of one faculty member who cherished a bidet in his house. It was the only bidet in Davis. If you went there to dinner, you got a tour of the bathroom.

That professor had a green Packard; his colleagues called it the "Green Hornet." When it cruised through our streets, it was checking up on the parties given by members of his department. If he and his wife were not invited, they took it to heart. Since he was the chairman, it really mattered.

CTW: And now let me give you a sports item. In 1939 our eyes were fixed on Lou Nova, whose picture was on the cover of news magazines. Not only was he hoping to fight the heavyweight champion, but he was practicing Yoga and studying Eastern thought; he was well in advance of

his time. His connection with Davis was simply that he had married the daughter of Wilfred Robbins. Before fighting Joe Louis, he had to dispose of Tony Galento; but, alas, he was defeated and his marriage ended.

RW: Who were your women friends outside the department?

CTW: For a while Elizabeth Surr Freimund lived in a little house not far from First Street. Her German husband had graduated from an agricultural college. During the depression, he was out of luck and accepted a job as gardener here. It wasn't pleasant for Elizabeth; the faculty wives acted as though she didn't exist; a gardener's wife would associate with gardeners' wives. There she was, a graduate of Wellesley, with an M.A. from Berkeley; her father was a corporation lawyer. Since I lived in a hotel, I couldn't do much. She did correct themes for our department. Eventually she moved back to Berkeley; Knowles Ryerson had found Otto a job. And still later--after several years--her father left her plenty of money. She bought a house in Pebble Beach.

RW: And so much for the faculty snobs!

CTW: But I must tell you one ridiculous piece of gossip that Otto picked up from the UCD gardeners. It was this: that I, when I lived in South Hall before my marriage, used to sleep without pajamas. No, I did not cavort past the lighted windows. But I talked indiscreetly--I joked to the other women at the dormitory. And so the scandal got around. If I dressed--or undressed--like that now, even in summer, I'd freeze to death.

RW: You have often spoken of Liz True. Tell about her.

CTW: We were both living at the hotel, and she was still teaching fifth grade in the Davis Grammar School. She was full of good stories about the kids. One little boy asked, "Miss True, may I show you my mother's picture?" Liz tried to look tender as he brought out the snapshot. Egad, what a surprise! His mother had been a circus performer, and in that picture she wore tights, and had snakes around her neck.

Liz was driving a new Ford; she took me to visit an old lady in Dixon. To prepare me, she said that this woman was now ninety and bedridden. On her marriage night, probably back in the 1860's, she had sat on her trunk all night. She was darned if she'd go to bed in a house full of guests. Next day, at the crack of dawn, she did a big washing and hung it out. One of her neighbors, looking over the fence, asked, "Is this what you're doing the day after your wedding?" "Oh," said the bride, "I haven't had any bones broken." When we got to the old woman's house, she was not too feeble to talk; and she made her nurse give us some candied grapefruit.

Liz True's humor extended to art. She drew a cartoon in the Egyptian manner. Somewhere near the Nile, a lady was throwing up; her breakfast,

coming out of her mouth, was indicated by dots. Meanwhile her maid tried to help. Underneath was the title "Too Late with the Basin."

One summer in Berkeley, Liz took a course from Professor Lehman. She stroked his ego by making a group of figurines in his honor; she was taking lessons from a potter. The dominant figure was Lehman as Saint Francis. The students were swine, and he was casting them a few pearls. Upon receiving this present, Lehman took a natural liking to Liz.

RW: Hadn't you known her a long time?

CTW: Oh, goodness, yes. I heard about her before I saw her. One of my very first students was her brother Gordon, in the fall of 1928. He was my guest at one of the South Hall dances; and he "rated" not only because he played football but because his father had been head of the Animal Husbandry department. I learned a lot about Gordon, Senior, whose picture hung in the Saddle and Sirloin Club near the stockyards in Chicago; and about Liz, who was at Pomona College. Next year she moved into South Hall. She was a small blonde, extremely entertaining. I invited her to the Faculty Club's Goose Stew. Someone told me of a family tragedy: her father had been banished to a desk at Berkeley because Davis no longer cared about show-ring animals. At the Goose Stew, Liz saw her father's successor in the distance, felt too emotional to eat, and slipped out of the room. Her father had died of a broken heart.

As a rule, though, she lifted my spirits. We drank Ovaltine together at South Hall. After ten years, we were still friends. From the University Hotel we'd go out to breakfast at Tommy's place, on the southeast corner of First and B Streets. She gave me rides to Berkeley, and one evening she took me to Roaring Camp, in Sacramento.

RW: What's that? A town of the Forty-Niners?

CTW: It was more like a miniature State Fair. We bought French custard ice cream, and our handwriting was analyzed. Liz wanted to hear of a good marriage: "Mother," she said, "keeps telling my sister and me that we're getting older. What does it take to find a husband? Go down to the grocery store and watch the wedding rings go by. Wives are ordinary people. When will Perseus unchain me from the rock?"

She was stubborn, though. For a South Hall dance, I had offered to fix her up with a fraternity brother of Vedder's, but she persisted in bringing her sister's boyfriend. She was wary of men.

A poem of hers, which I liked very much, reveals one aspect of the trouble: "The guy who is a bit of a heel / Is the one who makes my senses reel. / Like Little Miss Muffet from the spider / I always recoil from a good provider."

RW: That's worthy of Dorothy Parker.

CTW: Yes, it's great. And when Liz and her mother had a male lodger, who finally left them, she wrote this: "No more the heavy tread of giant feet; / No more the mute, uptilted bathroom seat; / No more the razor, humming in the dawn. / The man we had about the house is gone."

Liz went visiting around Davis. If she hadn't told me, I'd never have heard the details about Ed Hughes, whom we'd known as a graduate student at South Hall. He married a nice girl named Nevada, and his future in Pomology seemed assured. But he began using a cane, and the next thing I knew, Liz had seen him on his back, helpless with arthritis. When he couldn't hold a book in his hands anymore, it was placed on a pane of glass over his head. His wife became Registrar--she was well qualified. Ed had some health insurance. When the company tried to cancel his policy, several people threatened to drop out too. So the benefits continued until he died. Reid Brooks also lost a spouse; eventually he and Nevada decided to marry.

RW: I remember their house at the corner of Russell Boulevard and Oak Avenue; it's been turned into doctors' offices since Reid also died. But they used to entertain after concerts on campus. That had been the Wilfred Robbins house. Later the AGR's bought it, but the neighbors did not want a fraternity there.

CTW: Liz said she had roots in the house that she grew up in--where you now see Voorhies Hall. Her family sold that house when Professor True was demoted. In 1939 she joined her mother at Berkeley and became a supervisor of teacher training.

Oh, Bob, last year the newspapers gave such a garbled account of her. I'd rather have no obituary at all. They reported something like this: "She was a native of Nevada, but is said to have spent several years in Davis." Actually, she had lived here from childhood until she was thirty-one. Ten years of her life were dedicated to the public schools, and the town is full of her former pupils. When I telephoned the newspaper, it was too late. And I'll have to admit, I'd neglected to write her except at Christmas.

But I did tell her that I loved her. She made every day seem amusing. As one man put it, we would gladly have paid her to talk to us.

RW: Did you do... Christmas...



The Atlantic Monthly. When I tried The Pacific, Stewart and others, in a rejection slip, Pearl essay," she said. "and

CTM: In January 1933, I was at the wedding of the late and Harbison's wedding. It was at Harmony Hall, officiated by a retired minister. On the bill was a "no fear" speech by the "no fear." Nevertheless the Reverend Mr. Russell, who had a white forehead was decorated with crossed pieces of white cloth. The asset to the wedding photographs, but Charlene made him a bride, Georgia (a bridesmaid), and me (the matron of honor). We had a cake and punch. Then the bridal pair left for Hotel Delmonico San Francisco, where they recklessly drank blackberry cordial to the day.

Official U. C. photograph of Celeste Wright, 1936

Official U. C. photograph of Celeste Wright, 1936

XII POETRY IN THE DAIRY INDUSTRY BUILDING, 1940

RW: Did you go to Purdue at Christmas in 1939?

CTW: No, Vedder said not to come; for some mysterious reason, he'd be seeing me in March. Davis was busy during the vacation. The cafeteria was full of veterinarians, men with whiskers. Then the dairymen stayed at the University Hotel, where they displayed a poster: "Here's to Jane, who puts up with our horsing around." But my room was quiet, and there I wrote "Cousin Festina: Or, Galloping Consumption," describing my impulse to use things up. When a pair of nylons develops a run, I love to rip them and throw them away. If someone gives me chocolates, I overeat until I detest them.

The Atlantic Monthly said "Festina" had narrowly missed their target. Then I tried The Pacific Spectator, a new magazine edited by George R. Stewart and others. The result was peculiar. Some weeks after sending me a rejection slip, Professor Edith Mirrieles wrote me again. "We need an essay," she said, "and we remember yours with pleasure."

RW: That's the miracle an author dreams about.

CTW: In January I was preoccupied with Charlene and Harbison's wedding. It was at Harmony House, a center conducted by a retired minister. On the hill was a sign: "Use low gear; have no fear." Nevertheless the Reverend Mr. Ruggles had an accident; his forehead was decorated with crossed pieces of bandaid. He was no asset to the wedding photographs, but Charlene made him pose with Mother, Georgia (a bridesmaid), and me (the matron of honor). We had wedding cake and punch. Then the bridal pair left for Hotel Empire in San Francisco, where they recklessly drank blackberry cordial in the sky room.

RW: Harmony House sounds better than the chapels in Reno.

CTW: Six months later, Margaret Martin married Harold Guilbert of Animal Husbandry in the Little Chapel of the Flowers, Berkeley--a pretty place, often used for funerals. After the guests were seated, someone turned off a neon sign--"Love is eternal." Then Margaret's best friend

sang "The Indian Love Call." Years before, I had argued a woman friend out of using "Song of Songs," which mentions "broken melody of life and love."

At the reception a telegram came, saying, "Margaret, how could you do this to me?" It was signed "Clark Gable." Then the couple went off to Yellowstone, taking with them Harold's two teen-aged daughters.

RW: Oh--he'd been married before.

CTW: Yes, and he'd been a wonderful husband. His first wife caught polio from one of the little girls. The child had a light case, but the mother was paralyzed for the rest of her short life. Harold cared for her so lovingly that everyone admired him. Though it wasn't really odd of Margaret to take the girls on the honeymoon, it was unfortunate that the family should meet Dr. George Hart in Yellowstone, for he became very sick, so that the bride had to spend several days nursing him. It rained, too. And the bears got into the garbage cans.

RW: Did Margaret resign because of the nepotism rule?

CTW: Yes, even though she and Harold were in different departments. Louise Struve replaced her as Adviser to Women. But the job in English went to Sol Fishman, whom you remember well. Getting him hired was almost as difficult as if there'd been nepotism.

RW: What do you mean?

CTW: At first everything was splendid; Lehman recommended Sol as "first rate," and the Needhams had liked him in graduate school. He came here at his own expense on the train from Pocatello, Idaho, where he was teaching. On May 24 we had breakfast together at the Terminal Cafe, now the Antique Bizarre. He was reading U.S.A., by Dos Passos, which I'd lately finished.

At the University Hotel, I took Sol to my room and lent him my black Japanese robe, then waited in the lobby while he had a shower. Later we walked round the campus; he liked it all. But when I requested his appointment, there were difficulties because he was Jewish.

RW: I can't believe it! Look at Provost Monroe Deutsch.

CTW: That was just the trouble. Especially in Agriculture, a lot of valuable faculty men were Jewish; and because of Hitler, they were sensitive. To avoid being conspicuous, they asked the Administration not to hire any more Jews.

RW: It's hard for young people today to understand the climate just before we entered World War II. I can see why the Jewish faculty wanted to keep a low profile. Even in America, anti-Semitism was blatant.

CTW: I had trouble getting at the truth. Mr. Ryerson was away. Finally Basil Peterson, his assistant, told me of the instructions he had received when he tried to process Sol's appointment. Berkeley wanted me to look at the English department's other recent Ph.D.'s. So I interviewed them. One was a big man, ponderous physically and psychologically; I mean, he seemed gloomy. His wife was pregnant, and he hadn't found a job. Gwen said he drank too much. Another candidate was small and lively, but he talked so fast that he made me nervous. No doubt I was biased, and those poor guys sensed it; Sol was my choice. Finally the Fishmans came here together and charmed everybody; the appointment went through.

Aside from the world situation, the Fishmans were cheerful. We loved to eat at a Basque restaurant in Sacramento, and at Frank Fat's, where dinner was fifty cents. Imagine that price now, when Frank Fat's is a favorite with the Legislature crowd.

RW: Was the English department still in the Animal Science Building?

CTW: No. Dean Ryerson gave us the suite that he and Dr. Peterson had just vacated. When they left for the Library Building, we inherited Dairy Industry--that is, some rooms upstairs.

RW: I had classes there in 1950, when I arrived. There was a funny noise overhead, from carts that were being moved back and forth in the corridor--carts filled with milk cans. We called it the bowling alley.

CTW: We could go downstairs from our offices and buy cheese; the students made all kinds. But oh, the smell from Ann's butter testing!

RW: I guess you people could stand it if the Administration had done so. What do you remember about Dr. Chester Roadhouse, the head of the department? Years later that building was named for him.

CTW: Yes, and he was proud and happy. He died before it was torn down. I knew him through my editorial work. Once while he was showing me around, he pointed scornfully at a fly that had fallen into a vat of cottage cheese. He was a dignified man, and that was the most regal gesture you can imagine. He and Mrs. Roadhouse had me to dinner at their home on Russell Boulevard; she was darling.

RW: The Administration shared the Library Building. What did you think of the Library after having been used to its tiny quarters in the Classroom Building?

CTW: I was dazzled. The lighting fixtures made the reading room look like a nightclub.

RW: In retrospect, the 1940 Library seems small.

CTW: During part of my sabbatical in 1948, I hid out in an office on the first floor. Later I gave it up to Mr. McArdle, who took over the music when Price Gittinger became an assistant to Dean Ryerson.

RW: Was Price still handling Subject A?

CTW: No, he was too busy. Our department wanted to appoint Liz True, who was tired of teaching grammar school. Unfortunately, her grades at Pomona had taken a nose dive her senior year, when she was upset by her father's death and was working as a waitress to make ends meet. She wasn't qualified to enter graduate school at Berkeley. But we secured, through Mr. Phil S. Grant of Subject A, a delightful young man named Jim Smith. He had a peaches-and-cream complexion. He wrote poetry, and he sang at the parties in Gwen's little cottage. Those parties were great--except once when a moth flew into Sol Fishman's ear, so that he had to visit Dr. Cronan.

RW: Was Carol at those parties?

CTW: Oh, yes; and socially she was fun. But in 1940 the students complained to Dean Ryerson that she was always about twenty minutes late to her nine-o'clock class. After lecturing for another twenty minutes, she would ask Alden Brochier (whom I called my "office cat") to give a quiz, while she disappeared.

When we all made reports on our working hours, Carol boasted that she spent 75 percent of her time on research. When Mr. Ryerson urged her to think more seriously about her classes, she only proceeded to boast at Berkeley that we were yokels, unable to value scholarship. After Pearl Harbor she told me she had searched her conscience to find out how she could help with the war effort. She finally decided to aid her country by continuing her research.

In 1940 she had a nibble from UCLA, where people supposed she must be qualified to teach German, since she'd been working with Old Norse. (Eventually she got a grant from the American Scandinavian Foundation to translate the Edda.) No one asked me about her German.

But I was asked, as chairman, to recommend her to Lawrence College. I was in a quandary--longing to have her leave. When I showed Mr. Ryerson my letter, he said, "There's nothing untrue about what you have written." I had praised her research and said nothing about her teaching. Lawrence College, though, may have smelled a rat; in the end, she did not get the offer.

She may have been bluffing--trying to improve her status here. Carol was a consummate bluffer. Once I showed her a plagiarized theme. "Don't you think," I asked, "this is too good for one of our students to have written? The style is brilliant." "Hm," said Carol, with a patronizing air, "it's plagiarized, obviously; but I don't agree with you about the

style. To me this reads like junk from a women's magazine." In a day or two I got a confession from the girl who had handed in the paper. She had stolen the essay, not from a trashy magazine, but from a book by Rose Macaulay, an admired English writer.

RW: How was your research coming?

CTW: Vernon Puryear of History, who frequented the Faculty Club at Berkeley and had many grapevine sources, reported that both Carol and I were being considered for promotion. He was also the first to tell me that the College of Agriculture would no longer control our promotions. Specialists from history, foreign languages, and English at Berkeley would appraise our work.

But I wasn't afraid. Not only had my Amazon paper been a real success at the PAPC the year before, but the Amazons had amused Dean Hutchison. Mr. Ryerson sent me this comment: "Doctor Wright, us guys have no chance nohow with these females."

After a while Puryear relayed some more information: everybody at Berkeley had liked his and my work; and the only reason we weren't being promoted was that the money was not available. He'd heard nothing more about Carol; but, I felt secretly sure, Dean Ryerson would not have praised her teaching.

RW: You've not mentioned Vedder's visit. Did he come?

CTW: Oh, yes, he arrived at my room very early one morning and immediately told me some catastrophic news: he had lost his job. His boss, Dr. Caldwell, felt he wasn't accomplishing enough. Besides, there was no prospect of getting his Ph.D.; Purdue didn't want to allow him the time for growing several generations of tomato plants for the thesis at Wisconsin.

Some of his friends thought he might have done better if I had been living with him. Actually, though, he didn't blame me. And now, instead of being a plant pathologist, he wanted to travel in Latin America for a year, take pictures, and finally come back to write and lecture. He had saved \$2,000.

His manner was diffident, as if he feared that I would reject him. On the contrary, his being in trouble only endeared him to me. I wanted to teach--no man had to take care of me. We decided that he would write me long travel letters; I would hire a student to transcribe them. In the summer we would take a long motor trip to national parks and historic places; I was as eager for that exploration as he was. He went back to Indiana comforted.

We had had wild storms just before his visit. The campus was unable to celebrate Work Day, on February 29--for Leap Year. The weather was too wet, though the previous winter had been the driest since 1876.

RW: That institution--Work Day--typifies what Davis used to be like. I participated once. We tore down old Recreation Hall, on the site of the present Memorial Union.

CTW: In 1936 the students excavated for a swimming pool, but they dug in the wrong place. The hole contained muddy water, and the kids threw people in, including a secretary who was all dressed up. Anybody who didn't work was locked into a cage on wheels; just for fun they imprisoned Ira Smith.

RW: Didn't those tempests in 1940 inspire George R. Stewart's famous novel Storm?

CTW: I think so. In Berkeley, Strawberry Creek ran down Euclid Avenue. It even flowed into the drugstore where I used to buy Devonshire Violet perfume. Later in the spring I caught cold, picnicking in wet grass near the "Big C" with Charlene and her husband, my mother, and Georgia. The cyclotron stands where those kids flew a kite.

RW: The Big C was visible all over the Bay Area. It's in that song--"By the rugged eastern foothills." People who couldn't afford the football game used to sit up there and look down into the stadium.

CTW: The bad cold I caught there led to my asking Dr. Cronan for some cough syrup. In my impatience to get well, I took his nasty medicine all during the night. Next morning, as I approached the Dairy Industry building, a wave of nausea swept over me. Though I tried to head for the bushes, I threw up on the front door. What was worse, along came Basil Peterson.

Then and there, my relationship with the Dean's assistant became warmer. Feeling sorry for me, he guided me to the shrubbery. Eventually I was well enough to fetch paper towels and clean up the front door of the D.I. Building. Later Dr. Peterson was head of Orange Coast College, where my brother-in-law taught.

RW: Surely your doctor could have found you a better cough medicine.

CTW: Part of my throat trouble came from a tonsil stub. For three days in June, Dr. Cronan had me in the Woodland Clinic--first to be operated on, then to wear a necklace of ice cubes. In my bed I worked on a sonnet called "Not as Ordered."

Speaking of nasty remedies: Liz True and I tried a horrible mixture of Vitamin B from the Star Pharmacy. Mrs. B. R. E. Lee, the pharmacist's wife, was giving her cat vitamins. She also put red nail polish on the toenails of her Scotch terrier, Glen Aylith of That ilk.

Everybody in Davis was vitamin-conscious. They had just heard Agnes Fay Morgan, the Berkeley nutritionist, emphasizing the B complex. Dr.

Morgan had a neckpiece; hanging down from one shoulder was the ratty-looking fur of a fox that hadn't ingested Vitamin B; on the other side flowed a rich, beautiful fur. She had given that lucky animal its "B."

RW: How was your morale in those days? You're not used to being ill.

CTW: "Low morale" is an understatement; I felt sorry for myself. Walking alone at night, I would look at the lighted windows and think how snug the women were, living there with kind husbands. Part of me is dependent, longing for what Eric Fromm called a "magic helper."

RW: You've read Eric Fromm the way other people go to their shrinks. Well, it's certainly cheaper.

CTW: As you know, I've had to stop feeling like a child. For a long time I feared anyone in authority. I had to laugh at myself when Vedder and I stopped by Davis during my sabbatical. When I saw Price Gittinger, I experienced awe, mixed with a little fear, because he was now the acting chairman of our department. And yet I myself had appointed him to that job.

In 1939 I wanted to learn psychology. Professor Sidney Sutherland of Ag Education let me take a test he was giving his students. According to the "Humm scale," I was a normal person with some manic-cycloid tendencies--you know my fits of elation.

RW: Yes, you tend to idealize people and events; this tendency colors your perception of the world. But your imagination, Celeste, is valuable; it expresses itself in your writing. What else did Sid Sutherland find out?

CTW: Being lacking in hysteroid traits, I was not diplomatic. I agree: sometimes I say outrageous things. Once I lost a friend by bursting out, "Oh, stop it!" That poor young woman was mashing and mashing her ice cream, eating each spoonful slowly. "You are very rude," she said; and a coldness developed.

In 1940 Dr. Herbert Conrad, our psychology prof, who commuted from Berkeley, took an interest in my attempt to choose between teaching and writing. According to standardized tests, I was well adapted for life as an English teacher, a secretary, or even a lawyer, but not a dentist, a doctor, or--and this jarred me--a professional writer. But it is hard for me to work steadily on a long project. I like to do articles, and I'm temperamentally adapted to write poems, not novels. As for living by my pen--I'd be terrified.

RW: In 1940 you really got started as a poet. Sonnets may be short, but you've turned out a lot of them.

CTW: Up in my hotel room, that January, I found myself driven to write three sonnets ("Semantics") on the difficulty of communication between people in love. It was a popular subject with poets then.

RW: And yet, I think, it's remarkable that people communicate as well as they do.

CTW: Anyway, I was thrilled to find myself rhyming, as I'd done at sixteen. Though the editor of Poetry rejected "Semantics," he wrote, "We took a special interest in this manuscript." Price Gittinger encouraged me even more. Though he seemed so extroverted, he was sensitive to poetry--he loved it. Like you, he was a father figure--I went running to him to get Brownie points for each new poem. He was a "magic helper."

On Charter Day at Berkeley, in March 1940, somebody introduced me to Carlyle F. MacIntyre, the campus poet, a sort of Peck's bad boy. UCLA had fired him for thumbing his nose at the establishment. He was shockingly indiscreet in talking about the faculty there. The first time I chatted with him in his office, he said he'd wanted to castrate one noted man at UCLA and rape a certain woman scholar, but the first action would be impossible, and the second disagreeable. In his Cafes and Cathedrals, published by the Oxford University Press, was a poem with double meanings; when the editors heard the outcry, they removed that page. When President Sproul congratulated MacIntyre on his publication (the result of a Guggenheim fellowship), he learned that the "genius" had lost his job at UCLA. Feeling sure there was some mistake, Sproul persuaded Berkeley to give this fine poet a chance.

It was at that stage, when he taught creative writing, and the students were flocking to him, that I visited his class. Afterwards he followed me into the corridor and was very friendly. I gave him some poems. "This is promising work," he said. "But leave out the damned literary allusions." When I revised "Thumbprint," I took out Heloise and Abelard, John Keats and Fanny. Charlie Cooper thinks I spoiled the sonnet in that way. He had included the original version in his textbook Preface to Poetry.

RW: The two versions of "Thumbprint" are really two different poems. You could print both of them in your future Collected Works. But I know that revision is always your method.

CTW: In reviewing my first book, one critic complained that he didn't notice much development between my earlier poems and the later ones. He didn't know how much I'd revised my older work.

RW: Though you haven't mentioned it, MacIntyre eventually lost his job at Berkeley. It wasn't a lack of publications. He was in the best magazines; he had beautiful volumes containing his translation of Goethe's

Faust and Baudelaire's Flowers of Evil. When he was fired, the students got up petitions to save him. But the University just wouldn't let him teach. They sent him a check every month. During the war he worked in the shipyards, and he squirreled away the University pay checks in a pigeonhole. Finally the comptroller went personally and begged him for mercy. You can imagine how upset the bookkeepers were--all those checks that had not been cashed. Mac was teasing the University.

CTW: Yes. And I've never heard that he did anything that would have shocked the Dean of Women. He just cut classes and stayed away for weeks.

But a better adviser for me was Josephine Miles. Though she's five years younger than I, and in 1940 was just starting her career as the only woman in the English department at Berkeley, she already had a book of poems published by Macmillan. On December 21, 1940, Liz True took me to Jo's apartment, where she lived with her mother. About a month later, Jo gave me a market list--ten titles of little magazines. Sure enough, some of those magazines accepted my work.

RW: What were the magazines?

CTW: The first one I tried, Wings, was published in Mill Valley. Wings kept going until its editor, Stanton A. Coblentz, had eye trouble. He had a press, subsidized by the poets. After a lot of my poems had been in Wings, he suggested a collection. But I didn't feel ready--and I'm glad I waited--really had to wait--until 1964, when Alan Swallow brought out Etruscan Princess without any subsidy at all. Alan was tough; he turned down my first book and told me to write about places. That was good discipline; I was preoccupied with platonic love, the Dante-Beatrice situation. Carlyle MacIntyre told a class, in my hearing, to use love as the dynamo, but not as the subject.

On May 8, 1940, I wrote in my diary: "Unhappiness makes good timber; Life is timber for writing." I discovered that old entry only after using the title Seasoned Timber for my 1977 collection. The word "seasoned" comes from George Herbert's "Virtue," but "timber" goes back to that different idea, which I had in 1940.

I share some of Goethe's feeling about love: he preferred a kiss on the lips to going to bed with a woman. And one lady with whom he did go to bed complained because, while he was holding her in his arms, she could feel him tapping out hexameters on her back.

Going from Goethe to the ridiculous, I often quote this little poem: "I nearly broke my heart for you, my dear; / I wept full many an unmanly tear. / But as in agony I lay awake, / I thought 'What lovely poems this will make.'" If I knew the author's name, I'd give him proper credit.

RW: Though at first you wanted to be a love poet, you have many poems about places. Did you write any of them in 1940?

CTW: Oh, yes. Margaret Maxwell and her mother took me and a couple of other women camping. We slept under the stars. Next day we visited Michigan Bluff, in the Tahoe National Forest. It is practically a ghost town, but Leland Stanford once had a store there; he used to sleep under his own counter. Up there I got the idea for "Ricebowl," about some empty Chinese graves. The coolies who worked in the mines had died one night in a fire that destroyed their shanties. Their relatives eventually paid to have the bodies sent home.

I was feeling emotional, frustrated about love. When I got back to Davis, I lay awake all night. Sitting up in my bed at the University Hotel, I wrote a long piece in poetic prose, which I later used in my novel, Reason's a Rabbit. Editors said that the Michigan Bluff passage was really good.

In that same cemetery I saw the grave of a Maine man, Seth Clark, who had died at thirty. As a Maine woman in my thirties, separated from him by a hundred years, I had a fellow feeling--romantic. Though it took longer to write than the sonnet, "Ricebowl," eventually I turned out "Grave in the Foothills," which appeared in the Yale Review. My attempt to communicate with Seth Clark was not much more hopeless than my attempt to communicate with a living man.

A few weeks after the trip to Michigan Bluff, Flora MacDonald, a prominent citizen, asked me to write a "Pageant of Freedom" for Independence Day. I could visualize "the youthful bearded miners with their picks." At the drop of a hat, I turned out five pages of blank verse. Iver Nelson spoke my lines; and the children, in their costumes, brought the pictures to life. Next day Jim Wilson, the wool professor, called me up to congratulate me; so did Ben Moses of Ag Engineering. Again, see what a little encouragement can do!

RW: Sometimes just the seed of a poem gets planted, but lies dormant. Then, somehow, it grows.

CTW: Yes. At this period I was feeling guilty about a faculty wife whom I felt I had failed. While I was on sabbatical in Indiana, this woman's husband died. The couple hadn't been close; she was neglected. Once, at a dinner for students, she had given me a warm embrace; another time, on a card, she had quoted from Othello: "Perdition catch my soul but I do love thee." She had been an English teacher herself. Upon hearing of her loss, I sat down at the kitchen table--there in West Lafayette, Indiana--and wrote her a letter of condolence. It turned into a literary exercise--I pulled out all the stops. When I got back to Davis, the poor woman sought me out; she thought I was deeply interested in her. Though I tried to be kind, I just didn't devote much time to her.

I was horrified when, some years later, she committed suicide. She'd lost her bearings; though she had money, she imagined she was destitute. I felt guilty whenever I passed her house. Eventually I wrote "Against Mailing a Letter of Condolence," which ends by saying, "May God forgive us, not for sharing pain / But showing love we cannot long sustain."

Not that my guilt feelings kept me from having a good time. In November 1940 I joined Gwen and Carol in putting on a skit for the campus women's highjinks. It was called "Estelle, the Prettiest Typewriter in New York"--"typewriter" being an early word for "typist." I drank one can of beer, then went on the stage in a shirtwaist and skirt. The villain pursued me, and I jumped out the office window to save my virtue. The women voted me a Little Lulu book as first prize; I had sung "Listen to the Mockingbird" in falsetto. Sid Sutherland would have said I was in my manic phase.

RW: But what became of your plan for a long automobile trip in the summer of 1940? Why were you in Davis on Independence Day?

CTW: Vedder left his job at Purdue in July; then he drove here from Indiana. Meanwhile, I'd had adventures. Before UCLA closed in June, I went down there, stayed at Myra Hershey Hall, and was initiated into Mortar Board, which had 72 chapters--an honor society that took just twenty of the senior women. We attended the ceremonies at the home of Helen Mathewson Laughlin, who became Dean of Woman in 1914 (at the old Los Angeles Normal School.) Mrs. Sproul, very gracious and likable, was at the initiation. I felt marvelous; I had an astronomical new salary--\$3500. And the poems kept coming--"Capitol Park" and "To the Unready," "Not as Ordered," "Dry Harbor."

When Vedder arrived, I took him to the World's Fair on Treasure Island. The Puryears had us to dinner. France had fallen, and Puryear was predicting the defeat of the Allies; Britain would become a Nazi colony. He and Vedder played badminton; Puryear's idea of exercise was puffing a cigar while playing. Maynard Amerine had us over at his house and read poetry aloud. The next morning, July 17, off we went to Lovelock, Nevada, and Twin Falls, Idaho. The radio said that Roosevelt had been nominated for a third term. On the nineteenth we heard Hitler for two hours, threatening Great Britain. Henry Wallace was nominated for Vice President; I had heard him speak in Davis. He once had to apologize to Knowles Ryerson, whom he had unjustly fired from the Bureau of Plant Industry.

RW: Where were you and Vedder going?

CTW: To Yellowstone. "Metamorphosis" describes a petrified tree there. Walking down the street in the village, I thought someone had stepped between my husband and me. On looking more closely, I saw that a bear was lumbering between us. In Glacier Park we picked raspberries by the road while looking up at the peaks. We darn near froze in a \$2.00

cabin. Then we went to Canada--Banff Park, Lake Louise, and Jasper. Wendell Willkie was nominated. The Canadian Rockies have the kind of peaks I admire. Athabaska is "Northern Waterfall."

Near the Grand Coolee Dam we gazed at the "Columbia Dry Falls"--terraces where the river once came down like Niagara. Since Washington was Vedder's childhood home, we visited his friends in Bellingham. His father's former grocery store was still there.

On the Oregon Coast I got the idea for "Sea Lion's Grotto," and in Crescent City I thought of "Octopus." Then we hit Berkeley, picked up Charlene and Harbison, and took them to Yosemite, where they fed the deer at sunrise. I loved the baby chipmunks on Glacier Point, but was horrified when Vedder went too near the edge.

Vedder is a daredevil. In Canada, driving through the forest, he wanted to park the car and climb one of the cliffs. "What if you broke your leg?" I cried. "I don't know how to drive, and here we are in the woods where another car may not come by."

After visiting San Juan Batista and having a fish dinner at Monterey, the four of us saw Point Lobos Park. That was the happiest day of my vacation. The sand at China Cove is like white rice. The sea whistles and moans. And after hours in the ocean wind, we rented a divine little house at Pacific Grove. Big Sur, next day, had fine scenery, but too many tourists. Somewhere along the road, Harby put a deposit on a \$12.50 music box--secretly, for he wanted to send them the rest of the money and get the box as a present for Charlene. After seeing the Stanford campus, we took the Parkers back to Berkeley.

On August 28, Vedder, at the Needhams' cottage, spread out a map of Central America and showed our hosts the plan for his travels. On September 2, we visited Bill Hewitt and Maybelle on Russell Boulevard; you know that house--it has a window two stories high. Bill had once been my stage manager. He was now what Vedder had hoped to become--a plant pathologist. Next day I said goodbye to Vedder. His passport had arrived. By October 14, he was sending me descriptions of Central America.

Meanwhile the war drew nearer and nearer. On August 26, Sproul and Bellquist had spoken in the old gym. I thought them militaristic. In October we had peacetime conscription; a flag hung down the side of the Library Building. Charlene and Harby showed me a book called Country Squire in the White House.

In November I felt petted and noticed among the older people at the Puryears' party. Wilfred Robbins was there, and the Proebstings, the Nelsons, the Stromgrens, the Burdettes. People drank martinis and tipped the pictures on the wall very crooked.

Carol and I took Ralph Emmerton to dinner. He worked in our office on a government arrangement for students. His manner toward us was amusingly paternal. Little did I foresee that he would perish in World War II.

On December 1, in San Francisco, Morris Kershner invited me to The Puerto Rican House That Jack Built. Morris was working the night shift at Golden State; he had been a Dairy Industry major. At Trader Vic's, we drank "Northwest Passage," made from a recipe in Kenneth Roberts's novel. Morris was clairvoyant; he told me that I could become a serious writer, but that a longing for ideal love was wasting my energy. He and I were just friends. But he was right in saying: "No man can ever take you where you want to go."

I read The Beloved Returns (Lotte in Weimar), by Thomas Mann, in which Goethe says, "I love thee, precious particular of the divine all." This was the source of a phrase in my "New Acquaintance": "Stupendous fellow atom, mote unique."

So much for 1940, a year when I felt tremendously alive.

In Sacramento I gave, for about \$15.00, a party that was considered lavish. My guests were the Needhams, the Gittingers (who had a new house in Robbins's Addition, now Oak Avenue); also Jim Smith, Carol Brady, the Fishmans, and the Nelsons. There was a birthday cake for Scoatta and Jim—I'd arranged it with the Hotel Espanol. After dinner we danced at "Prosperity Corner" and Donovan's nightclub; we again danced—Gwen hated to leave the floor. Earlier we had all walked arm-in-arm near the waterfront, disregarding the dirty buses. We went home at 2:00.

Charlene called me a weak character for drinking wine—"I'll write Mother," she said.

RW: Where was your mother?

CTW: She'd gone to Maine the previous June, taking with her my father's ashes. In Guilford she laid them to rest in our family plot. Then she lived for seven months in a little house belonging to Howard Kelley, Norman's older brother. She returned about the end of January--sixty-one years old, looking small, pale, and wrinkled.

A few weeks later she upset me by crying because I'd been teaching Of Human Bondage; she'd read enough of it to be shocked by Philip's morbid attachment.

XIII PEARL HARBOR AND TWO PREGNANCIES, 1941-1943

RW: No doubt 1941 was overshadowed by the war.

CTW: Yes, but like people farming near a volcano, we ignored it. In January, I dined in Sacramento with Evelyn Blanchard. Her last boyfriend had been thrown out of too many places where they went together. As for the war, it didn't matter, she said; the human race was insignificant!

That same month, Morris Kershner and I ate at El Prado in San Francisco, then returned to Berkeley (where I was staying with Georgia). A new attraction was Berkeley Square, beyond the one-mile limit. Seated by the fireplace, I read Kershner my new sonnets and drank a Singapore Sling. He predicted that Hitler would win the war; like Senator Wheeler of Montana, he favored isolation.

In Sacramento I gave, for about \$16.00, a party that was considered lavish. My guests were the Needhams, the Gittings (who had a new house in Robbins's Addition, now Oak Avenue); also Jim Smith, Carol Brady, the Fishmans, and the Nelsons. There was a birthday cake for Sceatta and Jim--I'd arranged it with the Hotel Espanol. After dinner we danced at "Prosperity Corner" and Donovan's nightclub; we again danced--Gwen hated to leave the floor. Earlier we had all walked arm-in-arm near the waterfront, disregarding the dirty bums. We went home at 2:00.

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A few weeks later she upset me by crying because I'd been teaching Of Human Bondage; she'd read enough of it to be shocked by Philip's morbid attachment.

RW: So your mother was censoring books.

CTW: Yes--which reminds me of what happened to poor Gwen when she taught The Grapes of Wrath. That novel about migrant workers infuriated our farmers.

How news travels! At the Congregational Church dance in Berkeley, Georgia met a young man who said, "So you're the sister of the chairman at Davis? Let me tell you that her department is heading for trouble. The Grapes of Wrath is a radical book." Gwen, of course, went right ahead after I told her. And when, years later, Steinbeck got the Nobel Prize, I was all for it. I had used not only The Grapes of Wrath, but Of Mice and Men and Tortilla Flat.

In March 1941, Gwen upset some faculty wives. When Farm Circle asked her to recommend a movie for their benefit show, she selected The Long Voyage Home, which showed South Sea girls heaving sighs for the Yankee sailors.

RW: Censors are always with us. School boards all over the country are trying to ban Shakespeare's plays.

CTW: My old Latin professor, Arthur Patch McKinlay, wrote several papers to prove that Homer and Anacreon and Horace were Temperance men. When Jo Miles had him and me to dinner, he of course refused to join us in a glass of claret. I handled him with kid gloves, for he asked me to recite my "Pastourelle," which he called "one of the loveliest things I ever read." Also, he had used his influence with the Philological Association of the Pacific Coast to put me on the Executive Committee.

RW: How was your poetry coming?

CTW: "Acquiescence" received a first prize from the San Jose chapter of the Poetry Society of London. "Thumbprint" won a gold medal at the World's Fair in New York, as "the best entry from California on Poetry Day." Robert Tristram Coffin was a judge.

My old mentor, Lawrence Lockley, wrote me not to make my sonnets too academic. After a long separation, he and I got together again on August 8; I took him and his wife, Naomi, to the Capri restaurant. He told me, "The sum of achievement in life is not to be bored."

RW: And did you agree?

CTW: Having just got tenure, I was not bored; I felt like celebrating. I looked up Lily B. Campbell in summer session and invited her to lunch at El Prado in San Francisco. While she was having her hair done, I bought myself a gold wristwatch at Granat Brothers. Miss Campbell would not enter any Japanese stores, because Japan was invading China. When I kissed her goodbye, she called herself "old and ugly"!

Carol had privately told Gwen I was not likely to be promoted-- "Celeste hasn't published enough," she said. She herself had applied for a Guggenheim. When she didn't get it, she went out and walked and walked at night; she was really stricken.

In June I bought myself a Ph.D. hood, blue-and-gold; also a mortarboard cap with a heavy gold tassel. Here, too, I was more self-indulgent than Lily B. Campbell. When Chicago gave her an honorary LL.D. she asked where she could buy an outfit.

Gwen and I took Red Cross swimming from Lorraine Neubauer, a faculty wife; and that fall I audited another class that she taught. Gwen and I basked on the deck of the new pool, talking with Walton Bean, a historian who feared Russia as well as Germany.

Another pessimist was Thomas Mann, whom Wilson Anderson and I heard at Berkeley. Introducing Mann was Monroe E. Deutsch, who agreed that we must fight Hitler. Sproul at Commencement sounded the same note. Wilson was eventually drafted; but he escaped for a long time by working in an airplane factory. His special friend, John Brinley, left Davis for the Army.

RW: Many of your students must have been in uniform already.

CTW: Oh, they were. The John Conrads were celebrating Bob Allard's election to Phi Beta Kappa. I had endorsed him--not that he needed it, having such wonderful grades. After graduation, he left for Camp Roberts.

Howard Betts, another student of mine, was at the same camp. I took him dinner-dancing at the Mark Hopkins (for \$8.00, including cover charge). I admired the second-lieutenant's uniform.

On June 1, Margaret Maxwell and Max Kleiber were married in the Gosses' back yard. Harold taught animal nutrition. He and Hilda loved to help with weddings. But the Kleibers' wedding was unusual, for Max's daughter, a professional dancer, married a handsome Arabian engineer at the same ceremony. Both couples wrote their own lines.

RW: They were pioneers. Nowadays that sort of ritual is common. Hadn't Max Kleiber's first wife died very suddenly?

CTW: Yes, a couple of years before. Then he met Margaret through the Unitarian Church in Sacramento. I was never more surprised than when she telephoned me the news. But I thoroughly approved: I had edited for Max; he had told me his liberal views on women's rights. Indeed, his marriage lines praised Margaret for having a career. Of course she was now obliged to retire. She started a nursery school cooperative, and the Kleibers produced three children.

RW: In 1941, had the draft affected your enrollment?

CTW: Not seriously; the real exodus came after Pearl Harbor, when the male students rushed to get commissions. But in August 1941, I was cheerful. For instance, I had no eight-o'clock class--maybe Gwen maneuvered it; she was always trying to help me. And I taught only three courses; that was for the first time since the spring of 1929.

RW: Associate professors now teach one or two courses a term. On the semester system, in 1941, you were teaching three, besides being the chairman and doing the editorial work.

CTW: Everybody worked hard. But I felt tired; I was anemic. After trying various pills, Dr. Cronan said I needed iron, not liver. I recovered slowly; over the years, I have often taken iron. Cronan wondered whether my years as a vegetarian had harmed me.

Which reminds me that when my vegetarian essay appeared--"Much Taboo about Nothing"--a doctor wrote to ask whether I was nearsighted. He said that a vegetarian diet had that effect. When I replied that I was a little farsighted, he said that must have offset the other danger.

Speaking of eye trouble: Vedder wrote of his narrow escape from blindness. He'd been swimming in some Central American pool where pollen had mingled with the water. If it hadn't been for a European doctor, he might have gone blind. But he continued to send fat letters. He was disillusioned, going about in wet clothes, eating filthy food, and associating with drunks. Once he slept in a hammock on a riverbank where the alligators came out of the water. On October 28, after a year in Latin America, he returned home, looking pale, and put his Trader Horn helmet on our shelf in the Bastille.

RW: What was the Bastille?

CTW: I forgot to tell you. In August, Mrs. Frank Greer, our former neighbor, rented me one of the four big rooms in a two-story building at the corner of C and Third Streets. It stands there still. Often her tenants were foreign students. At one period Mr. Samoja--I think it was Luis, a future dictator of Nicaragua--had a room on the first floor. When drunk, he lit a bonfire in his room.

Some of her tenants had been Egyptians. They had invited Margaret Martin to a big celebration in San Francisco, honoring the birthday of King Farouk. They drove Pontiacs, having told their government that American students had to have cars. Mrs. Greer worried because they took such long showers; her hot-water bills were enormous. She was very glad to get us, for a change; and I loved the enormous room, which had two single beds, two desks, and a bath.

Two days after Vedder's arrival, I went to UCLA as a member of the statewide Subject A committee.

RW: I've been on that one.

CTW: Mr. Grant was at the meeting, of course. Other faculty were Montgomery of Berkeley, Fred Carey (one of my UCLA Latin teachers), and Ellen B. Sullivan (who'd taught me Psychology 1A). I looked up McKinlay and Buell; also Miss Campbell. But I especially enjoyed seeing Carl; we had dinner downtown. He still hadn't finished his thesis for Berkeley, though the end was in sight. Meanwhile he was furious at a Nazi in his department--vowed he'd send his son to Annapolis someday. (Actually, the boy graduated from Massachusetts Tech.) Carl and his wife now had a girl baby, and he was teaching an Extension class at noon to earn extra money.

Carol had given a party in Los Angeles the year before; she served a zombie that almost made Carl drunk. One of our UCLA friends had to be taken home.

I had flown down to that meeting; Ira Smith granted me the money. In those days stewardesses gave you gum to make your ears comfortable. Wilson Anderson met my plane and drove me from Burbank (where he worked) to Alice Gillmann's house. I stayed there overnight; we visited the Koerpers and their daughter, Waldine.

Planes were not dependable. This was my first ride in one, and I was crestfallen when we were marooned in Fresno because of fog. Standing with me at the information counter was a young woman--tall, and so stunning I couldn't take my eyes off her. She was a movie star, Alexis Smith. Although that plane got to Sacramento, all right, meanwhile I had transferred to a poky bus. Arnold and Vedder met me--had received my telegram.

RW: You were lucky; telegrams to Davis are usually late.

CTW: Vedder and I decided to buy a car. That was lucky, for the date was three weeks before Pearl Harbor. Right off the floor of the agency in Sacramento we got a Florentine blue Ford for \$1,232. As we broke it in with a drive up Putah Creek, we dreamed up a name--The Handbasket. You know the saying--"Going to hell in a Handbasket." We were in reckless spirits. But when Vedder gave me driving lessons, he exclaimed "Jesus H. Christ!" I had almost run into a post by a narrow bridge.

RW: No husband should teach his wife to drive.

CTW: When I finally learned, it was not from Vedder. But, by and large, this was a carefree time. On December 2 the Bobby Millers gave a party in honor of the new Recorder (now Betsy Truffini). Her predecessor, Frances Burke Dennis, was going away. As Fate would have it, they turned up in identical dresses.

Our last binge came the night before Pearl Harbor--like the ball before the Battle of Waterloo. Liz True and I entertained at Gwen's house. We bought the refreshments in Sacramento, had lunch together at the Hotel Espanol, and planned the games. The party lasted till 2:00 a.m.

RW: Were you hung over the next morning--Pearl Harbor Day?

CTW: No, we were all right--rose a little late and had breakfast at the Terminal cafe with Bess Cook, a home economist. Oh, and with Glenn Spurlock, who taught for a time, raised sheep in Dixon, and married one of my students.

About 10:30 a.m., Vedder and I returned to the Bastille and turned on a radio program. It was interrupted: "The Japanese planes have bombed Pearl Harbor." With our world turned upside down, we hurried to friends. Arnold Needham feared the draft. Vernon Puryear predicted a Japanese invasion via Alaska.

RW: They actually tried one, later on.

CTW: Five days after Pearl Harbor, there was a blackout in Davis while we were at the Puryears'. Everybody went into a huge clothes closet; there we sat comfortably with the lights on.

RW: How were things at college?

CTW: On December 8, Price stopped by the Bastille, since we had no telephone. He told us to attend a 9:15 a.m. assembly, to hear Roosevelt's declaration of war. Dean Ryerson urged everyone to be considerate of our Japanese students.

My blood still boils when I think how the California Japanese were treated--shut up in concentration camps, although not one of them ever proved to be disloyal. Mitsuo Nitta, our football captain, grieved because he was not wanted in the Air Force. He and Wesley Sasaki (a lovable boy) couldn't even ride on public carriers. Frank Ogasawara (who today is a professor of Avian Science) feared his father would be fired by the Southern Pacific railroad.

RW: Did Vedder worry about the draft?

CTW: He vowed not to become a buck private. Upon Dean Ryerson's advice, he went to the Naval Reserve, who called him "rather old"--this at thirty-one!

Then he wrote to the F.B.I., but they said, "Try us after the war." He would have loved to be a spy. Right after Christmas, we drove down to Redondo Beach. His mother was in terror. There were soldiers on the beach, looking for the remains of a submarine. She said, in effect, "I don't mind so much for myself, but I pity poor Meg--if there is bombing, she won't understand." Meg was her Doberman, a little lame.

Vedder had no luck at Lockheed, and the Border Patrol said he was too short. He is only five feet six, like Napoleon. We got together with Alice and Rudolf Gillmann. Her father, though German born, detested Hitler, who had not been friendly to labor. Alice's old aunt was upset about being marooned; she had come on a visit from Germany, and now she wanted to rejoin her children. Of course she had to sit it out.

On New Year's Eve Vedder and I were in a theater with the Gillmanns. Rudolf was too old to be drafted; as a teen-ager he had served in the German Navy. After the Armistice, the men on his ship had revolted against their officers. He was now a naturalized American.

At midnight, on the dawn of an era we dreaded, Alice and I embraced, there in the theater, and said almost in unison, "I hope it won't be too awful."

Next day, New Year's, I awoke at Alice's house thinking: "Man is the main thing. Religion means believing in the human race and having faith in its future." Without consciously connecting this idea with babies, I soon began talking with Vedder about the difference the war was making in our lives. He would have to leave me, and I wanted a child. Before returning to Davis from our trip, we visited the hospital where Alene, the wife of his stepbrother Howard, had just given birth to Stephanie; and the house in Fresno where David and Barbara were bringing up two children. At Lodi we visited Charlene and Harbison, who, without our knowledge, were resolving to become parents. Harby was teaching German in the high school.

Sightseeing, we went to Death Valley, squeezing our blue Ford through narrow passages in the golden rocks. By an odd coincidence, we slept in Baker, a tiny place, the same night as Larry Curtis, who, in the 1920's, had been Vedder's fraternity brother. Next morning he mailed us a card postmarked Baker. When we received it in Davis and saw the date, we realized the truth, which he later confirmed.

The spring semester now began with a tiny enrollment--nothing to take our minds off our private lives. Gwen wished for a baby. (Arnold, because of the herpes in his eye, had been exempted from military service.) Taking definite steps, I told Dr. Cronan that I could not be fired for reproducing. He replied, cheerfully, that he'd give me shots to promote a pregnancy. On March 14, when it happened to be snowing, I was down at his office having carbon dioxide gas pumped into me (it cleared the tubes.) Meanwhile, my mother had promised to help with the baby while I worked.

RW: Was Vedder hearing from his draft board?

CTW: He'd been reclassified, along with the other men between 28 and 36. In February the draft doctor advised him to volunteer. Instead, he moved down to Berkeley and took courses, with a possibility of getting

into the Sanitary Corps. In March, though, he switched to a government project of growing guayule, which might furnish a substitute for rubber. Tires were now rationed. Bathing caps disappeared; I stockpiled two of them just in time.

Taking Dean Ryerson's advice, Vedder went to interview Commander Aroff, who was procuring officers for the Navy. "Are you of good reputation?" asked Aroff's assistant. "I think so," said Vedder. The bureaucrat snapped out: "In the Navy, you've got to know!" There was later some gossip about that recruiter's being bribed with a bracelet.

By May, Dr. Cronan believed that I was pregnant. Charlene would be having a baby in December. At Commencement in Berkeley, President Sproul apologized because the Senior Medalist could not appear: "His country has called him elsewhere." The Medalist, a Japanese, was absent already in a concentration camp.

Out of friendship, Mrs. Berry fed Vedder and me for a month. Two kinds of fruit, besides toast, bacon, eggs, jam, honey, and coffee--that was the breakfast we got for 25 cents apiece. Dinner, at 60 cents, might be corn, radishes, celery, asparagus, fresh peas, steamed apples, chocolate cake, cheese, and coffee.

Mrs. Berry was interested, not in the war, but in her family burial plot at East Lawn, in Sacramento: "We're upstairs," said the old lady; "Tom and me wanted to be outdoors, overlooking the court."

At school, Walton Bean predicted that the campus would close and the faculty would be destitute. America would have to take orders from Germany and Japan. I kept my optimism to myself: Harper's magazine said that with our resources and know-how we could never lose a war.

RW: When did Vedder get his commission?

CTW: In June--it was not without a struggle. One day the Navy told him he was too old, wasn't a map-reader, wasn't an architect or engineer, wasn't wanted. We ate a Chinese dinner at Vacaville to console ourselves. Next day Maynard Amerine urged Vedder to go back to San Francisco and demand justice; surely there had been a mixup. Meanwhile I straightened out a mess--called my sister Georgia's public-speaking teacher to ask why she had had an F in the course. Georgia had cried bitterly over the telephone. Later this trouble was straightened out. And Vedder's trouble was straightened out: he returned to me (in the Bastille) triumphant and said, "You're talking to Lieutenant Wright." Lieutenant J. G. is better than Ensign, which was all we had hoped for. His commission was signed. To celebrate, I got out of bed about 8:30 p.m. and went with him to Sacramento to see a movie. Next day, in San Francisco, we bought his uniform and a raincoat, any number of white shirts, black socks, ties, detachable collars, cufflinks. He needed calling cards. He needed gentlemanly luggage. When I saw him off on the Overland (a blacked-out

train) on June 13, I felt like a mother sending her son to Harvard, not into danger. I told Dean Ryerson about the baby.

But my figure didn't change much. And on the morning of July 9, as I sat at my desk in Dairy Industry, writing a poem, I began to bleed. Dr. Cronan put me to bed for a month to avert a miscarriage. Mother came and took care of me, though this meant postponing important work at the dentist's; she had just had all her teeth out. In her absence, Katherine Enns (Cronan's wonderful assistant) stayed with me overnight. On another night, while Mother was present, Cronan himself came at 12:30 a.m. and remained for hours. Nothing helped--even lying on my face.

Finally, alarmed at the small size of the development, Cronan referred me to Dr. Schluter, who found that the pregnancy had terminated itself. Then followed despair. Vedder got a leave from his training at Quonset Point and drove me to Fallen Leaf Lake, where he helped me conquer my disappointment.

After he'd gone, I took summertime Spanish from Iver. It didn't cure my depression. To speed matters up, I wanted a curettement; and by signing papers, we were able to arrange it. Dean Ryerson granted me two weeks off at the beginning of the fall semester so that I could go to Vedder in Jacksonville, Florida, and try my luck again.

It worked like a charm; I had gone--on the crowded trains--at the right time. I have always thought that the baby was conceived in Saint Augustine, the oldest European settlement. At any rate, he got started somehow; and a few weeks after my return to Davis, I telephoned Dr. Cronan, "I have hit the jackpot." He was cautious; but I was right.

In a few weeks, I moved from the Bastille to Maynard Amerine's house at 242 Rice Lane--a neat little place he had bought from Margaret Maxwell when she got married. Although countless people wanted to rent that house, he let me have it (for only \$47) because I could be trusted to take care of it and the garden. The Army was shipping him to Assam for some scientific work.

RW: Was the campus about to close?

CTW: Oh, yes, it was soon given to the Signal Corps. Meanwhile we were all upset. Arnold had been teaching Gwen's classes while she took mine. When I came home, Gwen suggested that she wanted to quit and let Arnold inherit her job. He was now well along with his thesis. But the choice of time was unfortunate. Besides, he still didn't have the support of the Berkeley department.

RW: How was Sol getting along? Was he being drafted?

CTW: We thought so. He had even arranged to turn over his German class to Carol. She agreed on condition that she not have to translate from English into German. But this awkward scheme didn't have to be

carried out. At the induction center, Sol found that he had a hernia--the Army classified him as 4F. His wife, who had been in tears, was overjoyed.

In December, Charlene had her baby--Harbison Howard Parker. Soon Dean Hutchison told me that he was placing all our people except me in teaching jobs at Berkeley. There they were soon needed, for the armed services began sending men to college.

Hutchison asked what I wanted to do. In the presence of Dean Ryerson, I explained that I was pregnant. Hutchison said I might do editorial work full time. And I could use my accumulated sick leave for maternity. Hutchison himself had long ago convinced Sproul that faculty women should have that privilege, "After all," he told Sproul, "having a baby is a perfectly natural thing." Bob, what a profound truth!

RW: Wasn't Hutchison a czar?

CTW: He wore his hat very straight on his head. But if he was a czar, it was a benevolent czar. When he retired, the faculty presented him with a Pontiac; I was there at the party. Later he became mayor of Berkeley. He is now past ninety-three, but looks sixty-five; I saw him last Picnic Day. We joked about maternity leaves.

RW: Getting back now to the war years: didn't your sister Georgia go into the WAVES?

CTW: Yes. She began talking of it before graduation. She and I were alone here at Christmas, 1942; Mother was taking care of Charlene's baby. Those dear Kleibers had us over for dinner--roast goose, white wine, candles floating in a bowl of water. It was my best Christmas in three years. But Georgia was often tearful. She looked like Joan Crawford and wanted to make conquests, but she was timid. When a man took her out in Berkeley and offered her a Lifesaver, she thought the candy was a "Mickey Finn." I've told you how helpless she was, telephoning me about her F in Public Speaking. Well, she flunked the English Comprehensive exam. She had trusted a coach, whom she'd paid to get her through. When she flunked, she called me up and was hysterical. But I found she could still graduate in the "General Curriculum."

RW: Did she go straight into the WAVES?

CTW: No, first she worked for the Moore Drydock Company. But when there was danger of being frozen to her job, she enlisted. In May of 1943 she worked in a Naval building at the Civic Center in San Francisco. She introduced me to a Captain, elderly, covered with gold braid and medals. He was senile and retired, but had been reactivated so he could sign important papers without reading them.

Later Georgia passed tests and was taken to Smith College, where, like Gwen, she had officer's training. She worked in an office in Washington, D.C. But she hated it--felt that the other girls didn't like her. Also, she had an unfortunate love affair. Georgia wanted to be placed on a pedestal and worshipped by a husband who would bring her red roses. Yet she didn't marry a flyer who loved her and who painted her name on a bomber. They were engaged, but she quarreled with him. When she blamed herself, it was too late. Eventually she was threatened with a nervous breakdown; Gwen visited her in the Naval Hospital at Bethesda, Maryland--found her playing cards. The nurse said, "She just wants to get out of the service." And she did get out--worked in Washington as a civilian. She reproached our family for never having understood her.

RW: Did Gwen leave Arnold and go into the WAVES?

CTW: It wasn't like that. When our campus was turned over to the Signal Corps, at the end of 1942, Arnold volunteered for the Red Cross and was stationed at Camp Roberts to help the soldiers with their problems. Gwen taught at Berkeley. She and I saw Ethel Barrymore on the stage in The Corn Is Green. I sometimes visited the apartment where she lived with Bess Ellen Backus (who later worked here). But one day, sitting in her car alone with me, Gwen explained that Arnold wanted a divorce. He now had his degree, but he associated her with the misery of plugging away. By April 1944 she was awaiting her commission in the WAVES. Like Vedder, she became a Lieutenant, J.G. At San Pedro, where all the men from the Pacific came in, she was chief assistant to the commanding officer. Unhappy over Arnold, she became ill, swelling up with a kind of dropsy. For months they shunted her from one Naval hospital to another, as a guinea pig. Finally massive doses of calcium halted the disease. But the rest of us were back in Davis long before poor Gwen was able to join us.

RW: Her mysterious ailment was the subject of medical articles. Her condition was extremely rare.

CTW: Since then her arthritis has come back. She had it as a graduate student; then it seemed to be cured by shots of gold, given by a doctor at the U.C. Hospital. She was well for ten years, but she now has it again. Her mother had it; and her sister Evelyn also.

RW: Did you write during your pregnancy?

CTW: Yes; I had energy. Besides doing the editorial work (which involved 101 manuscripts in one year), I wrote papers called "Something More about Eve" and "The Female Worthies in Elizabethan Literature." And the poems kept coming. Alan Swallow accepted "Daguerreotype" (that's about a picture of my grandmother) and "Columbia Dry Falls"; he was poetry editor of the New Mexico Quarterly. There Yvor Winters, at Stanford, happened to see them. Though we'd never met, he wrote me he was "jarred off his dignity." He said that nowadays he was seldom able to find any civilized verse. One joke was this: Alan Swallow was annoyed with me for

not putting enough stamps on my manuscript. I wrote back to explain that I was pregnant and hadn't wanted to walk downtown. (I didn't charge such postage to the university.)

But with such encouragement, I revamped "Bread and Roses," which I'd written at eighteen. The address had peeled off, and it came back from the Dead Letter Office. But eventually I sold it for five dollars to American Poet. I wrote "Noblesse Oblige" for Poetry.

Walking to the campus one day, I stopped to smell a rose, and I said to myself, "Pregnancy is a happy time."

CTW: By February 1943 the Signal Corps had engulfed the campus--except for some labs that Agriculture kept going. Out of those labs came the manuscripts for my editorial work. I felt pinned when a stiff and unsmiling officer moved into my office. Every morning thereafter I walked along past the sentry (showing him my I.D. card) and proceeded to my quiet room in Animal Science, overlooking the lawn. Signal Corps men strolled by with their walky-talkies, but they weren't distracting.

We were in a war, no doubt about it. One of Vedder's men was killed in an airplane crash at Banana River, Florida. Brad Weaver, my former German student, had been asphyxiated by exhaust fumes while working on the Yold Causeway. Young Betty Marx, next door to Ann, married an aviator; his ship was sunk a few hours after leaving the East Coast.

AM: Did you mind the wartime rationing?

CTW: Not really. We had stamps for meat, sugar, and canned goods. Dr. Cronan didn't want me to eat much; I gained only fifteen pounds, which I lost when the baby came. We watched seven-and-a-half (average for a boy). He was born July 6, 1943. Labor pains had begun on Independence Day while I was watching a parade from the window--soldiers marching through Davis. I was very stupid: though the birth was due, I couldn't figure out what the matter was; so I telephoned Cronan about "some few shenanigans of the baby." Little "Florida" had been kicking for some time; you could see the outline of a foot. On Valentine's Day, lying on a sofa near the fire, suddenly I had felt a kick in my slats. (That's what Cronan called them--slats.) By telephone on July 4, Cronan told me to pack for the hospital. I at once wrote Dean Hutchinson that I'd not be back in my office next morning.

It proved impossible to get a bed, though we'd reserved one at Sutter Maternity. "You could have your baby at home," said the doctor; but I did not want Mother going into a tizzy around me. "No," I said. "I want wait." Cronan gave me capsules to slow me down. I put a string of pearls and detective stories into my bag, expecting to enjoy the hospital. But because of my eye, I had a miserable time there.

RW: What happened to your eye?

CTW: A horrid accident in the delivery room! The anesthetist leaned on the mask because it didn't fit my face. Maybe she injured a focusing muscle. Maybe she just emphasized my astigmatism. Anyway, my eye went out of focus and began streaming tears. When I woke up in a delivery room, I ran for the nurse. "Go to sleep," she said. "Your baby's very small, later." I was determined to get even with that.

XIV MOTHERHOOD AND THE WAR, 1943-1945

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Next day I sent for Kahler, the best eye doctor in Sacramento. "No," he said, "your eyeball has not been burned with a chemical; there's a slight bruise. Later, after you're strong, I'll examine your eyes." Eventually he gave me reading glasses for my editorial work.

RW: Too bad your time in the hospital was spoiled.

CTW: Yes, and I'd been annoyed to hear two nurses betting on me in the delivery room: "Here's fifty cents that says she won't have that baby for hours yet." Well, I had it--she lost her money. There was also a nightmare experience with breastfeeding. Margaret Kleiber, who (with Max) brought me to the hospital, explained that it was my duty. Nevertheless I failed as a cow. One of the nurses was impatient: "That baby," she said, "is going down, down, down." Being very blond, he looked frail and white. I cried bitterly. Not that I didn't admire him: "This baby is different!" I said. But he made a face when he tried to nurse; they had told me to sponge my nipples with antiseptic. Dr. Cronan found me practically hysterical. Part of the trouble was that I didn't hear from Vedder. Though he knew just when the baby was due, he had gone to Washington to see about a transfer from Jacksonville; he didn't like his superior officer. Not for ages did he answer my telegram. Meanwhile, after ten days in Sutter Maternity, I had gone home with Little Vee.

RW: Did you name him for his father?

CTW: Yes, but we called him Vee to distinguish between them. And Vee stood for Victory; Winston Churchill was always giving the V sign. So I put the Morse code symbol for V on the birth announcements, which Harbison made; but only one of my friends figured out the name. Some asked whether it was Victor.

RW: When did your husband first see the baby?

CTW: He couldn't get leave until our son was a year old. Then he came, and I took him into Vee's bedroom at 3:00 a.m. When the baby looked up, his eyes squinted because of the flashlight. "Isn't he kind of a homely kid?" asked Vedder. Actually, he was good-looking. I'll never forget how tender I felt toward him in the hospital, just before I took him home. I was dressing him. His little shirt--a hospital shirt--had a hole in it, and his downy skin showed through. He was asleep. My sonnet

"Two O'Clock Feeding" dates from that time. As my diary said, being with Vee was like falling in love.

In September 1943, when the baby was two months old, I had to start commuting to Berkeley. I put up at Hotel Nash, which was inexpensive. Since this was wartime, the sheets were so ragged that my toes went through them. I ate skimpy meals on Shattuck Avenue. Finally Professor Griffin, who was in charge at Davis, explained that I was entitled to travel money.

Soon Alva Day offered me a place to sleep. (Her father was a pomologist, and I'd taught her in English 1A.) She and I had been in the hospital at the same time. She was now Mrs. Clay Hansen; her husband, a flyer in New Guinea, disappeared somewhere in the mountains. Alva kept her chin up. "Can we take it?" she laughed to me, meaning that we must play our role as good military wives. She believed that Clay was among the natives. But he never came back. So she started graduate work in botany, and I lived for some time with her and her mother and baby Mary Joyce, sleeping on a wall bed two nights a week, and sharing a good dinner and breakfast.

Commuting became tolerable. I would read in the train, sometimes sitting on my suitcase because the cars were crowded. I corrected manuscripts three days in Berkeley, two days at home.

In the summer of 1944 I stayed at Mary Rubo's house; she was the chief assistant to my boss. Her eighty-year-old mother had just died. Mary's husband had committed suicide while teaching at Etna, in the mountains. She always blamed herself: if she hadn't had to support her family, she would have been with him. In October 1944 she joined the WAAC, and there she helped a psychiatrist with his work among the soldiers. According to him her poor husband had probably had a brain tumor. That made her feel better. If she hadn't been a little too old, she would have liked to become a psychiatrist herself. She had a bachelor's degree in genetics and a broad knowledge of agricultural science.

She and I had happy times; I was very fond of her. And we had fun with Dorothy Wilkie, the chief secretary. When Mary went into the service, Dorothy invited me to live with her and the Cloptons (her sister Margie and her brother-in-law Percy)--dear, kind people. I slept in a room called "El Dumpo," which Dorothy used partly for her hobby, photography. I'd sit up in my bed, busy with editorial work or with poems. I wrote part of "Grave in the Foothills" there. In the morning Percy would have a big pot of coffee on the stove. At night I'd share in the family dinner.

RW: For lunches, you probably went downtown.

CTW: Most of the food was poor, but we sometimes splurged by going to the Black Sheep, a famous restaurant; we loved their salads and pecan pie. Now and then I ate at the YWCA with John Harold Swan, who was divorced and was studying law at Boalt Hall. He was probably still serving in the state Senate.

RW: How did you like the chief editor?

CTW: He did not overwork. He kept two hats on hand--one to wear, one to leave on his desk. When people looked for Mr. Berg, they saw the hat and thought he was in the building. Meanwhile he might be off having coffee on Shattuck Avenue. He bought chocolates at the black market; candy was rationed.

Mary said he used to coax her to go with him to a drinking fountain far from the office; he thought the water was particularly good. To her it seemed like a waste of time. He had many idiosyncrasies, which I've included in Reason's a Rabbit, the novel no publisher has accepted; he figures there as the heroine's boss. The heroine is really my chum Barbara, and the story concerns her marriage to the seafaring man.

Berg called me efficient. But he wanted me to come down even when I could have worked better at home. Once he told me to go through a long manuscript and erase a lot of penciled words. Any grade-school child could have done that labor. When I said, "My time is worth quite a bit. Couldn't you find something better for me to do?" he replied, "Dean Hutchison told me to use you in any way I see fit."

RW: Here I must raise my eyebrows slightly.

CTW: As a rule, though, there were lots of manuscripts. One job was on a centennial volume containing essays by various professors of Agriculture. One economist complained to the dean; he didn't want me to change his truly deplorable writing. The dean told me that this volume was exceptional; the authors in it could have their own way. I was free to rewrite the bulletins and circulars.

Let me give you some idea of Experiment Station prose at its worst. One researcher, who later became a dean, wrote this: "We finally located one of the calves, which was hidden among some bushes by its loud breathing." A department head wrote: "A fifth attendant massaged the udders after most of the milk was drawn out by the machines and removed them from the cows." That same man once asked me to help with a talk he was planning. "I want to make a few trite remarks," he said.

RW: Many people have the wrong definition of trite.

CTW: To change the subject, let me tell you about a surprising telephone call that I had at the office in Berkeley. We women had argued about the pronunciation of "Giannini Hall." I finally wrote to

Mr. Giannini's secretary about it. Behold, Mr. Amadeo P. Giannini himself called me up and instructed me. I was almost right; I had come pretty close.

RW: Wasn't he the founder of the Bank of America?

CTW: Yes. Years later, during the oath controversy, I saw his son, Louis, resign from our Board of Regents. He was disgusted with the students. Next thing, he said, they'd be wanting the University to build dormitories.

RW: While you were commuting, did your mother manage O.K?

CTW: There was one panicky night when she telephoned that the baby had croup. It was 2:00 a.m., but I told her to call Dr. Cronan. One of my mother's nephews, about 1904, had died of croup. Cronan told her how to give the baby some medicated steam. That dear man!

Soon Mother herself got the flu. She was in her sixties. Luckily, we were able to get help from a relative, whom we called Aunt Mae. She was fine, strong, sensible. Religion was her mainstay, and I respected it. But she did have a crush on Aimee Semple McPherson and the Angelus Temple. Once, at dinner, she struck her clasped hands down on the table and cried out, "Praise the Lord--I'm washed in the Blood!"

Mother's next helper was a cousin from Plymouth, Massachusetts. Hazel Robertson Cushing was past forty, but still had a beautiful complexion, beautiful blue eyes, blond wavy hair. Since she wouldn't put her pink nail polish into water, Mother had to wash all the dishes and the baby's clothes. But Hazel cooked, and she taught me to drive. I figured that if she could pilot my Ford, anybody could.

Hazel was a divorcee. Eventually she left us because she feared that her boy friend, Clarky, would take up with another gal. Actually he was too devoted to his mother. Hazel finally contented herself with a different man as her second husband.

In 1944, Mother's sister came to our rescue; she stayed for eight months. Vedder and I had seen her in Jacksonville, where she ran a little drycleaning agency. Unfortunately she and I never enjoyed each other; she thought education had made me snobbish. But since I was commuting, it didn't matter much.

Later in Alhambra, Aunt Tressa met a widower named Avril Stark. Mother was down there too, and he hesitated between the sisters until he learned that Mother considered herself still married. Then he made Tressa a good husband; she collected salt-and-pepper shakers and a bust of Abraham Lincoln. Since the bust had no eyeballs, she inserted into it the eyes from an old fox-fur neckpiece; these gave Abe a peculiar look. After poor Tressa died of cancer, Avril continued to like our family; his third

wife was Aunt Mae (the widow of Uncle George Kelley). They attended Angelus Temple together.

About suitors, Mother was so skittish that she was scandalized when her cousin's widower paid his court to her during a visit to New Brunswick in her seventies. "He wanted me to go out for the day in a motorboat alone," she said. "I told him people would talk too much."

RW: Did you find Amerine's house comfortable?

CTW: Except for rats in the garage! Once when we opened the back door, a big rat dashed through the kitchen and on into a lower bookshelf. Luckily a cat, which we'd been feeding, followed that rat out of the woodpile, seized it by the neck, and killed it. We rewarded that cat with a good home. When a veterinarian spayed her, he was upset to find kittens inside. Then Mother, a born nurse, sat up all night, turning that cat from side to side every half hour, as the doctor advised. It survived for many months--finally died from eating gophers that had been poisoned. Or so old Dr. Asbill thought. He came only in time to see her stretched out, dying, by the sink. It was nice of him to come. He'd been out all day castrating sheep.

Speaking of rats and mice: the janitor in Animal Science asked me to help him with his income tax; a mouse had eaten part of his statement from the university. To reward me, he made a footstool for my office desk. But being white, it always gave me an uneasy feeling that I had a chamberpot under my desk. Back in Maine in the winter, glimpses of chamberpots under the beds were common.

RW: Too bad you didn't have Charlene for company during the war.

CTW: Oh, I did have! Her husband was drafted--assigned to teach illiterate sailors at Williamsburg, Virginia, that Colonial town. And so Charlene and little Harby lived here--first in a cottage at Marie Whitcombe's, then in a house behind North Hall. After Little Harby could walk, her chief occupation was chasing him. He ran away--there was no lock he could not open. Once she found him sitting on a stool at Tommy's restaurant, three blocks away, eating an ice-cream cone.

RW: Did you go to church in those days?

CTW: No; I was not like Mrs. Stetson, across the street, who got a letter of commendation from President Roosevelt for having five sons in the war. (I had taught a couple of those boys.) Every single day, Mrs. Stetson prayed at Saint James's for her sons' safety. Sure enough, every one of them came home.

But I did consent to write a history of the Davis Community Church. Though I didn't attend, I had been on the board of the Cal Aggie Christian Association. I located the previous buildings. One had become the Calpha

fraternity; even today, it's a fraternity house--across from the church. I interviewed Mr. Hall, who was in his nineties. Though his daughter made him stop riding his bicycle, he was still spry enough to paint the flagpole on his roof. He told me about a very early minister who lasted only a few months: that man used to visit Sacramento by train and get drunk; he'd walk through Davis afterward, lurching along. Of course he was fired. Well, the church insisted on giving me a war bond for my baby; I had refused payment for the history, a nice little leaflet.

RW: Were you writing V-letters to your former students?

CTW: Oh, yes. Those were messages that the Government reduced in size and sent overseas by airplane. I heard from Ralph Emmerton before he was killed in Italy--that dear, big, lovable Airedale of a boy who had helped our department with typewriting. And I wrote to Wilson Anderson, who'd been drafted away from Lockheed and was running messages for the Army in Europe, somewhere in the mud. Especially, Mother and I sent V-letters to Carlos Gonzales, in New Caledonia.

RW: Who was Carlos? I've heard you mention him.

CTW: He became practically a member of the family. He met Vedder one evening in Mexico City. Just on the strength of that one meeting, he came to me in Davis. Through Professor Griffin, I found Carlos a fruit-picking job near Chico. He'd visit Mother and me--he adored Mother. Finally he volunteered for the Army. He lied about his citizenship. Really, he'd entered California by hiding in a truck, down Ensenada way. But he didn't tell me this until later on. Instead he claimed to have been born in Twin Falls, Idaho. So off he went into the Service, expecting to get a good education in the Army.

One day an FBI man entered my office, showed me his badge, and asked about Carlos. I was quaking in my boots; but I figured that no one would send a pregnant woman to jail. "Surely," said the FBI man, "you must have had some suspicions." "He's a good boy," I said, "who had no chance in his own country. He wanted to enlist in our Army. And that's where he is now." The whole situation changed. "Oh," said the FBI man. "We thought he must be a draft evader."

The upshot was that Carlos got a harsh lecture from his commanding officer, but all was forgiven. He was an exemplary soldier. In New Caledonia he endeared himself by getting dates with French girls for all the fellows in his outfit. He was quick at languages. And after the war, he received citizenship as a reward for good service. The Government sent him to college here--Nondegree work--and he graduated with honors in Dairy Industry. He constantly dropped in on our family. After Vedder came back, he helped to paint our house on A Street, but would accept no money. Finally he went off to see his family in Guatemala. Having been trained to make cheese, he took some equipment with him on a truck. This was ambitious of him, but he overlooked the fact that in Guatemala he couldn't

get decent milk. So he drifted to Venezuela, and we saw him no more for a number of years.

RW: In wartime your colleagues taught at Berkeley--Gwen, Carol, Sol, and Iver. What about Jim Smith, the Subject A man?

CTW: He fell in love with a kindergarten teacher, Ruth Hocking, at the Bastille. When he was drafted, he worked at the Induction Center in Sacramento. Later he married Ruth and taught first at Cal Poly, then at Northridge. He's had one-man art shows--he's a painter as well as an English professor.

All this came long after the war. But one night in 1943, I was startled to have Dean Hutchison phone me from Berkeley, telling me to get into touch with Jim Smith. That young man still had in his closet about ninety books that he never found time to use for his graduate work. What he didn't realize was that he no longer had faculty privileges. The Librarian had sent notices, which, unopened, were piled sky high on his dresser. Now that Dean Hutchison had lighted a firecracker under me, I got going--put real pressure on Jim Smith. And he returned those books. After marrying Ruth, he was more efficient.

RW: When was Vedder sent into combat duty?

CTW: Very late. He stayed in Florida for a long time, but at last he began wandering like Ulysses. First he came back on leave, expecting to be shipped out on a carrier with a squadron of planes. Instead he was ordered to Kansas. When he got there, he wasn't needed. Then he was transferred to San Diego, rode to Sacramento on a bomber, and telephoned me to pick him up. I had only a learner's permit for my car. "Never mind," he said; "just drive over anyway." It took me longer to find McClellan Field than it had taken the bomber to bring Vedder from San Diego.

This was not the end of the snafu. Vedder was next ordered to Seattle; I saw him off on the combined Beaver and Cascade trains. Five days later he telegraphed me he'd arrive in Davis that night, having been assigned to Alameda. Great! Now I could be with him sometimes. But at Alameda he wasn't expected either. We registered at a hotel.

It was then that we had a double date with a Lieutenant Commander and his wife. First we dined at the Officers' Club; then we went to a movie in San Francisco. It was months before Vedder told me the truth about that couple; they weren't married.

RW: Nowadays that wouldn't lift many eyebrows.

CTW: Well, it shocked me, for the man had a wife in the East; those two were living in what used to be called sin. Yet I liked the woman:

she was handsome, gracious, and self-supporting--a hostess at one of the best hotels.

RW: Did Vedder stay in Alameda after all?

CTW: What do you think? The good old Navy sent him to Watsonville, early in October 1944. There I visited him a few times and did a little writing. We had one adventure at that hotel--smelled smoke coming from the next room. When we called the manager, he found a burning mattress and a drunken lady, whose cigarette had started the blaze. When the same thing happened for an encore the following night, the manager requested her to leave.

RW: What were you writing?

CTW: Some new poems, such as "Northern Waterfall." I entered a collection in a Houghton Mifflin contest. Josephine Miles was competing also. We were beaten by Elizabeth Bishop with North and South.

RW: You were in good company there. But did Vedder stay put?

CTW: No, he went up to Arcata with the squadron. One of his friends was killed in a plane crash--a young man who'd been interested in history and who wanted to get a Ph.D.

When Vedder actually went to sea, he visited Hawaii and the Philippines and Okinawa. I learned that Merc Phillips, who'd been student-body vice-president, and who'd worked in the Philippines as an agricultural expert, was shot when the Japanese took over, in 1942. He had married Mabel Wiesendanger; one of their children grew up to be a student of mine. After Mabel too died, I remembered how happy and hopeful she had been when Merc came courting her at South Hall.

Vedder was fortunate. By the time he got to sea, the end was in sight. Truman succeeded Roosevelt; the bomb was dropped on Hiroshima; Vedder entered Tokyo with an army of occupation. He bought me some Japanese prints. And he grew a handle-bar moustache; for a long time his mother tried to ship him a jar of moustache wax; it didn't catch up with him before V-J Day.

Looking forward to the time when we could have a normal family life, I bought some land from Professor Bobby Miller, the expert on sheep; Miller Drive bears his name. My lot was on A Street, opposite the high school. After Vedder got back, we called it "the Big Dirt." He planted almond trees and grew chrysanthemums. But we never built there; and when we sold the lot, the new owner cut down the almond trees.

RW: Materials were scarce after the war.

CTW: Oh, yes. And we made other arrangements. In October 1945, with both Vedder and Amerine getting out of the service, I needed a house. Vee was getting big. He rode on the carpet sweeper when Mother was using it. He would proudly bring in the mail, and he learned not to take our books out of the bookcases. He helped Mother shell almonds from the trees at Amerine's.

Though I thought of buying a house, I passed up some chances. I don't regret deciding against the Carroll Howell place, at \$12,600; it needed repairs and was later torn down to make way for the Davis Funeral Home. What I most regret was a place in College Park--\$11,000. College Park, Bob! Think what those houses are worth now.

Mother favored a rented house on A Street, which Ruth Storer told me about. A family was moving away. So I begged the landlady to rent again instead of selling. Finally, like manna from heaven, I got her permission by special-delivery letter on November 17. I gave boxes of candy to Mrs. Frank Greer and Mrs. Delpha Williamson, who helped to persuade her. And so when Vedder came home that month, we had a place. First he telephoned me from his brother's house in Fresno. Next day, coming back from my office, I found his bags in the front hall. Then I saw him, with his handle-bar moustaches, which the Japanese ladies had giggled at on the streets of Tokyo. He was soon hunting pheasants with his Davis friends.

RW: I've seen a photograph of him with Vee--in a white uniform. He came out a Lieutenant Commander.

CTW: We called on the Ryersons while he was dressed up. Vee was shy around him at first; the poor man was a stranger to his own son.

RW: Did Amerine return promptly?

CTW: Oh, yes. Mother worked like a beaver, cleaning everything; a man from Woodland waxed the floors. When Maynard saw them, he was so delighted that he called in his friends and held a dancing party. He said that his home had never before been so neat.

RW: Was the new house big enough?

CTW: There was more space than you'd think: besides the bedroom, there was a back porch, enclosed; also a dining room, which could be a bedroom. But we didn't want Mother living with us. She and Vedder had never got along. In Berkeley she was always upset because he went swimming at noon instead of coming home to lunch. After the war, Vedder put his foot down, and I rented a room for her on First Street. But it was tiny, and she didn't like eating with us. Finally Mrs. Ryder, the widow of our landlord in Pasadena, hired her as a companion.

RW: That sounds like a good solution.

CTW: No, it wasn't. Susie B. Ryder was very rich; she was also stingy. She made Mother stand in line to pay bills for water and electricity. Finally Mother quit and moved into an apartment belonging to Avril Stark, of Alhambra, who had married her sister. Later she went back east again. Eventually she lived in Berkeley for a long time and was happy painting religious pictures. She had talent.

My hope of continuing to rent that house on A Street was fatuous. One morning a year or two later, I walked the landlady and said that she needed money for buying a place in San Francisco; if we didn't pay her \$7,000, somebody else would. So I sold half my Standard Oil stock, Vedder cashed his war bonds, and we gave her the money. If only I'd borrowed from the bank, I'd still own that stock. The shares that I did keep have been split twice, and I've had some stock bonuses. If I hadn't been a stick-in-the-mud, I could have made a killing in Davis real estate. In the early days, you could buy a house for \$3000.

RW: College Park was started by faculty to avoid taxes. They insisted that anyone building there must spend at least \$6,000. College Park is a showplace now. For awhile Tom Hanzo owned Ira Smith's former house.

CTW: You've had an impressive home in Elmwood and are now on Oak Avenue. But Warner Wilson tells me, "Never look back!" He's the banker who urged me not to sell my Standard Oil.

Just after the war, though, Vedder and I worried mainly about getting someone to take care of Vee. I'd been negotiating with Julia (or "Hoolia") Gonzales, a sister of Carlos; I sent her money and sponsored her entry. The bureaucrats were maddening. One consul wrote, "You have given us as reference a Bank of Davis, and you say you're employed by a College of Agriculture"--as if I might be lying. When I'd almost given up, Dean Ryerson telephoned me from the airport on January 27, 1946. "Come," he said, "and pick up your Guatemalan maid." A month later my mother left for Pasadena, feeling dethroned and hating to leave Vee.

RW: How was the new housekeeper?

CTW: She was not ideal. Of course I couldn't converse with her, although Vedder knew Spanish. She'd wash Vee's hands with the dishrag and give him food that was ice-box cold. For a while she thought toilet paper belonged in the waste basket; in Guatemala, the toilets were not reliable. And she didn't want to bathe; her brother read her a lecture about baths. Being unhappy, she'd drift over to a jolly Mexican household. Sometimes she felt sick; I think she had a hereditary disease. Ages afterward, poor Carlos developed it too. It's called Huntington's chorea, and there's no cure.

The break with Julia came in the summer of 1946, when she asked to work in the cannery, for higher wages, and I said she couldn't return

if she left us. She chose Woodland and the cannery. Later she went back to Guatemala; and there, after a while, she died. She was not attractive or bright; I have always felt guilty because I just didn't like having her around.

We advertised for a housekeeper, and an applicant turned up--a regular battleaxe. Aside from the cooking, she didn't do much. After two weeks, at a time when Vedder was away, she and I quarreled, and I was delighted to take her back to Sacramento. (The traffic wasn't heavy in those days; I actually used to drive over there.)

At this point Vedder offered to keep an eye on our three-year-old boy while writing stories at home. He'd decided to be a freelance writer. When he had a chance to work for the state Department of Agriculture, he and I felt we'd been separated enough; that job would have involved traveling. So he took a course in story-writing from the Extension, and his mother gave him a beautiful standard typewriter.

shell-shocked. One Japanese American had a perforation complex--probably with reason. A French boy who had driven an ambulance in Europe somehow came here. He had an epileptic seizure in my office, and he was sucking phenobarbital. "These," he said, "are no light doses." He was elected student-body president, but as Dean Ryerson emphasized, this didn't give him the usual power.

Ry: What was the enrollment?

CTW: About fifty students, including some who were not high school graduates. As the only English teacher, I taught Hondegeer for the first time. But then my morale was high, after Germany surrendered. Without waiting for VJ day, U.C. gave the agricultural faculty a bonus.

Then followed an odd kind of summer session; I had only two students in English 60, a composition course. One literate person was Jack Mulcahy, who had made money building houses for defense workers. We've kept in touch. He and his wife, a women doctor, named one of their children Celeste; that young lady has graduated from here.

In October college attracted a good many veterans, including those who aspired to the new veterinary school. I marveled at the intelligence of my degree classes. But since Sol Fishman had seventy-five Hondegeer, we needed help.

Into my office, providentially, came a brilliant young woman who had lately married a G.I. from Davis. She was Patricia Baker, with honors in English from Smith College, an M.A. from Duke. Her husband was a wheat farmer. Dean Ryerson arranged for her last-minute appointment. She was very congenial; after a Subject A exam, we'd have refreshments at Pat's place and then work until 10:00 p.m.

XV POSTWAR PROBLEMS, 1945-1949

RW: Of course the college reopened after the war. Still, you haven't described what went on.

CTW: The time was March 1945, before the war ended. Mr. Berg, my boss, predicted there wouldn't be any students and that I'd come back to him. But there were students--mainly the first veterans. Some were shell-shocked. One Japanese American had a persecution complex--probably with reason. A French boy who had driven an ambulance in Europe somehow came here. He had an epileptic seizure in my office, and he was popping phenobarbital. "These," he said, "are no light dose." He was elected student-body president, but as Dean Ryerson emphasized, this didn't give him the usual power.

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There was only one catch, but it kept snagging Pat's career: just after she'd signed yet another contract and bought some more good-looking clothes, she would discover that she was pregnant. Besides Kathy, whom she had brought with her, she produced first a boy and then twins (a boy and a girl). For a time she earned money from short stories, which she sold (no mean feat) to Cosmopolitan and Redbook. She and Jack needed the income in dry years, when his wheat crop was scanty. Later she became society editor of the Democrat.

She left Davis under tragic circumstances. Jack was a victim of polio: what looked like the flu soon took him to an iron lung in San Francisco, where he died almost overnight. For a time Pat wrote speeches for Governor Pat Brown. After his term was up, she moved to Tiburon and wrote for the Pacific Gas and Electric Company. She sent the four children to college. But we all missed her. Jack had been Vedder's close friend.

RW: I believe Carol Brady did not return after the war.

CTW: No, she became the first woman in the English department at the University of Pennsylvania. There, alas, she failed and collapsed. Mr. Brodeur tried to place her with us, but we had no opening. After a painful experience in Oregon, where she drove through the mountains as a part of some job in adult education, she went East again. The last work we heard of her getting was that of answering the telephone at the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine, in New York. Not for years have I had the slightest clue to her whereabouts.

RW: When did Gwen get out of the hospital?

CTW: She returned to us for the spring semester of 1948. Meanwhile, in the fall of 1946, Paul Jorgensen came here from Bakersfield Junior College. Paul was delightful--a Berkeley Ph.D. whom Sol recommended. Unfortunately it was impossible for him to find housing. He got into trouble when a real-estate agent took him into a house through a window. That agent--a respected elderly man--told Paul that the owner was eager to sell. But there was a tenant who threatened to sue. Paul gave up, bought a house in Berkeley, and commuted. After a year he accepted a transfer to UCLA.

RW: He is now an authority on Shakespeare.

CTW: Once, by the way, I did him a small favor. When the University of New Mexico asked me to recommend someone for the chairmanship there, I suggested Paul; he was actually approached, and this boosted his stock at UCLA.

In 1946 most departments were recruiting. One chairman wrote me to hire anyone who could either read or write--"I have ceased," he said, "to demand both." At UCLA, that fall, I not only read a paper on the

Elizabethan Female Worthies, but interviewed Everett Carter, a prize student of Louis B. Wright's. In Hollywood, before entering graduate school, Everett had written literally hundreds of lyrics for the movies. He might have joined us if there had been housing. Now, of course, he is here.

After failing to secure Everett, I sent Stanford an SOS. They recommended Byron Guyer. For us, however, he caused headaches. The first one came when, after agreeing to join us, he had a better offer from Humboldt State. Could we match the assistant professorship? Since we could not, he dropped us, saying, "I am only human."

Then I leaped at the chance to get a Harvard Ph.D. whom Vernon Puryear had discovered at the Berkeley faculty club. Mr. Blennerhassett agreed to be ours. But a day or two later he telephoned, saying, "Is my face red! Stanford has made me an offer. My wife prefers it because of the social life."

Then at last, providentially, I heard from Linda Van Norden, a UCLA Ph.D. recommended by Louis B. Wright and Will Mathews. Before she replied to my letter, several other candidates had slipped through our hands. Finally she telephoned from Takoma, Washington, where for fourteen years she had been an assistant professor at the College of Puget Sound. You remember her telephone voice, Bob: like President Sproul, she really didn't need a phone. But she visited Davis. And, as Lily B. Campbell had said, she was "well turned out"--bought her wardrobe at I. Magnin's.

RW: Remember her mother's famous remark about Macy's: "I suppose there have to be such places." But indeed Linda was a fashionplate.

CTW: She was tall, willowy, dark-haired. She looked stunning in a floppy hat when Vedder and I took her to the Hotel Espanol. She was loads of fun. But when I tried to get her an assistant professorship, Stanley Freeborn dragged his heels. Her teaching at Puget Sound had been predoctoral. I argued that young men like Bob Allard would not take an instructorship. So why should Linda? Her A.B. at Stanford had been in Classics; she was at home in medieval Latin. Having studied a year at the University of Bordeaux, she spoke French like a native.

RW: She was a native Californian, too--Norden, up in the Sierras, is named for her father, an engineer who had once been a clergyman. He'd been president of Elmira College in New York State.

CTW: Don't slight Mrs. Van Norden, either. She was one of the first coeds at Stanford. The word "gentlewoman" comes to mind.

RW: Indeed it does. Her age was a mystery; gentlewomen do not reveal their ages. She was a second wife--much younger than Linda's father, who had grown children at the time of their marriage. As a widow she accompanied Linda and the younger sister, Marnie, to Stanford.

Although Linda was a Theta, she lived at home. I believe they had to manage on a small legacy.

CTW: Mrs. Van Norden treated her girls as children. Once, in my presence, she told Linda, who was past forty, how to make tea. She whispered, "Linda isn't practical." Actually, Linda's parties were magnificent. She'd serve strawberries as big as plums.

RW: She got gourmet items in Berkeley, where Marnie was executive secretary of the Art department.

CTW: When Freeborn finally gave in, and Linda was coming, she had to live at Ann Aschenfelder's, as I said earlier; but she soon escaped.

I had to find lodgings for a Fräulein who taught German. Since the Herman Allingers were of German descent, I thought she'd flourish at their house. But, alas, she boiled vegetables in her bedroom. She wept, too, when she had to leave our department; but she had no Ph.D. We were holding an assistant professorship for Sig--Siegfried Puknat--who was under contract at Carlton College, in Minnesota. When he and I talked at my mother-in-law's place, he promised to come as soon as possible.

RW: What other new friends did you have?

CTW: After the Signal Corps left, one of the first people I met was Edna Yeh, a chemist who had graduated from a mission school in China. Her husband was now Chiang Kai-shek's foreign minister; later his ambassador to the U.S.A. Not liking Madame Chiang, Edna refused to live with her husband in China, or Formosa. She had a small house on B Street and a job on campus.

RW: I've heard that her husband always brought an entourage of limousines when he came to see her at Davis. Their son Max was a student here; he went on to graduate work at Chicago. The daughter, Marian, also had a splendid record.

CTW: Not only did Edna cook me two of the best Chinese dinners I have ever had, but she invited me to a big party for Mr. Yeh. He and his aides were predicting that they would be leaving Formosa (Taiwan) for the mainland of China within a year. When I was talking with Mr. Yeh, I felt that his mind was working like quicksilver. He was a graduate of Amherst, a cultured American gentleman.

But about other friends: Vedder and I were fond of the Louis Manns. First I'd done editorial work for him. Then I'd met Margery (or Pat--for Patterson) on a train. One day she worked in my office--on a manuscript for Pomology. Although she was a graduate (in art history) of Goucher College, her job on our campus was typing. The tables in that manuscript were deadly. At the end of the day, she resigned. But Vedder and I began seeing the Manns socially. Unlike me, he shared their passion for gardening--taking chrysanthemums to the State Fair. Later Pat

distinguished herself as a photographer; she published reviews of photography shows.

RW: Where were our departmental offices at this period?

CTW: In December 1947, Courtland Mudge, the Bacteriology chairman, kicked us out of Dairy Industry; we'd hoped for more time. I had to do much of the packing with my own hands--putting other people's books into boxes. "I cannot help you today; go tell Mudge to fly a kite"--such was the attitude of my male colleagues. But Dean Ryerson, under pressure, sent an eviction notice.

Here's an example of my servility: the cement floors in our new building, TB1, were very cold. Instead of complaining to Ira Smith, I went to a dump where another department had thrown some linoleum. With Iver's help, I put big pieces under the desks, to keep our feet warm. We cut the old stuff up and put stickum on it. Meanwhile the Ag Econ people, in their TB2, rated brand-new linoleum, wall to wall.

All these things happened to me while I was theoretically on sabbatical in residence--the kind of sabbatical you can take without losing money, because you teach one class. I chose Nondegree because it was easy and I wanted free time for my novel.

RW: That's when you wrote Reason's a Rabbit?

CTW: Yes. It took me a year. For awhile I was in the Library Building, hiding out with the World's Almanac and Encyclopedia--the volumes for the 1930's. I wanted slang expressions, song titles, news.

By April of 1948 I'd finished part of the novel and made a synopsis to submit for the T. Y. Crowell literary contest. Though I didn't win, I finished the work. Then something happened: Mark Schorer, a noted critic and story-writer, asked to see my manuscript; he represented a publishing house. Do you think he was on my committee for promotion?

RW: I doubt it; he himself was still an associate professor. Jo Miles probably told him about your project.

CTW: I believe you're right. Well, in returning my novel, he wrote: "I very much enjoyed reading this, but its charm lies in the details. Publishers like to advertise what a story is about. This merely portrays the development of a young woman."

I didn't know I was up for the professorship until late in November 1947, when Iver (the acting chairman) walked in and said, "Dean Ryerson needs material for your promotion. It is 3:45 p.m. Will you have your bio-bib ready by 5:00?" The Dean already had lists of my poems; he just wanted the titles of my articles. But there I was, caught red-handed, writing a novel. "Dean Ryerson," I said, "this is something I've always

wanted to do. I have twenty-five years of teaching left. I will write this novel even if it delays my promotion." It did not--I got the professorship. But I never found a publisher for my story.

Another setback, besides moving the department, was moving myself. At this very time, I had to give my office in the Library to the new music man and move into TB 1, room 1, which had a horrible glare. I told Ira Smith about the glare. "Fear not," he wrote back; "I will make that room the envy of your colleagues." He put up some expensive window screens, but they didn't help me enough. Finally I moved to a common cubbyhole office, and we used Room 1 for a classroom.

RW: Sproul called Ira Smith the real head of our campus.

CTW: He succeeded Deming MacLise, who moved to UCLA. As Comptroller, he was paternalistic; Charlene, who worked for him, called him Gramp. As I've already mentioned, he gave me plane fare to a Subject A meeting at UCLA when I'd thought I must go by train. I had offered to pay the difference, but Ira reasoned that the plane saved the university's time.

RW: He had an informal way of handling money--all perfectly honest. Remember when our department held a literary contest for the students? After Phi Beta Kappa contributed the prize money, you sent me to Ira. To my astonishment he said, "Let's not go through all the formality of setting up a special account. Just give me the money to take care of." When the time came to pay the prize-winners, I went to his office; he took out his personal checkbook and wrote the checks. Although an auditor would have been scandalized, this saved a lot of clerical work, nor did Ira make a penny of profit by it. He was just fed up with having ten carbon copies on thin paper. He was partly responsible for the democratic tone here. The clerical staff and even the janitors felt they were not hired hands; they were an integral part of the campus life.

CTW: But of course there were some problems that even Ira could not solve. Besides the glare in my office, there was the problem of summer heat in TB1. One of the history professors down the hall was made ill. English had one cooler to every four offices. The governor frowned even on cheap coolers--noisy fans, blowing through wet matting.

RW: Those were funny little metal buildings--there are still some around. The Navy used them as psychiatric wards. There are peepholes so that the patients can be observed.

CTW: I was soon to think that I was presiding over a madhouse. We became immersed in a lot of quarrels.

RW: What do you mean?

CTW: We needed a replacement for Jorgensen; and, at that very time, Byron Guyer wrote us that he was unhappy at Humboldt. So we gave him another chance.

RW: I've always wondered what did happen with Guyer. When Tom and I arrived, in 1950, the older members made references to him. We thought he'd been fired and that we'd be kicked out too if we didn't shape up.

CTW: Nothing like that, Bob; we were delighted to have you with us. As for Byron, he wasn't discharged. Want to hear the story? O.K., have another cup of coffee. Well, the trouble began when a fine set of Thackeray appeared in the library. Everyone ordered books, but Guyer said Gwen had grabbed more than her share. What he didn't know was that Miss Branch, the librarian, had bought Thackeray herself, at a bargain price. When he made charges against Gwen, in a departmental meeting, she was so outraged, she stamped her foot.

When Byron demanded funds for putting up more bookshelves in his office, the department couldn't spare the money. I said, "You have empty shelves at home." He said, with justice, "What I have at home is nobody's affair." Just when I was at my wit's end for the shelves, Ira Smith learned of my plight and gave us a hundred dollars.

When U.C. made us fill out questionnaires about the hours we devoted to work, Byron handed me this statement: "My research is entirely on my own time; I am too busy teaching to do research during business hours." Yes, but he was teaching English to foreign students, earning extra pay. He was absent so much because of sinus trouble, the foreign students complained. Before very long, Byron was relieved of his extra duties.

RW: What had happened at Humboldt State?

CTW: I hadn't inquired, because Byron called the chairman there a tyrant. But now--locking the barn door too late--I wrote to that man and even to the president of the college. They replied that Byron had been difficult, especially about the use of library money.

Our next trouble came when he obtained a typist on some special funds. He was entitled to use her for his research. But one day Iver Nelson needed to write an important letter. Since his lame arm prevented him from typing, we went together to Byron's office. "This is an emergency," I said. "Will you please let your typist help Iver for half an hour?" After staring coldly at me in silence, Byron said, "Yes, but don't let it happen again." Sol Fishman, next door, overheard this and said, "Why, he threatened you."

Our troubles continued. At one point Gwen, Sol, Iver, and I had a heart-to-heart talk with Byron, and he promised to be more tactful. But he still demanded concessions. Since a friend of his could play badminton only at a certain hours, he wouldn't accept a class at that time.

At a party for students, one young man came up to me and said, "You had a good department. Why did you spoil it?" "What do you mean?" I asked. "Old Brittlebeak," he said. "Do we hate his guts! He insults us." When I asked Byron about it, he replied, "I always insult my students once a semester, as a teaching device."

In 1950 things came to a showdown, which, luckily for us, he precipitated. He heard of a job at the state college in San Francisco, where he wanted to live so he could be psychoanalyzed. He adored Freud. Now he made me a proposition: "I want this job," he said, "but if I don't get it, may I continue at Davis without prejudice?" I promised to talk with the department. After lying awake for hours that night, I decided to tell Dean Ryerson.

To my relief, the Dean had had plenty of complaints--not just from the foreign students, either. Then, with Iver as a witness, I told Byron that we all wanted him to go. Though he wasn't being fired, he should proceed to look for another job. He was crushed, incredulous. He went from one colleague to another--flattering Gwen, pleading with Sol. Finally he asked, "May I have three years to look for a suitable job?" "Byron," I said, "there are always jobs." He found a junior-college position for 1950-51.

Within a year he was at Los Angeles State College. After a while he even became the chairman. Apparently, though, his happiness was incomplete, for a bookman representing Macmillan or Harper told me there were times when the secretary would give a warning: "He's having one of his days." I haven't seen him since 1950.

RW: Speaking of secretaries: when did we get some steady help?

CTW: While I was on sabbatical. Iver, as acting chairman, needed a typist; so he hired Marsaille Morris, a faculty wife, part-time. She stayed on after I returned to duty.

RW: You have mentioned the Oath Controversy. When was it?

CTW: The "year of the oath"--that's the title of a book by George R. Stewart--was 1949. The faculty refused to sign a loyalty pledge, which the other state employees didn't have to sign. The Academic Senate was on its ear. Some professors lost their jobs. Months or years later, they were reinstated and received back pay. But for maybe a year, the whole business of the university was disrupted.

I was involved in some other unpleasantness when a woman friend of mine, in the Experiment Station, had serious trouble because her male collaborator in research with turkeys got involved in a quarrel with the "large animal" people. As I understood the matter, an enemy tried to

force the man to resign by picking on the woman, who didn't have tenure. They even attacked her character, which was sterling. The wife who would be the interested party came to her defense. All was in vain--a fine researcher was fired, and her collaborator quit. I testified to the Committee on Privilege and Tenure--did everything that a friend could do. Women are defenseless if someone is out to smear them.

RW: Let's hope there are safeguards now. But what committees were you serving on?

CTW: A real workout, from 1950 to 1954, was the Committee on Undergraduate Scholarships and Prizes. Lysle Leach was the chairman.

RW: Your promotion to full professor had gone through.

CTW: Yes, in July 1948. And I stopped editing. During the depression they had reduced the amount of my editorial pay in order to pad my academic salary. The pittance was not worth giving up my summers for.

One grievance was that Vernon Puryear was determined to make me edit his fat history books. Though he was literate, his style was crabbed. He spoiled a party by saying peevishly that Dean Hutchison considered him entitled to my services. I doubt that the Dean really put it that way; after all, I was in the Agricultural Experiment Station.

What decided me, though, was an interview with Mr. Berg's successor. When that efficient young editor sat down in my office and described new methods, I saw that the job was becoming too complicated. At the end of the explanation, I said: "Mr. Calkins, I must tell you, I'm resigning." "But," said the poor man, "you have let me talk an hour." "I'm sorry," I said; "you've helped me decide."

RW: One can be too receptive. I'm that way myself.

CTW: Yes, indeed. People would telephone: "Some students are going to put on a stunt at Merced High. Celeste, will you help us by hearing them speak their lines?"

Gwen helped me acquire a little spunk. Although I was chairman, I had more students than anybody else--partly because I cherished the Degree classes. She got me to teach only two courses a semester, and she equalized the work for the other teachers.

RW: We had some important names on our class rolls. Although I'm a Democrat, I joined you in passing young Earl Warren in the Subject A exam after two people had voted to flunk him. He had only one trouble, the comma splice, and we knew that Gwen could easily cure it. He took her 1A course and got an A.

CTW: Once when she was sick, I taught her class. Not realizing that young Warren was in it, I joked about his father's being my candidate for Governor. All the students laughed and looked over at him. Another time, I found myself teaching Herbert Hoover's granddaughter.

Speaking of grades, Bob: in the spring, Phi Beta Kappa kept me busy. Not only did I have charge of the initiation banquet, including a cocktail party for the Berkeley officers, but I did the preliminary stuff in the Registrar's Office. Others who sometimes took over that job were Harlan Pratt of Vegetable Crops and Charlie Hayes of Mathematics. But we owed everything to Price Gittinger for bringing the initiation here.

RW: What else do you have in your notes for 1949?

CTW: Something catastrophic: Mother broke her leg on May 6--in Missouri at the Unity School of Christianity. She fell down a basement window--well outside her room. Then, being Mother, she tried to stand up, thus getting a compound fracture. Thanks to Dr. Cronan, I learned how to fly her to the Sutter Hospital, where the famous Dr. McNeil did wonders for her leg. After a period in a convalescent home, she went to stay with Charlene in El Cerrito. Charlene and Harbison were there for his graduate work; I'd helped them finance a move from that awful defense housing.

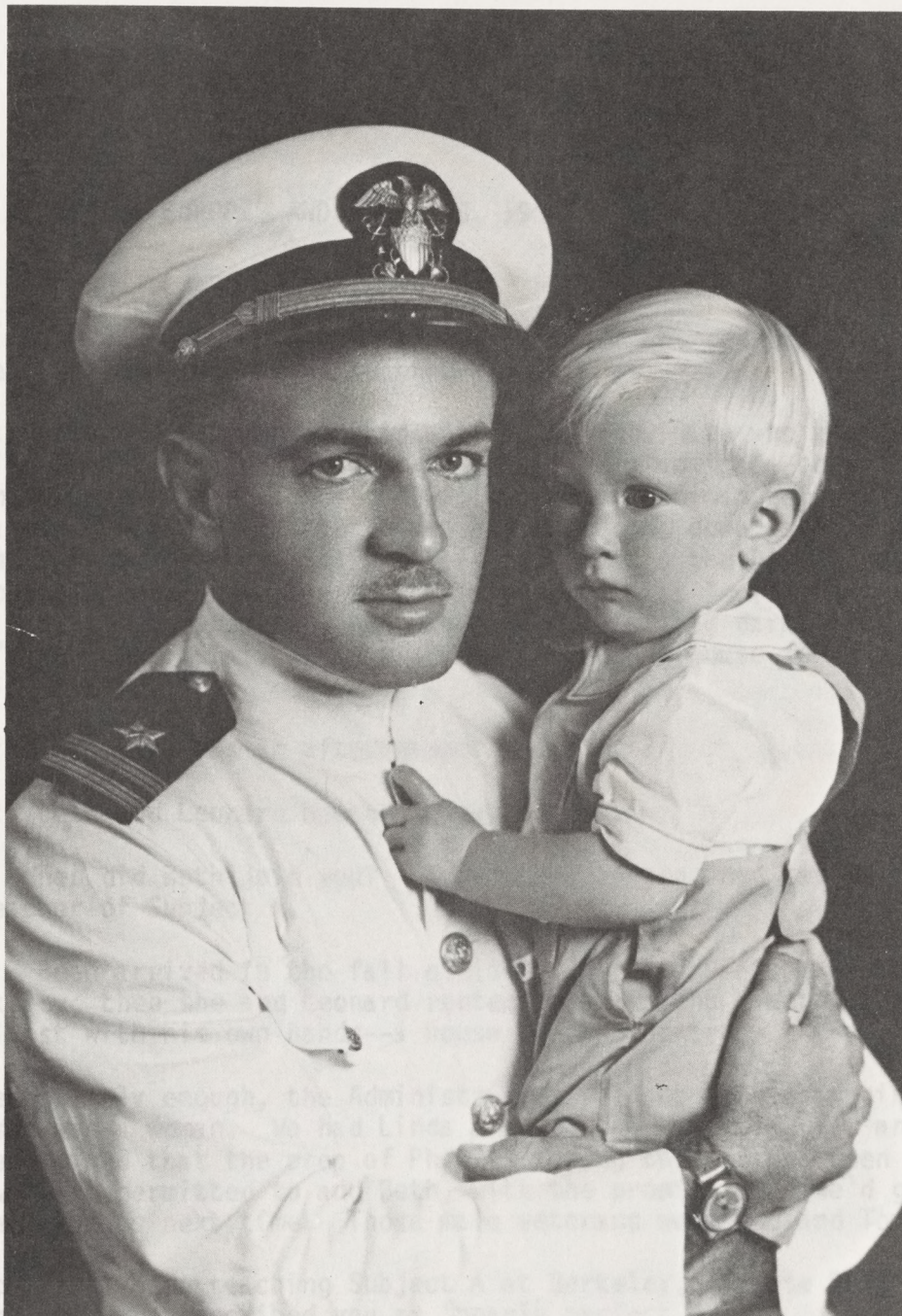
RW: The neighbors in Richmond were unpredictable.

CTW: One woman started to spank little Harby. When Charlene objected, that woman tore her dress and banged her against a railing. They had to appear in court, and there a neighbor testified, saying, "When I tried to pull her away from Mrs. Parker, she tore my typing award pin out of my dress." I don't know whether that neighbor rated a new dress; anyway, the judge awarded one to Charlene. "I'll go shopping with her for it," said the woman. "No," said the judge, "you will just give her the money."

RW: Did you collect any damages because your mother was injured on the grounds of that school?

CTW: Oh, yes--they had insurance. By writing letters, I collected the \$800 I had paid out. Think what that accident would cost today!

That summer Charlene and her family spent a weekend with us at the Gregorys' cabin, in the mountains near Tahoe. Paul and Lucy sometimes urged us to go up there and cool off. Another time, the Hanzos went with us. Back in the 1930's, Harold Lewis (of Ag Engineering) and Gladys Grady Lewis (who was first our Registrar and later a librarian) had given Vedder and me a good time at their cabin.



Vedder Wright, Senior and Junior, 1945

XVI NEW ARRIVALS, EUROPE, AND A CRISIS, 1950-1955

RW: You just mentioned Tom Hanzo. He and I started teaching at the same time. How did you happen to hire Tom?

CTW: Stanford recommended him as a Ph.D. candidate who knew an astonishing amount. Dean Ryerson was wary--it was comical--on account of our recent disappointment. He even visited that chairman personally. But Tom was a war hero: his fighter plane had been shot down, and he had spent months in a German military hospital. "That's the best thing I've heard about him yet," said Ryerson. As for me, I was "sold" when a Stanford man, in conversation, described him as "small, dark, and lovable." He came, we all liked him, and he found a house for his wife and growing family.

RW: I was hired as an afterthought, wasn't I?

CTW: Beth and Leonard Homann suggested you.

RW: When did Beth join you? Leonard, of course, had met me as a fellow-teacher of Subject A.

CTW: Beth arrived in the fall of 1947. For a while she commuted from Berkeley; then she and Leonard rented an apartment downtown; then he built--almost with his own hands--a house in the country.

Interestingly enough, the Administration held up Beth's appointment because she was a woman. We had Linda and Gwen; it was time for another man. I explained that the crop of Ph.D.'s during the war had been scanty. Finally we were permitted to add Beth, with the promise that we'd grab up some male veterans next time. Those male veterans were you and Tom.

Since you'd been teaching Subject A at Berkeley, I wrote Phil Grant, the Supervisor. He described you as "nearly perfect."

RW: Good Lord, what can he have meant?

CTW: When you came, on the last day of June 1950, I thought he must have referred to your appearance. You were twenty-nine, and as good looking as anyone who had ever entered my office.

RW: Oh, God, what the years do to one!

CTW: I wouldn't say that, Bob. But how horribly hot the weather was; you were sick on the way back to lovely cool Berkeley.

Though you hesitated about a full-time job, inasmuch as you hadn't even started your dissertation, James Hart (your thesis adviser) and George Potter (the chairman of English) backed you to the limit. You finally took the risk. And it paid off. You had finished your courses. Somehow you contrived to learn Latin, French, and German--though you hadn't studied languages at the University of Maryland. Somehow you read up enough to pass your qualifying exam. Meanwhile we loaded you down with Nondegree courses. Let's see--why did you have to commute?

RW: I was saddled with a lease that I couldn't break. Later I had to wait for a tract house in Oeste Manor. But do you recall that the Army nearly grabbed me for Korea?

CTW: After our first meeting, my family went up to the Gregorys' cabin at Strawberry again. When my little son and I went gaily to the store to buy Eskimo pies, there were headlines--on July Fourth--yelling that this was no longer a cold war. I was afraid Vedder would be recalled. Soon I received a panicky letter from you. You could hardly bear to face another war. In the last one, you had risen from private to captain--crossed the Rhine under fire. Your blood pressure saved you from Korea.

RW: Yes, for I met a sympathetic doctor at the Presidio. He said, "There are plenty of people who haven't seen combat. Let them be recalled." Thanks to him, I could start teaching in the fall.

CTW: Although Vedder wasn't summoned by the Naval Reserve, he and I panicked in another way. How could we hope to build on our vacant lot? War cuts off the building supplies. Then Frank Greer recommended a place at Tenth and D, where Mrs. Brainerd wanted to sell the house she had lately built for herself. She was downhearted because her son and his family wouldn't move in with her. It was now or never. Mr. Greer promised to sell our old place.

RW: The department gave you a house-warming; I wasn't able to come, but I helped Gwen and Linda and Beth shop for a present.

CTW: I value those two chairs. In October 1951, you and your wife moved into Oeste Manor. Then Vedder and I, the decoy ducks, said we were coming over. So you and Lilli were ready when the department rushed in--surprise!--with goodies and a gift.

But as for real estate: one horror was the termites under the back porch of the old house we wanted to sell. The place was being inspected,

of course. But the damage hadn't spread. Some cement was poured, and a couple of timbers replaced.

During the summer of 1950, after your appointment was in the bag, Vedder and I took a motor trip to Victoria, B.C. We slept in a house full of medieval armor. We had lunch at the Empress Hotel--had the most debonair old waiter. In Vancouver we bought a set of English dishes for \$40. On the Olympic Peninsula we picnicked by a lake--had smoked salmon and white wine. On the Oregon Coast we ate finnan haddie. In California I visited a forester, Bill Beaty. During World War II, when he was serving in Panama, he asked me to send him Robert W. Service's poems. On motor trips I was always running into these former students, especially the entomologists along the border, inspecting our car for insects and confiscating cherries.

Here's a modern note about 1950: the faculty took cholesterol tests from a Berkeley researcher; it was a new thing. Vedder and I weren't wanted--tests showed we had none of those giant molecules in our systems. We continued our breakfast eggs and bacon. But poor Max Kleiber had to avoid saturated fats.

RW: Did Vedder help you with the cooking?

CTW: Only for parties; Max Bach complimented him on his civilized food. I did the routine cooking, and hated it. And I toiled like a galley slave, washing our clothes, though I've always sent the sheets and towels to the laundry. The worst job was cleaning. Johanna Lubenow embarrassed me by bringing two elegant high school teachers to meet me one Saturday morning when I was all grubby, shaking out the rugs. Finally, praise be, I hired Juana Ramirez, who helped the Homanns also. That big, brown, lovable woman came once a week.

RW: In 1951, weren't you chairman of the Letters and Science Executive Committee? Let's not forget the beginning of L and S.

CTW: How incredulous I felt when Dean Hutchison, at a university meeting, said we were to become a general campus. Before long, Gwen and I had figured out that Herbert Young was the right man for dean. One night at the Armers' party, across the street from his house, we approached him. "Don't you think," he said, "that I have troubles enough already?" He was chairman of Chemistry. But we circulated a great big petition.

RW: Parties, parties--everybody was giving parties.

CTW: I can visualize you and Lilli with pitchers of coffee at the Steak Bake, over at the Fair Grounds in Woodland, in a sort of tin barn. But that was a terrible occasion for me. Vedder and I had been to three cocktail parties, and I'd dutifully sipped a martini each time. Then, at the Fair Grounds, Beth reminded us that we'd promised to drink with her. Next thing I knew, I was lying on the grass near the Ladies' Room, not

caring whether I lived or died. Max Bach drove me home--without my dinner. That's the only time I was ever drunk.

Getting back to administrators: I was on a committee to select a new librarian. When we finally met with Dean Hutchison, he, in his usual lordly manner, hired Blanchard beforehand. Luckily, that was our choice too. Dick liked my poems; he bound them up and catalogued them as Thumbprint. Later he bound my memoir, First Resort.

RW: You were on the Committee on Committees. What about research?

CTW: From 1951 until late 1953, I made a study of Katherine Mansfield. It began when I was invited to contribute an essay for a U.C. Press volume in honor of Lehman. My first paper fell into segments. I substituted a unified piece on Katherine's portraits of her father. Better yet, I turned the discarded material into six articles, each of which appeared in a journal. And I presented one at the PAPC.

RW: Wasn't 1951 the year the MLA met at Stanford?

CTW: Gwen and I shared a room at the President Hotel. One speaker was S.I. Hayakawa; I found him dapper but not exciting. Miss Campbell presided at the Shakespeare Section. Fred Dibley, the Harper man, took several of us to a steak dinner. In those days bookmen pampered the customers.

That fall I was chairman of a section of the PAPC--drummed up trade by writing to various English departments. And I threatened to use my kitchen timer if any papers ran over. That got results.

RW: At those meetings, did we hire new personnel?

CTW: We didn't need any. Iver Nelson had interviewed Max Bach in Paris, as a Berkeley Ph.D. who might teach French. We were still a combined department with the foreign languages, though the groups were about to split. Just when there was danger of losing the money for that new job in French, Max and his wife and baby turned up here unexpectedly, and the deal was somehow consummated.

I served on ad hoc committees; there were very few full professors available for such service. The campus got a new Department of Philosophy, with Arthur Child as the first head.

RW: Wasn't there a tea for the new College of Letters and Science?

CTW: Yes. Dean Young asked Bick O'Brien and me to plan it. Not till years later did I realize that Agriculture reprimanded L and S for feeling separate enough to give a tea.

RW: Commuting from Berkeley, I got in on some gossip about a department in which the chairman became a tyrant. One of the TA's, whom I met on the train, said that chairman listened at the keyhole and then scolded him for lecturing; TA's were supposed only to answer questions. Next year that TA said he'd rather be a janitor at Berkeley than a TA at Davis. He meant it--he became a janitor.

CTW: That chairman wanted to fire an assistant professor for not having a book. When the poor young man talked of looking for a job in Washington, Vedder and I carried him and his wife a bottle of whiskey. Finally two other assistant professors informed Dean Young that they had been persecuted also.

At first the Dean hated to make waves. "Celeste," he said, "have you any idea how powerful a chairman is?" Personally I hadn't; but I could act in behalf of other people. I consulted Warren P. Tufts, the chairman of the Budget Committee. To my great surprise, Tufts gave me a hug. "Celeste," he said, "don't be afraid of that man; get mad at him." He was like a father. "But," he said, "the Budget Committee cannot interfere." Later, though, they did ask me to draw up a list of the victim's publications; he and his chairman were not on speaking terms.

What saved the day, though, was the corresponding department at Berkeley, where eight full professors signed a resolution to President Sproul, declaring that any change at Davis would be an improvement. The czar himself first learned of his fate when a list of chairmen came out with a blank space instead of his name. Later one of the youngsters became chairman. Well, I hadn't been a mouse.

RW: You were a mouse that roared.

CTW: You should have seen my budget in those days. I was too timid to ask for furniture. Dean Young laughed at one old chair, which had a bad split in the oak wood; anyone sitting in it might have his or her bottom pinched. "Don't keep junk," said the Dean. "Instead of these old classroom chairs with arms, get visitors' chairs."

I became a scofflaw. In June, when we had a little money left for supplies, I illegally bought a couple of posture chairs for typists. The accountant asked me about it, but then he laughed and covered up for me somehow. We had the money--although not for such use.

RW: In 1951, we were emotional about Adlai Stevenson.

CTW: Yes, and I heard one colleague say, "All I need to know about anybody is that he's a Republican."

At one dinner party, I had a heated argument with a friend, who scolded me for defending Herbert Hoover. I shed tears, and my friend finally said, "You mean more to me than Hoover does."

The Charlie Coopers, on the faculty at Whittier, trusted Richard Nixon for a long time. They were Quakers, without guile. Dick had been president of the student body. Not for ages did they believe what the Democrats said about him. Bob, you were president of the Davis Democrats, and later a member of the County Committee. Your first hit was a talk in behalf of Graves.

RW: He was running for Governor. Anyway, he lost. And I gave up politics because it was hard on my ulcer.

CTW: I got into trouble by running for the first Representative Assembly of the Academic Senate. One of my friends had declared his candidacy first, and people pressured me to withdraw in his favor. I might have done so if Ed Roessler hadn't said that I, as an oldtimer, knew more about the campus.

Commuting to the Assembly, sometimes I rode with Stanley Freeborn. One day when our car rolled into the Berkeley parking lot, the flags were at half mast for George Potter, whom I had known since I took his course in Elizabethan literature.

RW: Freeborn was our new boss, with the title of Provost. But do you remember our trip to Santa Barbara with Tom Hanzo on the Lark? We were going to a PAPC meeting.

CTW: I had to be an acrobat, dressing in my roomette. We got off about 4:00 a.m.

RW: The porter hadn't awakened me, but Tom finally dragged me out.

CTW: In the station we had doughnuts and coffee. You rubbed your eyes, sat up at the counter, and said, "Good morning!" You and Tom read papers at the meeting. Majl Ewing of UCLA, who had married a Spanish heiress, gave a whopping big cocktail party. But on the Starlight, you and I had to sit up in chairs; Tom got a roomette. We crossed San Francisco Bay by ferryboat on a cold morning. Thanks to publishing, you became an assistant professor.

Soon after our return from Santa Barbara, Herbert Young discovered something peculiar about my salary. One year I'd been paid too much. The next year, without saying anything, the payroll people docked me enough to compensate. I didn't notice, for all salaries were changing. Since the cut made it appear I was at a lower salary step, the clerks left me stuck there. Although Herbert did his best, it was too late to restore the seniority I had lost. He had worries of his own: the campus was being scrutinized for accreditation.

RW: The summer of 1952 was the first one I'd spent in Davis. California was having the worst drought in history.

CTW: You made me start writing poems. That's why I dedicated my second book partly to you. Tom helped me by telling someone else that I was an "excellent minor poet."

One time I smuggled in some Berkeley professors to talk about a promotion. You suggested that I cook them a good lunch at my house and thus help the candidate (who was not in our department).

RW: Some faculty wives taught at that period.

CTW: One was Betty Jasper, whose husband later became Dean of the Veterinary School. One was Betty Puknat, who had a Ph.D. from Bryn Mawr; her husband was assistant professor of German.

RW: Susan Regan had been head of the English department in the 1920's, before she married a professor. Now that family has several buildings named for it.

CTW: As a widow, she resumed her career, teaching foreign students. Then the doctors said that she might die within two years.

Vedder and I went over to the Woodland Clinic after her mastectomy. To our amazement, she was walking around, starting her arm exercises. She became our first Dean of Women and lived nearly a decade.

RW: When did Jerry Landfield come here as Drama man?

CTW: In 1953. He was handsome--had played Romeo--and he was hard-working, willing to build his own sets and manage with very little. But he resigned in December 1955 because Agriculture called Letters and Science an auxiliary.

RW: Some of the alumni were opposed to Letters and Science. They wanted Davis to remain world-famous for one thing, agricultural research.

CTW: I assured Jerry that nothing could destroy L and S. But the beginnings had been modest. Besides, he had not yet finished his Missouri dissertation. So he left in midyear, tempted away by the hope of a job on TV. It came to nothing. Later he wrote me that some people have to learn the hard way. After this setback, he made good. We hired Ted Shank, and now Davis has a flourishing Drama department.

CTW: In the spring of 1954, the whole town was upset about the persecution of Leonard Homann. While teaching at Davis High, he got into trouble in a very innocent way. He escorted his French students to eat in San Francisco. Before taking the bus home, one of the boys said, "Mr. Homann, please buy me a bottle of champagne for my father's birthday! I'm a minor and can't do it." Leonard goodheartedly helped him. But this terrible fact came out: he, a teacher, had connived at breaking the law.

At first all I knew was that Leonard had been fired. Everything was so hush hush, I thought he must have seduced a high school girl. No, it was merely the champagne incident! And the boy's father had received the bottle with seal unbroken. I made a speech to the Board of Education.

RW: There was a mass meeting in the high school gym; we sat up in the bleachers; the Board of Education was around a table on the basketball floor. Finally Leonard got his job back. For him the experience had been a nightmare.

CTW: The Homanns sent flowers to my stateroom in July, when Vedder and Vee and I sailed on the Scythia, an old Cunard ship. After crossing Canada by train, we went aboard at Montreal. You and the whole department had kissed me goodbye at the railway station in Davis.

At Southampton we picked up our little blue Hillman, with red seats. Vedder had to use a new dashboard at the same time he was learning to drive on the left; furthermore, we were studying the road map. But we managed--we visited castles, cathedrals, and poets' homes all over England and Scotland, then motored through France, Spain, Portugal, the Riviera, Italy, Austria, Germany, Switzerland, Luxembourg, Holland, Belgium. After sailing home on the Queen Mary, we drove across the United States. It was a hurried journey, which Vee (who was only eleven) did not enjoy. Vedder got fed up with the driving; he and our son would have liked to rest or play. Though I felt guilty, I was having the time of my life, planning poems. We came home in November.

RW: Didn't you rush off again, to Redondo Beach, where Vedder's mother had died?

CTW: Yes. On November 7, we had said goodbye to her; she was looking pale after the flu. That night she died. It was a couple of days before her friends investigated her silence. She had had a heart attack, alone in her apartment. Vedder flew down. Eventually he summoned me so that I could join his brother's wife in dividing Winte's wardrobe. There were two mink coats, even. Winte had bought two of everything lately. There was also her china--her furniture. It was like being in a department store.

While Vedder remained in Redondo, settling up his mother's business affairs, I went home by bus. The night I got back, W. H. Auden gave a reading. He reminded me of a lovable bear.

After Thanksgiving you and I went on the train to Los Angeles for the PAPC. I read a paper. The Sheraton Hotel was so full of smog, we could hardly see across the lobby. Later your stepmother drove us over to the Huntington Hotel in Pasadena, to have dinner with your father. Was he the auditor for the hotel company?

RW: He had the title of Controller.

CTW: Back in Davis, I enjoyed the help of the new secretary, Barbara Jackson. She encouraged my writing. When I dashed off "Incident on a Petal," Barbara was really taken with that poem. If it hadn't been for her, I might not even have sent it out. I owe the title to Howard Baker.

Vedder and I went out every weekend, trying to keep up with his friends as well as mine. At Dr. McKinney's I met Joe Pence, your dentist, who always did calisthenics on his front lawn in pajamas. He danced with me in his stocking feet.

RW: Joe was one of the town's characters; and when he retired, he gave the city his office, to be known as the Pence Art Gallery.

CTW: Dr. Weaver, a dear man, was my dentist until he died; then I begged Joe to take me.

But now, Bob, I find myself confronting 1955, when, for the first time, I had serious trouble with our department. It's a harrowing story for me, but I must include it.

The trouble, which led to my resignation as chairman, began directly when Gwen got a grant of \$3,500 from the American Association of University Women. She would take the year off for her research. Meanwhile, the department could use her salary to bring some celebrity to Davis. I appointed a committee to make the selection. The committee decided on Karl Shapiro, who was at Berkeley that year. Oddly enough, instead of approaching Karl directly, they asked Josephine Miles to tell him of our offer. Jo did not take them seriously; she thought it was our proper function, not hers, to negotiate with him. Weeks went by. One day when I was in Berkeley, I noticed that Karl was going to lecture. Afterwards I thanked him and said, "I hope you're planning to teach at Davis." "What's Davis?" he asked. When I told him, he inquired about the salary. "I'll look it up," I promised, "and telephone you." That evening I hurried to the office and checked on Gwen's salary. Unfortunately, I did not remember that it included a cost-of-living increase, to which Karl was not entitled. This oversight caused trouble.

When I mentioned Karl to the committee, they were furious. After delegating authority, I had interfered. Worse yet, I had ruined their chances; Karl would not like to lower his sights by \$400.

I pleaded with them individually. Once I even got into a colleague's car to prevent him from driving away without forgiving me. "Not now," he said; "perhaps later." They were all determined to scold me publicly. And they did it. At a meeting, they asked me how I expected to undo the evil I had caused.

"I have told Dean Young," I said, "and he thinks he can get the \$400 for us." That took the wind out of their sails. But they did not know

that I had transferred \$400 from my savings account and had gone to the Dean with a check payable to the Regents.

When I begged Dean Young's pardon for crying on his desk, "Never mind," he said; "I've had male chairman crying before now. Anyway, I think the Regents should be able to find us \$400."

Though I said nothing to the department about my check, Dean Young told one of them about it. Then the man who had been most angry and hurt came and embraced me. "We know what this means," he said--implying that I loved the department. "Yes," said I; "it means that money talks."

You, Bob, had not been on the committee; you were pained by the crackle of anger in the air at the meeting, and you didn't understand the details. But when I told you I thought of resigning, you said that bosses have no friends.

RW: Did I say that--was I so wise? Years later, I learned the hard way how true it is.

CTW: I'd been chair for twenty-seven years. Actually, I'd relied on my position for a feeling of importance; without it I'd be just a little girl. Dean Young told me not to resign: "If they've engineered this just to give the chairmanship to somebody else, I won't let them do it." But I really wanted to resign.

I have always been glad that I did it. During the next eight years I published more than I'd done in the previous twenty-seven. I wound up as the Faculty Research Lecturer for 1963.

RW: Why hadn't the chairmanships rotated?

CTW: I've heard that it was because of the longtime agricultural projects, such as breeding cattle or raising fruit trees.

You remember, Bob, how I hated the budget; I'd walk up and down in the Sunken Garden on a Sunday: I had to clench my fists and compel myself to concentrate. Though I understand figures, I hate them. Nowadays the chairman doesn't have this annual nightmare.

RW: You had to present your budget in detail.

CTW: Some chairmen padded their estimates, but Dean Young always trusted mine. When I asked your advice in 1954, you pointed out places where I was stingy.

RW: I know you for a generous person. But in your custodianship of university money, you felt a real concern.

CTW: At the time I resigned, I had too personal a feeling about my colleagues--as if they were my family. My social life centered about them. And I'm still too emotional about tenure. It breaks my heart to send one of our members away.

RW: You've had strong friendships in the department. You're gifted in the capacity to be a friend. Many people use their friendships in a selfish way.

CTW: I'm a long-distance kind of friend. I like to eat lunch with somebody at the club. I enjoy writing letters.

RW: You're essentially a private person. But you must have a huge correspondence. You've shown me your three-volume loose-leaf address book. You cultivate friendships with students, too.

CTW: I used to take lots of them to lunch. And the kids reciprocated. Last year three of them as a group took me to a submarine-sandwich shop on the Dean Witter Fund, which enables them to entertain their professors. A few years ago, students would take me to Larry Blake's.

RW: The inflation has hit even the Dean Witter lunches.

CTW: You've never been so fond of eating as I am. In the summer of 1955, your ulcer flared up--you had to watch your diet.

RW: Yes, it did--just when I needed to do some research at Berkeley. I was confined to the house; the doctor wouldn't let me work.

CTW: Meanwhile, I wrote poems such as "Aztec Calendar Stone." You encouraged me to press on. I'd go to the library for material and get more and more excited. As T. S. Eliot says, we should write every day; then, when a good poem comes, we can be ready.

That summer I kept up my swimming. In the Red Cross class, there was the usual suspense: Could I dive off the board? Could I swim the breast stroke? I earned my swimmer's card again.

August 1955 was the month when Betty Jasper gave a farewell luncheon for Maxine Young, who was leaving for Egypt; Herbert had a Fulbright. For that women's party, I wrote a jingle about Maxine riding on a camel.

RW: Although Betty Jasper is on the serious side, she tickled me once by saying, "In Davis you don't dare invite the same group back to dinner a second time, or they'll elect officers."

CTW: That's profoundly true. Well, that fall, you and Lilli were expecting a baby. You'd been married about ten years. It was like the Iver Nelsons or like Vedder and me.

RW: Iver had a heart attack, but survived. He was wonderfully strong for a delicate-looking man. What new colleagues did we have that year?

CTW: Jay Halio, from Yale. Before crossing the continent, he was in touch with Dick Schwab, who came from Harvard to the History department. Dick married one of our English majors. Wasn't it wonderful to meet faculty from all over the campus and have coffee at the bookstore, in that little building that had been the comptroller's office?

RW: The morning coffee break and the afternoon coffee break were the recognized social hours. But we didn't see much of Karl Shapiro.

CTW: I audited two of his courses--Modern Poetry, and Creative Writing. He didn't like love sonnets in those days. Now, you'll notice, he has a whole sequence--the White-Haired Lover. But the poems he wanted me to concentrate upon were Western. Alan Swallow talked the same way: "Write about places."

RW: Incidentally, Celeste, you might clarify a point. Karl left us at the end of that year because funds ran out; he was paid with Gwen's salary. Not until the 1960's could we make him an offer. Now, of course, he's a permanent colleague.

CTW: In between the two periods with us, he taught at Nebraska and edited their Prairie Schooner--being already well known as an editor of Poetry. When we tured him away, he was again in Chicago, this time on the downtown faculty of the university.

In 1955, we again became interested in Everett Carter. I had tried for him after the war, but he'd gone to Pomona. Then Berkeley took him. At the PAPC meeting, right after Thanksgiving, we sat with him at Spenger's, where the American literature section was having its luncheon of crab salad. Everett was looking peaked; Lehman had poohpoohed his manuscript on William Dean Howells. The joke was on Lehman--and on Berkeley--for Houghton Mifflin accepted that book, and the Commonwealth Club gave it one of the two gold medals for the year. Then Sproul approached us about taking Everett at Davis.

RW: Sproul had learned about Carter by congratulating him on the medal. Everett pointed out the irony; he had already been fired because the English department did not like his manuscript.

CTW: Another honor soon followed. Before coming to us, Everett was invited to teach at Harvard for a year; Howard Mumford Jones had admired the book on Howells. By the time Everett reached Davis, we had put through his promotion to tenure.

Here's a note on the winter weather of 1955. My little Hillman was almost drowned at the corner of Eighth Street and Miller Drive; the water

came up through the floor-boards, and a truck had to push me. I almost swam to the house where I telephoned Vedder.

For a closing thought about 1955, let me look ahead to the following May. By that time our department was again closely knit. When Halio had to finish his Yale dissertation, all the women pitched in and helped with the typing. I pounded away for five hours. In that communal effort, I felt accepted; I belonged to our gang.

XVII COMMITTEE WORK, COLLEAGUES, AND MOVING, 1936-1959

RW: The Homanns made their presence felt, didn't they!

CTW: In appearance, Beth reminded me of "Pinky," Sir Thomas Lawrence's painting of the girl who, if she'd lived, would have been the aunt of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. It hangs near "The Blue Boy" in the Huntington Gallery. But Beth was a dynamo. She had charge of the 1956 Steak Bake and then taught that summer at the University of Idaho.

RW: She and Leonard were a husband-wife team of actors, like the Lunts. Just when did they do Private Lives, and The Four-Poster, and The Twelve-Pound Look? Leonard had the lead in Death of a Salesman and The Man Who Came to Dinner.

CTW: I envied them when I was bogged down in the L and S Educational Policy Committee. We met often on weekends; Vernon Cheadle loves work. No wonder he became Chancellor at Santa Barbara.

RW: Dean Young came back from his Egyptian Fulbright. You and I sat with him under the trees by the Union.

CTW: He and Maxine had entered the Great Pyramid. That and a book called The Buried People led me to write "Etruscan Princess."

RW: Herbert taught chemistry. How did your son get interested?

CTW: Larry Andrews used to show Yee the chemistry lab. He gave Yee the freedom of the trash dump on Saturdays--let him pick up the discarded glassware. Sometimes a piece stuck full of chemicals would have cost too much to clean. Once the campus cops questioned Yee and his cousin at the dump, thinking they were robbers.

Those kids were causing me some grief at home. They made explosives and tear gas. A policeman came round the corner just as they were firing off a little cannon. Although I usually dared not drive out of town, that policeman ordered me to take the boys to the juvenile officer in Woodland. They also invented a device, crisscrossed with wires, that scratched Professor Dillon Brown's bedroom window screen (next door). The Browns were good natured about being awakened at 3:00 a.m.

XVII COMMITTEE WORK, COLLEAGUES, AND MOVING, 1956-1959

RW: The Homanns made their presence felt, didn't they!

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RW: Remember the Hunt's Cannery issue in 1956? Hunt's wanted to build a plant in Davis. The liberals said, "Oh, yes, let's give the factory workers employment; they can send their children to our schools." The conservatives howled about "migrants who will be mugging old ladies on the streets." Well, the cannery came, and it hasn't done any harm, except that it broke up some friendships. It has employed a lot of our own Ph.D. candidates.

CTW: I notice nothing except a slight smell of tomato sauce. Town and gown must have something to argue about. There's been some feeling that U.C. shouldn't be tax exempt, and that students shouldn't send their children to school for free.

RW: That reminds me of our competition with Berkeley. In 1956 the English department down there refused to let us offer the M.A.

CTW: L and S was buzzing with projects. Once the faculty decided to require a laboratory science of each and every student before graduation. There simply weren't enough labs to enable them to enforce the requirement.

Dean Young held what he called the "Little Davis Conference" of people from the smaller campuses. Once when it met in L.A., he couldn't take me along. As he explained later, he didn't have enough money to provide a separate room; I would have been the only woman there. That wasn't sexual discrimination. When we had the meeting at Davis, he brought me in; I was the only delegate who was neither a dean nor a chairman. We had cocktails in his backyard.

RW: You'd been chairman of the L & S Executive Committee. When you said "backyard," though, I remembered Linda Van Norden's garden, with the Japanese lanterns--a party in honor of Halio and his bride.

CTW: I enjoyed talking with Jay about the Elizabethans. At this time, a burst of adrenalin gave me the power I needed for seven new articles on Anthony Mundy, the hero of my dissertation. A scholar in England had been using material from my book without acknowledgment. Though he mentioned me in other connections, he announced as his own a find that I'd made in 1928. I went to Jo Miles, sat with her in her lovely walled garden, and asked her how to expose him. She told me to start publishing and, in a footnote, to mention that I had scooped him.

Jo also told me of her escape from death. During a minor operation, the anesthetist poked a tube down her throat and cut off her air supply, not realizing that her neck is stiff because of arthritis.

RW: Makes you afraid to go into an operating room. But tell me, didn't you collect new material on Mundy from the Stationers' Register?

CTW: Yes. That's the Register compiled by Elizabethan publishers. They had to enter the titles. By discovering what printer worked next door to what bookseller, or who had been apprenticed to whom, I made a number of finds. Books would change hands when the publisher died. If you were looking for something, you might recognize a distorted title.

RW: You got a compliment from Leslie Hotson, the literary detective who had discovered the facts about the murder of Christopher Marlowe.

CTW: Yes. Dr. Hotson ran across the date of Mundy's birth, which Anthony gave while testifying in court. My thesis had questioned Mundy's age as recorded in Stow's Survey of London. The dates of his apprenticeship made the age on his tombstone unlikely. Hotson wrote Louis B. Wright, whom I'd known at the Huntington and who became Director of the Folger. "Congratulate your wife," he said; "her reasoning was keen." Mr. Wright replied that I'm not his wife: he "did not have the dispensation that an angel had given to the Mormons." But he did know me. As a result, Hotson gave me several scoops. One scholar asked how I had known in advance.

I adored playing the detective. Revelations would hit me in the middle of the night. Did Anthony Mundy influence Shakespeare? Did Shrimp, in John a Kent, inspire Puck, in A Midsummer Night's Dream? When my 1928 book suggested as much, people poohpoohed me: "Of course it was Shakespeare who influenced Mundy. After all, Mundy was just a hack."

Well, the John a Kent manuscript bears the date 1590, but scholars misread it as 1596. I maintained they were wrong. Finally the date was read accurately at the Huntington Library, with the help of scientific apparatus. I had triumphed: Kent was earlier than the Dream. I have also been able to show that Shakespeare used Zelauto in Two Gentlemen of Verona and also The Merchant of Venice.

RW: You did some detective work recently on Wallace Stevens's poem "The Emperor of Ice Cream."

CTW: Yes, Bob. I told you my theories; in 1977 I showed you my manuscript and got your advice. The article appeared in the Arizona Quarterly for Spring 1979. I mailed copies out, and I have a whole file of favorable comments.

But in the 1950's, I couldn't relax; Dr. Cronan had to give me tranquilizers. This was a period when the Hollywood stars would keep bowls of Miltowns on their coffee tables.

RW: Miltowns were the first tranquilizers.

CTW: What I actually needed was to understand myself. When I discovered Karen Horney, it was like a rebirth.

RW: You even gave her books to your friends.

CTW: I ordered so many copies of Our Inner Conflicts at the bookstore that Donna Haidanus, the manager, bought some extras. Feeling guilty, I took them off her hands. Donna has done me many a good turn. In 1958, twenty-five textbooks for English 46A were lost in Sacramento during a truck strike. By angelic cleverness, Donna found out where those books were and got them here in time. And the bookstore has often displayed my collections of verse.

In November of 1957 I got the idea for a poem on Sputnik. It reminded me of the star of Bethlehem; we were like the shepherds, out watching in the winter cold. My poem "Satellite" won the Ina Coolbrith Circle's annual competition, which is open to all California poets. And Josephine Miles, without knowing about my entry, was one of the judges.

Speaking of poems reminds me of our secretarial needs. It was you who made Dorothy McCoy our secretary. She had had a breakdown as payroll personage in the comptroller's office. While she was still recuperating, her husband and she had a terrible auto accident up at the Woodland Y. I saw the ambulance but thought I didn't know the victims. Dorothy's ribs were broken and torn from her backbone.

RW: Her husband was seriously hurt too. The poor woman had been exploited--she'd needed an assistant at the comptroller's office. If she'd been a man, things would have been different. Anyway, our job gave her a chance. But later her health became bad again, and she overdid the tranquilizers; it was pathetic. She retired to Port Angeles and died.

CTW: The last time I heard from her at Christmas, she said I was the only person in Davis who had sent her a card.

In 1957, I was determined to get Linda Van Norden promoted. She had finished two or three chapters of The Black Feet of the Peacock. Jim Caldwell of Berkeley and I were bowled over by her learning. She drew heavily on the older literature. Her title referred to a curse that was put on the peacock. Another chapter dealt with the Ethiopian who said that the black could be scrubbed off his skin.

RW: The entire book was to deal with the symbolism of blackness. She knew all about heraldry and emblems.

CTW: Caldwell and I filed a minority report; he gave me the courage. A man from our campus was out to get her; he thought she should write a book every year or two. And a Berkeley professor said, "Here's a lot of curious information. So what?" Those two did not promote her.

RW: Ah, but the minority report impressed our Budget Committee, and next year you succeeded.

CTW: Amerine had that second committee over to the Enology building for lunch. Caldwell was present, with Professor Cline of Berkeley. Emil Mrak, our future Chancellor, was there. Linda got her professorship, but she never rose above that first salary step.

RW: I know that she did finish her book. As department chairman, I saw the completed manuscript. She refused to publish it without the illustrations--that's what I've heard. Harvard might have taken it except that the plates would be too expensive.

CTW: Any one of her chapters would have made an impressive article. She read portions at meetings. Once, at the University of San Francisco, I heard her deliver a brilliant paper on alchemy, with slides. There is such a thing as oral publication; she was widely respected. She spent her summers at the Huntington or the Folger, and corresponded with scholars.

At meetings there was always a distinguished man or two around her, taking her out to dinner. She'd be beautifully dressed. Once when we went south together by train, she got off at Glendale. There, waiting for her on the platform, was a mathematician from Cal Tech. At Davis she dated Charlie Barbee of Ag Engineering. Once, at a party, he put his spectacles on upside down.

RW: Who can blame him? You came through the front door, and Linda would put a glass in your hand. That was the last thing you remembered plainly. Her drinks were stiffer.

CTW: She was absent-minded. Didn't she lose one of your Berkeley seminar reports, which you'd hoped to publish?

RW: She thought she'd returned it, but I knew better. And I had no carbon copy. Linda left books on various trains. The Southern Pacific had a magnificent collection of her umbrellas.

CTW: Speaking of promotions--without violating confidences--let me describe a little comedy. A committee again met at my house for lunch. The candidate, who was not in our department, looked good; but the Berkeley members said, "He should have a book." Knowing him for a hard worker, I surmised the truth--he was concealing something. Going, anonymously, through channels, our committee learned that he had a book manuscript, all ready for mailing to a university press. He had hoped to save it for his next advancement. But he didn't need to worry--he has since become a very distinguished scholar.

RW: How was your own research progressing?

CTW: I had no book under my mattress, but I did have a great sprawling article. At the Huntington Library, Godfrey Davies suggested that I consult a professor in England, an expert on Elizabethan publishers. When the Englishman agreed, I mailed my long essay to him.

But he was a lazy chap--as I afterwards learned from others. After keeping my manuscript a year, he returned it unread.

By then I myself saw how to get seven articles out of that one! Though it wasn't so easy as snipping frankfurters apart, I produced the shorter studies.

In the summer of 1958, I returned the Stationers' Registers to the library and resolved to write poems. But I got sidetracked: I invented a baby sestina. It was like crossword puzzles--fun, but a waste of time. Only two of my baby sestinas got into print, and even those did not please me.

RW: What was the news on campus at that period?

CTW: Ruth Pell was our first M.A. I loved Ruth because, after she became a teacher, she said I had taught her how to write, just through my editing of her bluebooks in Shakespeare.

RW: Speaking of degrees reminds me of our Commencements in the Sunken Garden. President Sproul would raise his mortarboard cap, mop his sweating brow, and say, "I greet you warmly." And when a degree had only one candidate, he'd say, "I confer upon you--and I do mean you--."

CTW: There were many weddings. Ledyard Stebbins got married again. Vedder and I drove to Monterey for the second marriage of Wade Rollins. Having no air-conditioned car, I took off my dress, thinking that people couldn't see me. But when a tall truck passed us, the driver glanced down--and he looked startled. A woman riding in her slip!

RW: I was acting chairman that summer. How hot it was when we went to the train to meet Hilton Landry, our Harvard man, and his family.

CTW: You had run yourself ragged, hunting up a house for them. You got them a two-bedroom place for \$100 a month. Next day you took the Landrys to Sacramento to buy a washing machine.

You also found a temporary cottage for the Carters--little more than a shelter. They were good sports--even put pretty paper on the kitchen shelves. I lent them a traveling icebox.

RW: They finally moved into a fine house.

CTW: That reminds me: Everett couldn't stand the "mothball" name of that street; so Dr. George Hart, who was on the committee, asked what I'd suggest. I came up with Hawthorn Lane. And that's why Saint Martin's Episcopal church is on Hawthorn, not Camphor. According to Everett, another couple refused to live on Hemlock Street. "Who wants to be Socrates?" they said. Twice in my career I've served on a committee to name streets and buildings.

You were not well enough, Bob, to be in the long, long line at the inauguration of President Kerr. And 1958 was the year you bruised your leg on a chair in the dark. You were on crutches.

RW: I've got the scar to this day.

CTW: Though at first you refused to let me take your classes, the doctor finally compelled you to rest for a week. In the fall you were hospitalized with an ulcer attack. The doctor said, "We'll wait and see how long you can stave off an operation." That was the period when Ira Smith and Leonard Homann had two-thirds of their stomachs taken out! In June, during final exams, you had a temperature of 104°. Yet you finally got out some articles on Mark Twain, and you had some stories in the little magazines.

RW: Yes, and while Lilli was tied down with our new baby, I participated in the cooperative nursery school for Roberta. I had the title of Senior Mother.

CTW: Though I kept my health, I felt overworked. I was painting our house for several hours every week.

RW: The outside? Where was Vedder?

CTW: He had painted it twice already; the lumber contained some kind of moisture or oil. When he gave up, I tackled it myself. Vedder did the high-ladder part for me; I could not risk heights. But my paint job lasted for some time. When we finally repainted, Vee did the work; I compared him to Rembrandt because he worked so meticulously; but he used the best paint, and it stayed put until lately.

RW: You could have afforded a painter. Things were cheap in 1958.

CTW: Yes, I paid only \$65 for a beautiful double bookcase which a carpenter installed. Previously we had used our extra table leaves as shelves, propping them on bricks. So we couldn't seat eight diners.

When we put the extra leaves to their proper use, we invited the Freeborns. Marion had said, "Before Stan was chancellor, we had lots of friends. Now nobody asks us out." I'd known her as Mrs. Deming MacLise. After she was left a widow and Stanley a widower, they decided to marry. But the story ends sadly: they both died of cancer. During his last year, Stan traveled to San Francisco for treatment. And he gave rides to poor Ruth Landry.

RW: What were your feelings about Freeborn?

CTW: He was gentlemanly. I can see him now in his beautiful uniform during World War II. I'd be editing in Giannini Hall. Through the window, we'd admire Freeborn.

RW: He would like that uniform. He wanted the male faculty to wear neckties. I heard Beulah Hughes say at a party, "Stan, you're inclined to judge a man by the shine on his shoes."

CTW: Though he dressed well, Freeborn wanted to keep Davis agricultural. When he was Provost, the alumni begged him to make Letters and Science just a handmaid. We joked about teaching pastoral poetry.

One of our colleagues practically wept when I wanted to use up the remainder of our letterhead--"Branch of the College of Agriculture." Here, again, I was stingy. "Why," I said, "you've got ants in the pants." I had seen some men's shorts with red ants on them. But our colleague was miffed.

RW: Do you remember the furore when Mrs. Freeborn fought to preserve the name of Farm Circle? Some of the wives wanted to change it.

CTW: I was grateful when you put up posters for my reading in Hunt Auditorium. You were there, passing out the programs. All went very well.

I was local coordinator for the Coolbrith undergraduate poetry contest. Bob Valine won the second prize in competition with students from Stanford, Mills, Santa Clara, Saint Mary's, the University of the Pacific, and--think of this--all U.C. campuses.

RW: You also read at the Poetry Center.

CTW: The Telegraph Hill branch. That was a mixed bag! On the same program with me was a "gay" poet. A former student, Dorothy Danno, a prominent nose-and-throat specialist, had brought her three demure little teen-age daughters. She was taken aback. But that evening I shook the hand of Allen Ginsberg.

RW: "Howl" was the subject of a court case. Wasn't the founder of the Center an old friend of yours from graduate school?

CTW: Yes--Ruth Witt-Diamant. Back in 1928, she said to me: "Celeste, get a red dress, get a fifth of gin, get a wonderful new man!" But she kept Dylan Thomas from hard liquor at her house. When the Center began, she provided board and room for visitors. She is now retired from San Francisco State.

RW: Yes, but she taught in Japan for years.

CTW: Bob, something happened to me on the day before Commencement, 1959. I was looking forward to summer. But on that June morning, I discovered an alarming symptom and telephoned Cronan. Upon finding a polyp in my urethra, he hurried me to a surgeon; operations in that part of the body are like sewing inside a penny matchbox. The great man,

Dr. Juzek, said, "There are some aspects of this that I do not like; still, polyps are usually benign." The idea of getting a plastic urethra didn't cheer me.

I hurried off to the Sutter Hospital without seeing my friends. Mother was on her way East. You and Hilton didn't realize that I had disappeared. Gwen somehow found out and brought Linda to see me. Although Vedder and Vee also came, I felt isolated. Behind a screen in my hospital room was a woman who had cancer but didn't know it. I overheard the doctor and her husband.

My anesthetist used sodium pentathol. I woke refreshed, but the nurses attached a big bottle to me. For the first time in my life, I had to drink water instead of tea, coffee, milk, and orange juice. I began to like water.

But oh, the suspense of lying in bed, waiting to hear how the biopsy had turned out. Finally Dr. Juzek telephoned: my polyp was benign. Then I could eat in bed and read Henry James's The Europeans. I even did calisthenics at the end of the tube that went into my body.

RW: In those days there was often a terrible delay. Now they could rush the polyp to the lab while you were still on the operating table.

CTW: My polyp had been growing for years. The doctor said it would not recur--I didn't need to go back for checkups. So I went home, and there I sat down and wrote a letter praising the hospital, naming every nurse, orderly, or clerk who had been kind to me. The hospital wrote back, saying that this was the nicest letter they'd ever had. Besides posting it on the bulletin board, they made copies.

Being perfectly well, I could now start swimming. In the lifesaving class I got high marks on the written test, but I was the last woman to bring up a black rubber brick. I didn't get a certificate. Meanwhile I had arranged for our family to attend the Oregon Shakespearean Festival.

RW: You've always loved it.

CTW: That first time wasn't so good. The thermostat of our old Pontiac gave us trouble; we had to stop in Fortuna. And the kids--Vee and his cousin Jimmy--wanted to see a Western movie instead of Shakespeare. Then I came down with a virus. Sunning myself in Lithia Park, I could only talk of my aches and pains. When Vee got the same ailment, we decided to go home. It was 110° in the shade.

Back in Davis, your father was in poor health when he came up to see you. After returning to Pasadena, he had a coronary and died. At almost the same time, Gwen lost her father.

When my mother came back from Maine, in August 1959, I rented a place for her in Townhouse, the big apartment complex. The way I met her in Berkeley was surprising. I'd been calling on Josephine Miles; then, at the station, I reconnoitered, on the bare chance that Mother's train might come in. But there she was, in the waiting room. We were very happy. We felt that a new era had begun.

RW: What about recruiting for our department? Remember the Alain Renoir episode?

CTW: That was in 1958. Tom Hanzo, whom we'd counted on keeping with us, decided to go East. And so we had a job for somebody, and Alain Renoir talked of taking it. He's a vivacious Frenchman, the son of the motion-picture director Renoir and the grandson of the painter. After we'd gone pretty far with him, he suddenly backed out; he had been granted tenure.

This reversal turned out to be fortunate for us. At a meeting, Tom dramatically said, "I withdraw my resignation." Everybody was stunned. I spoke up at once: "Thank goodness, he has come to his senses." We would have had no job for Alain Renoir.

The curriculum continued to be in a ferment. Some of us wanted to continue the old sophomore survey of literature. Others wanted to move it to the senior year. When Linda witnessed an argument between two of our colleagues, she said they were beasts with their horns interlocked.

RW: Then there was the honors program. The majority wanted an elaborate set of courses, modeled on the famous ones at Swarthmore College. Those courses even got into the catalog.

CTW: Yes, but we never gave them. The catch was that we didn't have enough manpower.

RW: Some had vainly hoped for another teacher.

The university catalog has been a battleground. Do you remember when History tried to classify its courses as Humanities?

CTW: Yes, and of course that enrollment would be subtracted from English. Saying history was not a social science reminded me of the monks who decided to call rabbit "fish" on Fridays.

The Academic Senate is still arguing about retirement age. For Lily Campbell it was seventy. Now it's sixty-seven. My diary reads: "I hope to quit at sixty-two." But after being shelved at sixty-seven, I returned and taught for another six years.

RW: In 1959, Voorhies Hall was nearing completion. Our department moved in on November 10.

CTW: You showed me the offices before they were finished. You, as Acting Chairman, were like the good Bishop in Les Miserables, who gave his palace to the poor and took a mean little building for himself. You said the reading room belonged in the chairman's great big office.

Among my students then was a gifted fellow from Dixon. His family was uneducated, but he wrote remarkable essays. He liked to sit in my office and argue. Finally he quit college at the end of a semester.

There was also that poor little girl who made D's and who went to sleep in class. According to her roommate, she felt sure nobody loved her. Finally she went out of her head, woke up one day seeing visions and was sent to an institution.

RW: Georg Isaak came here as a new lecturer. He'd done well at Berkeley, but had decided against the Ph.D. As Director of Freshman English, he stayed with us till his retirement. The amusing thing was that he moonlighted as a head waiter in San Francisco. He knew all about wines.

CTW: Speaking of retirement: one day at the coffee counter in the bookstore, Ira Smith sat beside me. "Celeste," he said, "I've been looking up the income for my retirement. It will be really good." But he wasn't destined to enjoy it. First his wife, who'd been manager of the bookstore for so long, became paralyzed. Then he had ulcers--lost two-thirds of his stomach.

RW: He didn't live to be very old. His big house in College Park was sold to Tom Hanzo.

CTW: You yourself moved from Miller Drive to a colonial house in Elmwood. Your last party at the old place was for the Renaissance Conference. I got acquainted with Kester Svendsen, Linda's friend from Oregon. Later he read my poems on the radio.

Speaking of Linda: when you were up for promotion, she wrote a letter in your behalf; and she quoted this from Dorothy McCoy: "Everything that Bob Wiggins has ever done, he has done graciously."

At the end of Sol Fishman's term, I wanted you as our permanent chairman, but Dean Young said, "No, Bob is junior to several other people. It will be 1966 before he gets his turn." Actually, by 1966 you had served as Associate Dean and Vice-Chancellor. Can you name the year when you actually became our chairman?

RW: Yes, 1966. I was glad to use the chairmanship as a way of escaping from Mrak Hall. The offer came because Bill O'Connor felt too ill to continue.

CTW: Emil Mrak, who was going to be your boss, became Chancellor on October 23, 1959. The inaugural procession was very long; those gowns were uncomfortable in the heat.

RW: And still old Governor Pat Brown insisted that public buildings not be air-conditioned. Stenographers in summer had to go home. My theory is that the Bay Area architects didn't understand the valley.

CTW: Look at Everson Hall, our home economics building. They put in big sheets of glass to catch the sun. Soon we had to cover those blazing windows with foil.

RW: But Voorhies Hall, our new home, was air-conditioned. The students were encouraged to come over there, sit in the corridors, and study outside our office doors.

CTW: That was my tenth office since I came to Davis. Do you remember my striking a snag because the head janitor wouldn't let me move the old armchair I'd had in Temporary Building 1? I had bought that chair from the Faculty Club, and my visitors loved it. I also wanted a little, personal bookcase that contained my poems and articles. Casey was literal-minded. He'd been told not to move any old furniture.

RW: As a rule, Casey was one of the good guys. He didn't mind being called a janitor. And he'd personally move desks around. But, on occasion, he could be stubborn. When he told me I couldn't have a rug on my office floor, I simply put it there.

CTW: I got my back up. I said, "If need be, I'll go all the way to the Chancellor." When I telephoned the architect's secretary, "Why," she said, "of course you can use your personal things." Since the office was small, I dispensed with the big table. Then John Goldwait drew a plan for my furniture. The effect was so dazzling that I just wanted to gaze around.

I began serving coffee there--bought a little tea cart and a steel tray for my electric teakettle. So many people came that finally I put up a sign: "Friends are welcome to take coffee away, but I can talk only at the following hours."

RW: I was not so gentle during a sabbatical. I put up a sign that said, "Go away." It was a very small sign.

CTW: I almost lived in my office. I went there even on Thanksgiving Day--to chop up my Anthony Mundy paper. I had a welcome surprise when PMLA accepted a daring piece of detective work. The subject was old; still, I couldn't resist it: I'd identified Spenser's "E.K." as Edward Knight. My argument was so intricate that at first I couldn't organize it. Don Cameron Allen, of Johns Hopkins, found my arguments sound, but said I wrote like an engineer. He hurt my pride. After polishing the

essay till you could see your face in it, I sent it back. "There, there," said Mr. Allen. "Now it's a good paper."

RW: He is known to have had an abrasive personality.

CTW: Meanwhile, I was gormandizing with Vedder's friends at the Food Club parties. More than once, after going to three affairs in one day, I looked up "emetic." Did the Romans use mustard and water? My old Latin professor said his sister used to imitate them after banquets.

RW: Dr. McKinlay was fond of you. In his eighties he would hardly let you talk with your other friends at the PAPC meetings. He wanted to nominate you for president.

CTW: I was so diffident, I thought I could not give a presidential address worthy of such scholars. Now I know better. But it's too late; my champion has died.

RW: At Davis you're rated high as a scholar. In the 1950's you were on a great many promotion committees.

CTW: I go all out for the candidates I believe in. Once I wrote such a strong letter, for somebody in another department, that the Budget Committee chairman telephoned me. "If this man is so good," he said, "shouldn't we give him an acceleration?" I hastily replied, "No. He's good, but he's not that good."

Here's another example of my overdoing the praise. When you were busy, I began consulting a younger colleague about my poems. Though he didn't write verse, he began to consider himself a better poet than I. So I stopped running with manuscripts to his office.

RW: I know whom you mean, and you helped him to a promotion.

CTW: When Ruth's mother began to dying in a good job in order to take care of the three children, I advised her to go to "Hilton," I said, "my merry again." And sure enough, within a year, he married one of our graduate students.

RW: Then he left us for Kent University, which offered him a full professorship. And so Mrs. Allen went back to the University and eventually retired with a pension.

CTW: I advised Jane Conant Bissell, a student who had left us when her husband moved. How could a pregnant housewife in Tarlock graduate at Davis? She took special study. I also gave her one of my regular courses, saying she could come here for the exams. She earned highest honors and a Phi Beta Kappa key. At Conant's birth she was covered up the bulge. (I'd been afraid that she would give birth on the platform.)

RW: After having four children, Jane was divorced and came back for a master's degree. She writes about poetry and is married again.

CTW: In 1960, Mother and I were in London with my cousin Norman Kelley, who had just signed a three-year contract with William Hill. We went down to San Francisco to see the place. Sunday in Boris Godunov--a big party. What a wonderful time. The dinner at an Italian restaurant--the waiter of course, and I went to the bar and got a drink.

XVIII "ETRUSCAN PRINCESS," FACULTY RESEARCH LECTURE, 1960-1963

RW: What were you doing in 1960? Did you have any classes under Bertland?

CTW: In 1960, Bob, you and I both started going to church. You had lost your father; and Mr. Everton--Clyde--gave you some consolation. Under his influence, you joined Saint Martin's. You've been warden several times. Gwen also went to that little building on First Street. It was not intended as a church; it had been the home of Samuel Beckett, for whom a residence hall is named. It was often so crowded that part of the congregation sat on the front porch. It was like that on Easter Sunday, when John Goldthwait gave Mother and me a ride.

I had first tried Saint Martin's in 1953. As the services were then in the Varsity Theatre, one dreaded to kneel; the floor was covered with popcorn and chewing gum. Later Mother and I visited the Unitarians in the Girl Scouts' Cabin--heard good lectures by people like Chuck Higgins of Geology. They had a fellowship, not a church. When that poor, beautiful John Kleiber died, in his teens, the memorial service consisted of instrumental music.

Often, in 1960, my thoughts were solemn. Ruth Landry developed cancer; and I gave her rides to the nine o'clock service.

RW: She died next year.

CTW: When Ruth's mother talked of giving up a good job in order to take care of the three children, I advised against it. "Hilton," I said, may marry again." And sure enough, within a year, he married one of our graduate students.

RW: Then he left us for Kent University, which offered him a full professorship. And so Mrs. Hall went back to Massachusetts and eventually retired with a pension.

CTW: I advised Jane Conant Bissell, a student who had left us when her husband moved. How could a pregnant housewife in Turlock graduate at Davis? She took special study. I also gave her one of my regular courses, saying she could come here for the exams. She earned highest honors and a Phi Beta Kappa key. At Commencement her black gown covered up the bulge. (I'd been afraid that she would give birth on the platform.)

RW: After having four children, Jane was divorced and came back for a master's degree. She writes good poetry and is married again.

CTW: In 1960, Mother and I held a reunion with my cousin Norman Kelley, who had just signed a three-year contract with Metropolitan Opera. We went down to San Francisco to hear him as Prince Shouisky in Boris Godonov--a big part. What I chiefly remember is the dinner at an Italian restaurant--the waiter misunderstood and brought Mother and me each a double portion. The bill was staggering.

RW: What were you doing for exercise? Had you started your noon classes under Bernauer?

CTW: No, but a teacher from the YWCA conducted a gym class at Saint James Hall. She made us bend over backward. That is murder for lordosis--an S-shaped back. Not long afterward, I had serious pain; and since then I have had to coddle my back.

RW: How were our department's classes?

CTW: Letters and Science didn't have much upper-division enrollment. The Lyric, at 8:00 a.m., attracted only four or five. To keep it going, I would even give students a ride to school. One girl stuck her head out the window and called, "It's no use; I was up too late."

RW: What committees were you on?

CTW: I narrowly escaped being put on the Budget Committee, where former chairpersons frequently land. Luckily, I was scheduled for a sabbatical. As Katherine Esau complained, that committee was a four-year sentence to hard labor.

In 1960 I wanted to see Clyde Jacobs, of Political Science, on the City Council. I sat up addressing envelopes until I could have cried. But Clyde was elected.

RW: Well, at least you'd been freed from your editorial work.

CTW: Don't be too sure. Vernon Puryear asked me to help him with a small, popular book on Napoleon's love affairs in Egypt. It's hard for me to say no, and Vernon looked so tired that I pitied him. When he offered money, I said, "By no means." But he bought a \$200 government bond for my son; he invited my husband and me to dinner. The Puryears gave elaborate parties. They would entertain President Sproul.

I'm grateful to Vernon for putting me into Who's Who in America. Besides nominating me himself, he asked Jo Miles to endorse my poems. Since then I have nominated three of my friends.

Vernon almost mortgaged himself to buy shares of Pacific Telephone--the preferred stock. Holders of that stock occasionally got special rights, like a bonus. I once sold my rights for a grand total of \$670. From that time on, though, the telephone stock went down. This year I sold it at a loss, which I used as a deduction on my income tax.

Speaking of investments, do you remember "Celeste's Folly?" That's what Vedder called the landscaping I hired done.

RW: Wasn't the architect a former faculty member?

CTW: Yes, and he said he could beautify our back yard for about \$500. He really meant it. But the top bid--from a nurseryman in town--was \$2,500. In the end, I was thankful to get by for \$1,500 by cutting down on beautiful pebbles and rare plants. When I said yes, I liked his idea of "little screens," I never dreamed that his ornamental fence would cost \$400 and would be devilish to repaint. Parts of it now fall down.

RW: So much for professors as landscape architects. Were you active in learned societies?

CTW: When the Renaissance group met at the College of Holy Names, Alex Chambers read a paper, and Linda and I were proud of him. She was founder and president.

RW: Chambers and his wife had Ph.D.'s from Johns Hopkins. The junior professors were jealous because you could hear his typewriter rattling out the publications.

CTW: Alex had a beautiful voice. He sang in Purcell's Dido and Aeneas. And I liked him because Vee raved about his teaching. Vee got in solid because there wasn't a scratch of correction on his Subject A exam. He took Shakespeare from Chambers; to this day he raves about Richard II, Phaedrus, and All the King's Men.

When the Chamberses left us, Vee and I said goodbye to them and their gifted little boy and girl. We hugged Alex in the middle of the street. Vee was all dressed up in the black motorcycle suit he'd ordered from Great Britain.

RW: They would have stayed if Jessie had found a job. She was brilliant, but husband and wife could not teach in the same department. They went first to Louisiana, afterwards to Wisconsin; and in both places, there was a college nearby that would hire Jessie.

CTW: Just before entering college, in 1960, Vee toured the United States on a chartered bus with his cousin Jimmy and a group from Bakersfield. On the steps of the Capitol, they shook hands with Senator John Kennedy.

In November 1960, Vedder sailed for Tahiti on the Wanderer, a beautiful small ship that had belonged to the actor Sterling Hayden. The trip took four months, and each member of the party had duties on board. The captain, of course, was a qualified seaman. For Vedder the experience was ideal; he still attends reunions of that group. He's now a bicycle rider--goes to Winters as a daily stint. About three years ago he rode 200 miles in one day, in the Double Century.

Vee is not athletic, but in 1960 he rode to Clear Lake; I gave him his breakfast at 3:00 a.m. On a shorter trip, he went to Berryessa. Afterwards he said, "Mother, the road goes right into the lake." That gave me the idea for "Highway into the Water." I was also influenced by the photographs our friend Margery Mann had taken of Monticello, where even the graves were dug up. Linda Van Norden gave me The Waters of Kronos, a fantasy about a submerged town. Would you call it science fiction?

RW: C. P. Snow, who was trying to bring science and the humanities together, spoke at Davis in 1960. We sponsored his wife, Pamela Hansford Johnson, in a lecture on fiction.

CTW: You drove some of us down to the PAPC at San Francisco.

RW: But when it was time for the banquet, you and I sneaked off to see Jean Renoir's Picnic on the Grass. We dreaded after-dinner speeches.

CTW: Once at a PAPC banquet in Berkeley, all the Davis members trooped solemnly out through the Shattuck Hotel kitchen, pretending we had to catch a train. But we really headed for my room and a bottle of whiskey.

When you drove us to a Chico meeting of the Valley Philological Association, I talked with Arnold, Gwen's former husband. He gave me the credit for his job at Chico.

RW: I don't think you have mentioned it to me.

CTW: Right after World War II, Arnold got out of the Red Cross. He turned up one day with his new wife, a lawyer. Having been unhappy in graduate school, he didn't plan to reenter the academic world. "You're crazy," I said; "there are wonderful jobs to be had for the asking. Jean," I said to his wife, "back me up--Mr. Brodeur will recommend him." "Oh," said the lady lawyer, "the decision must be Arnold's." Well, he took my advice. And Chico needed an associate professor. Think of stepping into that salary and a beautiful little house. Arnold taught until, just a few years ago, he had open-heart surgery.

In the summer of 1961, I went on a deluxe tour to the Shakespearean Festival. I met the chartered coach at the Nut Tree, had chicken under a bell jar, and received an orchid. Throughout the tour, meals were

important--the red-carpet treatment at Mon Desir, near Ashland; and a candlelight dinner in Eureka. We stayed at the Mark Antony hotel.

One lady told me about the third marriage of Lehman, my old mentor. He captured the rich widow of "Bull" Durham, another ex-chairman. At the time of this brilliant third match, Lehman wrote me about my poem "One Heart Too Small," and he quoted: "You have not entered such a universe / Before. A new dimension is revealed." For him that was true: he spent the rest of his life alternating between Palm Springs and the Riviera.

RW: About that time, you started winning prizes in the Coolbrith statewide poetry contests. What was the poem?

CTW: "Satellite," on the Sputnik. Ina Coolbrith's grandniece (Ina Graham) telephoned me to attend the annual banquet--I'd be glad, she said, if I came. It was thrilling to hear my poem read as the winner. I got better acquainted with Ina, who had been secretary to Dean Hutchison!

The second time I won--several years later--my subject was an Anglo-Saxon church, which I called "The Jewel-Box at Bradford." I'm indebted to you, Bob, for telling me frankly that my first version, three pages of blank verse, was prosaic. After I boiled it all down to one page, you had hopes.

Little did I think that a man who lectured on Chaucer to my 46A class in 1961 was destined to be one of judges who would give me a Commonwealth Club medal in 1973. He was the Reverend Doctor Stackpoole, from the University of San Francisco. Not only did he speak to my class, but I took him to lunch or coffee.

RW: How far had you progressed with your plans for a book?

CTW: Dr. Alan Swallow of Denver, a poet, a critic, and a publisher, advertised for manuscripts. I sent him things that you and Karl Shapiro and Bill O'Connor had liked. Although he received over four hundred manuscripts, mine was among the few he wanted. First, though, he had to recover from a heart attack. I said I was willing to wait. In 1964 he got out my Etruscan Princess.

RW: President Kerr made you a judge for the Shelley Memorial Award, which Karl Shapiro and Josephine Miles had received. Who were the other judges?

CTW: One was none other than Richard Wilbur, and one was David Ferry of Wellesley. Prompt action was the best way to get the prize for my candidate, Eric Barker, who had once brought Clark Ashton Smith to my house for lunch. Barker wrote beautifully, and he had need--he was working as a gardener. I sent Wilbur and Ferry his new book, and I pressed his case. Barker was immensely pleased--said he would use the prize for a trip home to England. He refused to spend the money on a

visit to New York, where the Poetry Society of America would give out the award. "I don't want," he said, "to see my dickey [an artificial shirt front] reflected in the punch bowl at the Waldorf-Astoria." To my disappointment, Barker published no more books; and one day, sitting quietly with a Davis friend, he died without a struggle. His wife, Madelyn Green, was a noted teacher of folk dancing; but she died before him.

RW: How were your classes in 1961?

CTW: One student regarded me as a substitute mother. Not only did we talk in my office, but we both took swimming from Marya Welch. So I was horrified to hear that he had cut his wrists. I even felt guilty about giving him a C. But it wasn't his grades that depressed him; it was the situation at home. His parents were alcoholics. Though they gave him a Thunderbird, they didn't give him the love he needed. I saw him at the Health Center, and afterwards even at Oakland. The psychiatrist said that my contact with him was important. We had a ride in the Thunderbird and went somewhere for lunch. Then we exchanged a few letters. But another young man, who drank too much, took him off on a trip, and his letters to me stopped.

RW: Speaking of accidents: in 1961 Tom Parkinson of Berkeley came here with a bad scar on his face. A lunatic had entered his office and shot at him but, instead, killed a graduate student.

CTW: Why did he visit Davis? I saw him at Hugh Staples's house.

RW: Tom was here with an accreditation team from the Western College Association. Oddly enough, Davis was not yet accredited.

CTW: There was also some palaver about satisfying the American Association of University Women. Later we were put through the wringer for a chapter of Phi Beta Kappa.

RW: Your son was in college at that time, majoring in chemistry.

CTW: Oh, yes. He loved chemistry in high school--did remarkably well. He and his cousin Jimmy had an impossible dream of owning a commercial lab. Jimmy is now a chemical engineer. But what Vee really liked was just the lab work. His father and I included a lab in his room above our garage. We gave him money for chemicals and glassware.

As a freshman, Vee was admitted to a special chemistry class. He qualified for the Dean's list. Later he went downhill in physics and slipped to C's in his major. He was destined to graduate in "Mom's" department, with B's in English and an overall average of C plus.

What a Hallowe'en show he and his buddies put on in 1961. Bill Leonard, Tom Flocker, and Tom Stetson were mechanically minded. They had

a luminous ghost flitting out of our upper window, and maniacal laughter coming from the attic, with a voice announcing, "I am the Great Pumpkin." The neighborhood children received all-day suckers. But after the candy was gone, the kids began throwing rocks at our house, and the big boys turned the hose on them. Vedder and I happened to be out.

RW: What was new with our colleagues?

CTW: Iver Nelson, after a stroke, fooled the doctors and lived. He later survived a heart attack, not to mention acute congestion of the lungs. After each of these crises, I'd go solemnly to his house, feeling that I must be parting from him forever. But there would be Iver, eating cake and drinking coffee. Give credit to Lulu for nursing him through thick and thin. When, ten years later, she finally lost him, she still had gumption: "Now," she said, "I'm going to take some trips--do some of the things that I couldn't do while Iver was ill."

By 1961, Pat Sikes was no longer our colleague; she had gone to more important jobs. But that year I took my 1954 Hillman to a certain garage man for repairs. And do you know why I was embarrassed about seeking his help? I had reproached him when his dog, Lady, bit Pat's three-year-old daughter right below the eye.

RW: I don't remember about that.

CTW: Dr. Cronan, who sewed up the wound, said that Kathy might have lost her eye. The owner should have kept his cantankerous dog at home. "If I were Mrs. Sikes," I said, "I would sue you." "That's your privilege," said the man. Well, Pat did sue, and the case came to trial. The Davis Enterprise had a headline: "Lady Barks Defense." You know dog-lovers; they all came to court that day, as if that poor little girl had bitten Lady. On some technicality, the judge dismissed the case. Now you see why I was embarrassed when I had to take my Hillman to that garage.

In 1962 William Van O'Connor became our chairman, as indeed we had planned in bringing him here from Minnesota. Bill was immensely helpful.

RW: He got me an assignment from a French publisher.

CTW: Yes, your selections from Pearl Buck, with your own introduction, came out with a color design by Picasso. Bill encouraged my poems. Did I tell you, though, that he might have been hurt at my house?

RW: What can you mean?

CTW: He dined under a heavy mirror that we had inherited from Vedder's mother. Next morning, about four o'clock, I heard a terrifying crash. That mirror had fallen on Bill's chair. If it had dropped on his head, it might have killed him. I felt sick.

RW: What else do you find in your diary for 1962?

CTW: I did not go to Berkeley to hear President Kennedy. But I liked our own Charter Day: Judge Peter J. Shields, one hundred years old, was on the platform, though Alyce Lowrie read his speech for him. He, of course, had persuaded the legislature, early in this century, to make Davis the site of the University Farm. Our Library is named for him now. He did not live long after that Charter Day.

In March of 1962 Susan Regan, whom I'd always admired and loved, came to grief. She suddenly began seeing blind spots; it was a brain tumor. I had one final visit at her house. "I'm getting lots of good wishes," she said. "Heaven knows, I need them." She lasted only about nine months.

RW: Were you keeping up your swimming in 1962?

CTW: Oh, yes--under the coach, Jerry Hinsdale. He made us dive for the brick in the deepest part of the pool. Peering through the water, I saw something black and supposed it was the brick. But when I fought my way down, that darned thing turned out to be the drain pipe.

Jerry announced that next day we must jump off the tower. When I came home quivering, my son said, "There's nothing to it, Mom; just hold your nose and go feet first." I reported for duty. To my infinite relief, other women had objected; and so Jerry excused us.

A pleasant surprise in my diary: I was raised to the brand-new fourth salary step for full professors. There weren't funds for very many of those promotions. And soon Emil Mrak, at a party, advised me to attend the meeting of the Academic Senate. Not until that night, when I was lying in bed, did I realize, "This may mean that I'm going to be Faculty Research Lecturer for 1963." And it happened: Hugh Cameron, the chairman of the former lecturers who had chosen me, stood up and began reading my biography. Then people flocked around to congratulate me. How in the world had it come to pass?

RW: The quality of your work. And I heard they were looking for the most eligible person outside the sciences, to indicate that we now have strong departments in the humanities. Unanimously they decided on you. Emil Mrak, as a former Lecturer, was on that committee himself.

CTW: I had another thrill: Prytanean, the women students' service club, and Blue Key, the men's, invited me to give the annual "Last Lecture." We don't have that anymore, do we?

RW: I think not.

CTW: The speaker had to pretend it was his last lecture. I said, "All right, then I want to read poems." And the students said, "That's

what we hoped you would do." Others who had already given that Lecture were Elliott Weier, the botanist; Freeborn, the former Chancellor; Harold Reiber, an important chemistry professor; and Milton Hildebrand of Zoology, whose course in love and marriage is so popular.

RW: I'd call it his seminar in sexology.

CTW: Meanwhile my son had fallen in love--not with a girl but with a Honda. Our friend Dr. Charles McKinney warned us not to let him have a motorcycle. "I've seen," he said, "too many broken bodies." Much to Vedder Senior's consternation, I agreed--at last--to finance the Honda. Vee came to my room, got down on his knees by my bed, and said, "Mother, thank you; this means the whole world to me." He never got smashed up.

RW: He was one of the few who have sense enough to wear a helmet.

CTW: But now for something that changed my entire life. My mother, who had been living quietly in Town House, became paranoid. One evening she was herself; next morning she thought that the Russian airplanes were passing overhead. When the mosquito-control apparatus went down the street, it was pumping poison gas into her bedroom. A man upstairs sanding furniture sent electric charges into her bedsprings. Apparently she felt a tingling sensation. In her terror of electricity, she'd unplug her refrigerator. It sounds funny, but it wasn't.

RW: She was probably having a series of small strokes. I remember how often you were upset; you would find her apartment empty, and then discover her at your house.

CTW: She didn't feel safe there, either. She thought Vee and Vedder were conspiring. She'd go and sit in the Community Church. Here's something a little pleasanter about that time: she would start down the aisle during communion at Saint Martin's. In those days only members took communion. Since I couldn't keep Mother from heading for the altar rail, I thought she'd better be confirmed. In order to do that, I escorted her to nine lectures and thus qualified myself also--unintentionally.

RW: But you didn't take that step along with your mother. You were in the class that the Bishop confirmed next time.

CTW: Right. My shameful secret was that I'd never been baptized. I asked Father Burrill to arrange it privately, at evening prayer. Luck was with me: it was pouring rain. There were only five persons in the church besides Father Burrill. Adults do not have godparents; you and Mother were my witnesses. But I sent you a godfather's card on Father's Day.

RW: For a year or so, your mother was still able to enjoy life.

CTW: I'm glad she attended my Faculty Research Lecture. She lived vicariously through me. For a long time I had this built-in feeling that

Mother was urging me to win. In 1925 I did not understand Alfred Longueil when he said, "I value success very little."

Nowadays I understand better. Lily Campbell, my role model, is seldom mentioned. The other day, when I quoted J.S.P. Tatlock, one of our young colleagues said sarcastically, "Tatlock is dead." And yet Tatlock was once so powerful at Berkeley that his TA went to the English office and asked, "Did God leave a bundle of papers here for me?"

The students no longer know for whom Sproul Hall was named. And I doubt that Sproul was half so pleased as Chester Roadhouse in having a building named for him. I saw Roadhouse on campus one day in 1963. He was simply beaming; he had come back to see his name placed on the old Dairy Industry Building.

RW: It was scheduled to be demolished, but he died first.

CTW: In the end, Bob, glory matters only to ourselves. As Falstaff says, "Detraction will not suffer it." I always felt shaky in my self-esteem.

RW: As if you had to apologize for occupying your little space?

CTW: Maybe it's because I was told not to bother the guest children at Kineo. Maybe it's because I was younger than other students. When I stop teaching, I may lose my sense of worth. I don't want to be a relic, like Roadhouse Hall.

RW: Joseph Schildkraut illustrates the hollowness of fame. When he was here, teaching, that movie director was considered for an honorary degree. He had talked of leaving Davis \$100,000. Instead, he died; and when his will was made public, he had not inserted the bequest.

But to cheer yourself up, tell about your Faculty Research Lecture.

CTW: Nothing ever excited me more. I got twelve red roses from my old college gang, and another dozen from Jessie Coffee, my former teaching assistant. Invitations were mailed to as many people as I wished. On the evening itself, Vedder and I had dinner at Chancellor Mrak's house with the last five faculty research lecturers and their wives. I enjoyed giving the talk. There was my son, toward the back of the auditorium in Young Hall, grinning at me. The audience laughed at "The Unruly Female in Elizabethan Literature," which dealt with the Amazons and the Female Worthies. When I finished speaking, Mr. Mrak said in my ear, "That was just what we hoped for." He handed me my publications, all bound up for the archives. Then came the reception; I shook hands with a long line of well-wishers.

RW: We were formal in those days.

CTW: My picture was on the front page of the University Bulletin. And President Kerr mentioned in print that the Lectureship is the greatest honor the Academic Senate can pay to one of its members.

Caroline Gordon, the novelist, was teaching in our department. The day after my lecture, she urged me to prepare a book of my research in an informal style, with plenty of humor. I explained that my essays were already in print. "Rewrite them," she urged; "get rid of the footnotes. Then try a university press."

RW: That advice was unfortunate for you.

CTW: For several months I worked hard on the project. But sure enough, the editors objected because the material was already available, although in different form. One reader did like my book, but another said, "Essays are never so popular as a monograph." The consensus was, I should go to the Huntington, write a couple of new papers, and add them to my manuscript. I gave up.

RW: My guess is that today the feminist presses might be interested in your *Unruly Females*.

CTW: Now you're singing a siren's song.

RW: Caroline Gordon also encouraged you with your poems. She was the former wife of Allen Tate.

CTW: I had to ignore one part of her advice: she said the name "Celeste" was too fancy. Why not call myself Julia Wright, using my first name? I said her advice came a little late. But I appreciated her interest. And you, Bob, published a review of her book Old Red. For some reason, though, you didn't attend the canonization party.

RW: Tell about it.

CTW: Caroline was a convert to Roman Catholicism; so she decided to honor a brand-new saint, a relative of Dolora Cunningham. The saint was a French clergyman of the nineteenth century.

RW: Dolora's brother is a priest, and he edits a Catholic paper.

CTW: Yes, he was at the party, and so was that delightful young Father O'Sullivan.

Perhaps because Caroline had liked my lecture, I was asked to repeat it at the Oregon Shakespearean Festival of 1964. Dolora, who had charge of Renaissance Studies at Ashland, gave me a \$100 honorarium and--better yet--tickets for Charlene and her husband and Alice Gillmann. But, alas, Mother insisted on going. Charlene backed her up--"She'll be so proud of you."

Egad, Bob--Mother had one of her paranoiac spells. When we got to my poetry reading, she suspected Dolora of planning to kidnap her. When we signed the guest book at the Jacksonville Museum, Mother thought we were booking her into an old ladies' home. As for my lecture, that too was a "trap." In a restaurant, she ate nothing but cornflakes. At Crater Lake, she thought we were going to abandon her. Going through the redwoods, she hung on to my belt--followed me into the ladies' room. On the way home somebody mentioned Napa, and of course she thought of an insane asylum. It was rugged; but we managed, even so, to have a vacation.

RW: Before your poetry book came out, you had the benefit of advice from Malcolm Cowley, who came here as Regents' Lecturer. You gave a dinner--Chancellor Mrak was there, and Caroline Gordon.

CTW: Earlier, Cowley came for an informal supper. After Linda's cocktail party, he said he'd have to go home and open a can of beans; so I plucked up the courage to invite him to eat lasagne with Eric Barker, who was here to give a reading.

RW: We had Cowley at our place several times. You know he appraised my first book manuscript--took quite an interest. He loves little kids, and my daughters still remember him. When he left Davis, he sent a postcard to them, not to me.

XIX HOWARD BAKER, DEAN YOUNG, FAMILY CRISES, 1963-1965

RW: The year 1963-64 brought Howard Baker here, teaching Elizabethan literature; he has a book on tragedy. He and Dorothy were in Europe at the same time as F. Scott Fitzgerald, but they wisely preferred to buy a ranch and enjoy their writing. Howard's an executive for Lindsay Olives and a citrus cooperative.

CTW: He's a fine poet--has several collections, including some published by Alan Swallow. When he first read my work, he said, "I knew your poems were good, but I hadn't expected they'd be this good." He wrote a blurb for the jacket of my Etruscan Princess, and his wife gave that book to the actress Mercedes McCambridge.

Howard helped me plan my second book. Left over from Etruscan Princess, which was limited to thirty-six poems, were other things I had published in magazines. Howard told me frankly what he liked and didn't like. Things we discussed have also appeared in Seasoned Timber. From his ranch at Terra Bella, he called me long distance to praise "Minor Medici." He's just sent me his Cave of Persephone--classical archaeology from his travels.

RW: One of his daughters took a Ph.D. in archaeology. She had an apartment at Berkeley, and Dorothy would put it in order. When visitors asked, "How does a graduate student find time for housekeeping?" the daughter said, "There's a woman who comes in here every Thursday."

Dorothy wrote Young Man with a Horn, based on the life of a famous jazz musician. It was made into a movie. And while she was with us, she won an award for her collection of stories, Trio.

CTW: The Bakers used Howard's Guggenheim money to buy the ranch; we weren't able to coax them here very often. She had a long, long bout with cancer. And yet she exerted herself to write the Commonwealth Club that my Etruscan Princess deserved a medal. I wish she'd lived to see the one given to my Sense of Place, which I dedicated to you and to Howard.

In June 1964 I went to Pasadena for a reunion of my old college gang, who had sent red roses for my lecture. We were at Walter Koerper's house. Having neglected my much-older cousin-by-marriage, Bess Turner, I tried to

reach her. To my amazement, her name no longer appeared in the phone book. I finally got through to her daughter, Flora, who was working as secretary to the Universalist church. Next day I took Flora to lunch. "I thought I wrote you," she said; "Mother died some time ago." Definitely, I had not heard. But I felt ashamed: Bess had sent me birthday cakes, doilies, and other presents. Now I'd never see her again. My poem "Next of Kin" compares those years of neglect to the smog in Pasadena.

RW: Guilt is a universal feeling. We all neglect older people.

CTW: That period was a sad one. Dean Young had left Pakistan in very poor health. When I went to his house with a wedding present for his son, I was shocked to see Herbert looking so haggard. It was cancer; he had had an operation. After a long period of going downhill, he died on January 14, 1965. For a memorial at the Community Church, I was asked to describe his career as our first Dean. When Young Hall was dedicated to him, as the building where he had carried on his research, you were the M.C.

RW: I'd been Herbert's Associate Dean. His office then was on the first floor of Sproul Hall, with Margot James and Emilyn Vaage as his assistants.

CTW: Poor Herbert never got the red-carpet treatment. At the very beginning he had a little pocket in our present Library. The only air conditioning was an electric fan.

RW: My favorite story about Herbert tells how he came into the men's room all upset. And to me he said, "I think this is the only room in this building where everyone knows what they're doing."

CTW: At the wedding of John Young, over in Carmichael, I noticed that Herbert was walking feebly. I was also struck with his gaunt appearance when I went to see him about a friend who was being denied tenure. Herbert, looking at me across the desk, said, "Come over and sit by me." He realized that I was ready to cry. "Go ahead," he told me, "and file your minority report." I needn't have worried so, for my friend landed on his feet--got a job in a New York state university, where he now has thirty-four people under him.

Speaking of weddings, Bob, I went to one at the Unitarian Church in Berkeley--Tony Rollins, a faculty son, was the bridegroom. I talked with the maid-of-honor, a handsome pre-med student. Just a few months later that girl, Judy Williamson, was murdered. Not for months did the police find the murderer--one of Judy's classmates.

RW: On our campus, a different kind of news made the front page: the Comptroller was fired. He'd invented accounts that did not exist. He had always seemed the picture of integrity. According to Dorothy McCoy,

who used to work for him, he became irrational after falling on his head from a jeep during World War II.

CTW: Those imaginary accounts affected us. In April of 1963, everyone had to go to Freeborn Hall to pick up a pay envelope. This was to prove that the Comptroller hadn't invented us.

RW: The University was conducting an audit.

CTW: Speaking of chicanery: I bent the rules a little in helping a faculty daughter who needed one-half of one grade point to graduate. I was her adviser. I found one professor--not in our department--who said he could easily have given her a B- rather than a C+. He was permitted to raise the grade so that the poor girl could appear in her cap and gown. One-half grade point made a whole family happy--not to mention her fiancé. (If it hadn't been for love, her grades would have been better.)

RW: What else do you have in your notebook?

CTW: When you gave a party for Carolyn Gordon at the Firehouse, I loved the Edwardian atmosphere.

RW: Am I anything like Edward the Seventh?

CTW: We won't go into that. Instead, let's talk about my first book of poems. You'd been like a father, patting me on the head and giving me Brownie points. And at last I had found a publisher, Alan Swallow.

RW: Did you ever meet him?

CTW: Just once--on October 21, 1964, when he came visiting Stuart Northam, a professor at Sac State. Stuart had written his dissertation under Swallow at the University of Denver. Alan arrived that evening in a sports car. He had hurt his leg in a motorcycle accident not long before. He had also got over a heart attack. When he asked whether I could wait a few months for Etruscan Princess, I agreed.

Nothing has given me more satisfaction than autographing that book. It sold for \$2.00, cost me only \$1.20; so I gave my friends copies--not that Swallow asked me; he even paid royalties, and he said it went through three printings.

RW: He was a friend of Bill O'Connor.

CTW: Yes. Bill was there at the Northams'. He and Alan were both destined to die in their early fifties. Bill, prophetically, had written about a professor with heart disease.

Soon after that evening at Stuart's house, Bill started to collect a volume of critical essays. He accepted my study of Elinor Wylie. What was your subject?

RW: Before I got going, the project failed.

CTW: Bill was disappointed because some of his notable connections, such as Cleanth Brooks, didn't send him critiques. Finally he advised me to send my essay elsewhere. To my joy, Swallow himself used it in Twentieth Century Literature.

Unexpected rewards for my poems appeared. Bradford Booth, of UCLA, offered me a chance to spend months writing at a sort of McDowell Colony in southern California. Although this sounded good, I put off applying. Then Booth died, and the chance was gone.

RW: What were your close ties with the UCLA faculty?

CTW: My freshman English instructor, Lawrence Lockley, turned up in the 1960's. As perhaps I've mentioned, he'd taken a Ph.D. in economics at Harvard. Then, after being Dean of Business Administration at U.S.C., he taught at Santa Clara as an emeritus professor. I went to San Francisco to have dinner with him and his second wife. Before ordering martinis, he gave me a silver dollar dated 1921; that was the year we had got acquainted.

RW: It was also the year I was born, and I carry a 1921 silver dollar for luck. But let's go back to November of 1963, when the department moved into Sproul Hall. It's the tallest building on campus--nine stories.

CTW: Yes, and the men's and women's rest rooms are on alternate floors, an arrangement that wastes a lot of the University's time. We found the walls thinner than in Voorhies Hall; conversations are plainly audible. But, for the most part, I've enjoyed my office. Did I ever tell you, though, that when we were moving, I asked my TA's to carry my offprints to the reading room? It was your idea, Bob, to collect everyone's publications. My offprints almost didn't make it: someone thought that box in the corridor was trash. Luckily, Leonard noticed my name.

RW: That was the month President Kennedy was assassinated. Word reached us at work. Then, stunned by his death, we spent two days before the television, watching the funeral and getting used to Lyndon Johnson.

CTW: Vedder and I lost a friend: Louis Mann had developed a brain tumor. At Christmas we went to Willowbank, where Vee gave him a Boy Scout knife with screwdrivers and corkscrews on it. Poor dear Louis said, "Look at that!" He hugged our boy. But the next time we came to that house, he was gone forever; Pat kept his books and papers as he had left them.

RW: Do you remember John Kenneth Galbraith as our speaker on Charter Day of 1964?

CTW: Oh, yes--I enjoy his sarcasm. Early in the 1930's he commuted from Berkeley to give Economics 1A-1B. When that man (about six feet seven) came up the stairs of Dairy Industry, his head appeared long before the rest of him.

RW: By the way, what reviews did you get for Etruscan Princess?

CTW: Alan Swallow respected the Library Journal. When it recommended my little book, I sent copies to our Santa Cruz, San Diego, and other U.C. libraries. As for critics: the Southern Review advised me to write more about myself, but the Hudson (George Elliott) praised me for being interested in the outer world--"intelligent and sane."

RW: Elliott was a contemporary of mine at Berkeley. For a long time he edited the Hudson.

CTW: He was not my only critic there. Dennis Donoghue, in a survey of contemporary poets, said some of my lyrics were "beautiful." I was also pleased when Louis Untermeyer, to whom I had mailed Etruscan Princess, wrote me that he'd started to glance through but, instead, had read it all. Later, in a book on technique, he said I could handle the rondeau in a perfectly natural way; he cited "The Paper Flowers."

RW: We were touched when a local poet wanted you and me to endorse him.

CTW: You mean Rex Sebastian, the Bard of Dixon! He'd been the only black poet at an Ina Coolbrith banquet in Berkeley. He was very earnest about being a poet. You had him over at your house for dinner.

RW: Rex was a retired post-office employee. He is dead now.

CTW: So is poor Lucile Evans, our organist in the early days of Saint Martin's. She had a talent for fiction, but couldn't decide between novels and short stories. After noticing that she liked a big cast of characters, I thought she should be a novelist. We had several sessions at her house. But though editors sent her encouraging comments, she died without getting anything into print.

RW: In the summer of 1964, we became upset about Vietnam. The students were demoralized by the draft.

CTW: My own boy was horrified. After being classified as 1A, he thought of leaving college. Even though he'd been on the Dean's list at first, he failed as a major in chemistry and math. English involved a fifth year. When he changed from contact lenses to regular glasses, in preparation for the Army, he had to go for seventeen days without any

glasses at all. If I hadn't read aloud to him, he might not have made it. We had so many drop-outs because of the draft!

RW: Well, he graduated in June 1966.

CTW: Getting back to that awful year, 1964: November brought a telegram from Las Vegas. My sister Georgia, who was fourteen years younger than I, was in trouble. Until that time, she had prospered: she had paid for, gradually, a place where divorcees lived for six weeks while establishing residence. She would appear in court to testify that those women had stayed with her. All went well until she had a clear title to the place; then she began to neglect her project. She took up numerology and would exclude people whose names didn't sound lucky. Finally she had no more guests, and the utilities were turned off. She owed money all over town, though her land was worth \$75,000.

When the crisis came, Charlene went to Las Vegas. I financed the trip; and I lent \$6000 without interest, to cover Georgia's debts, including her taxes. Charlene, an expert bookkeeper, saved the situation. The property was valuable because a casino wanted to build a motel there. Oddly enough, the old firetrap (Independence Hall) burned down while Georgia was in the hospital; some even suspected arson. Anyway, its destruction paved the way for the sale of the land. After many months, Georgia left the hospital, and the Court appointed a trust department to administer her property.

RW: Charlene, as I recall, was made personal guardian.

CTW: Yes, she bore the brunt; she's a plucky little thing. She took two weeks off from her job as a secretary in the public schools of Costa Mesa. At Christmas, when my spirits were low, she sent me a tiny tree, a pin to wear on my coat. This little gift, costing about five dollars, cheered me up. I wear it every year as a symbol of hope.

RW: I knew her husband in graduate school.

CTW: They lived in defense housing--raised their son in the slums of Richmond. When at last Harbison got his Ph.D., he tried teaching at Riverside; but, though he had two articles, he did not like research; so he changed to Orange Coast College. Charlene and I went to England a couple of times together. I invited her. She was still helping pay for their house, and they now had a daughter. Right after our second trip, in 1970, Harbison died of a heart attack.

RW: What are the names of their two children?

CTW: Harbison and Candace, or Carol.

RW: Your sister has always been your best friend.

CTW: Yes, though of course I've been close to some other women. After the memorial service for Herbert Young, in January 1965, I began a friendship with his widow. When I went to call on her for the first time, Knowles Ryerson and Emma were there, and we tried to cheer Maxine up a bit. She and I evolved a system of eating lunch together--one Sunday at her place, the next Sunday at mine. You know how women are: from a sandwich we moved on to a midday dinner. Neither of us had to cook that night, and we had attractive leftovers. We are still exchanging lunches. Sometimes we invite a friend or two. Maxine was teaching at Sac State; she has a Ph.D. in chemistry.

RW: Dean Young always believed in careers for women. Even during his last illness, Herbert insisted that she meet her classes in Sacramento.

CTW: He predicted that someday husbands and wives will hold jobs together, each working half time. What a contrast he was to a certain chairman of French at Berkeley, who once told me, "I'll never hire any more females; they always go emotional." He reduced one woman from assistant professor to lecturer. The poor thing languished for years, though she read papers everywhere. As soon as that chairman was rotated, she got a full professorship.

RW: The ladder was easier for a man to climb.

CTW: Yes. Early in the 1960's, I was on a committee for appointing a new full professor at the fourth step, which in those days was high. Two men from Berkeley came up to advise us. They both said, "He seems ordinary. Let's recommend him, but only for the third step."

Meanwhile, an eager beaver broke all the rules. In the corridor one day, he gave me a sales talk for the candidate. He had rightly surmised, from my rank, that I was likely to be on the secret committee. I pretended to know nothing about the case. In the end, however, our verdict was overruled; thanks to pressure from the department, the man got fourth step. Years later I learned that he was a disappointment. He didn't publish much. Worse yet, he was unreasonable--as chairman, a failure.

RW: I know. There was an upheaval.

CTW: Speaking of which: in my private life, 1965 was an ordeal. My mother had been living in Townhouse. At first she was healthy, but eventually she had fits of dizziness, times when her head pained her. Since she was unable to distinguish dreams from reality, she accused the man next door of shoving her around. I didn't believe it. "Mother," I said, "let's talk with him and his wife." But when we visited them, the lady went into hysterics herself and spent a night at the hospital. Feeling guilty and concerned, I sent her \$75.00, which in those days would cover expenses. Now, seeing her opportunity, she sent me a registered

letter asking \$350 more. My insurance agent sent a claims adjuster, who told her she hadn't a leg to stand on. Two years earlier, she herself had had a nervous breakdown. She was now in fair shape, for within a few weeks she applied for the job of manager at another apartment house. Being evidently afraid that I would describe her as unstable, she began looking fresh as a daisy--all smiles. She got the job, but she didn't last long; her nerves went to pieces again. Meanwhile, however, I was requested to move my mother out of Townhouse.

RW: What was your mother's age?

CTW: Eighty-five. Once--before that trouble--she had become a problem, all right. She let the water from her wash basin run all over the floor. When she called for help, people simply came and turned off the faucet. The plumber came but found nothing wrong. What a nightmare!

Not knowing what to do with her, Vedder and I looked at old people's "homes" in Woodland and Winters. They were so grim and forbidding that I decided to rent another apartment. By great good luck, we found one that was fireproof and was near my house. Mother had no trouble there except from infestations of ants that came because she unplugged the refrigerator and kept it wide open. She did insist that I stop in and talk with her every morning. So I often arrived at my office in low spirits.

Aside from Mother, life was pleasant. In the summer I signed up for an Extension class taught by Dr. Bernauer. We did calisthenics, lifted weights, jogged, and swam. In the fall we continued to meet at noon three times a week. I kept marvelously fit. I took that course twenty-two times, always paying about \$30.00. The number of women varied from twelve to thirty; I enjoyed the group spirit. The class is still being offered; but I quit at the end of 1972 because of my right ankle, which I'd sprained in getting off a bus in London. I tried to jog on that foot, but, in the end, doctors had to treat me with injections.

RW: That class is coeducational now.

CTW: Yes, and I long to participate. The real damage was done not in class, but in jogging on the sidewalks near my house.

RW: Haven't you given a lot of poetry readings?

CTW: In March 1965, Josephine Miles invited me and three others to read at the Alumni House, with herself presiding. We got an honorarium from the CAL Committee. One of those poets was Michael McClure. Do you remember The Beard?

RW: I do indeed.

CTW: There had been student riots over Vietnam and free speech. At our reading, McClure talked like a Communist. Then he relieved us by

announcing that Communism won't work better either. Jo Miles became very nervous when young Michael whipped off his coat and began tearing up and down the aisle, ranting. Other poets who read that night were William Dickey of San Francisco State and Adrian Stoutenburg, who had won an award for her book about animals.

At Stockton I read with George Keithley, who sacrificed salary at Chico State in order to write an epic about the Donner Party. For a while he retraced their steps; he lived up at Auburn, near Donner Lake. Harper published this epic and included a sample in the magazine.

RW: Keithley was in our Central Valley Philological Association, which met at Sacramento, Chico, and U.O.P.

CTW: That reminds me, Bob: you weren't present when we sat in the Great Hall at Raymond College, listening to Bob Hopkins's paper on Jonathan Wild. Though he'd hoped to amuse us, he wasn't prepared for such laughter and giggling. Afterwards we explained to him that outside a window, just behind the speaker, was a fountain; and beside that fountain a pair of lovers were necking ardently in full view. I don't think those kids could see us through the window.

Besides the Philological group, I liked the Western Shakespeare Seminar. Dolora Cunningham had us over to her apartment for cocktails. What a view of the city!

RW: We did more traveling then.

CTW: Those were plush times before Ronald Reagan fired President Kerr. One trip I took was to UCLA for a Rhetoric Conference. Linda and I were flown down there and had free rooms at a nice hotel, where we met Kenneth Burke, the critic. We ate at the Faculty Club, and we visited Ada Nisbet, the authority on Dickens. Lily B. Campbell gave us cocktails at her home. In her eighties, she was still researching. But I never saw her again.

RW: That rhetoric conference was financed, I believe, by a gift.

CTW: You entertained the department at your house; that was the first time I saw your swimming pool.

RW: I invited the graduate students also.

CTW: Dorothy Yaqub, the wife of a mathematics professor, gave a potluck before moving to Beirut. She had taken an M.A. in our department. I didn't give big parties, but my Shakespeare class would meet to read aloud, and I'd make lemon meringue pie with graham-cracker crust. Some of those kids had never before entered a faculty home.

I had a thrill when Jerome Rosen--Jerry--set my "Folktale" to music and published it through Brown University. In the same volume, for college choruses, were songs by Edwin Honig and Bill O'Connor.

RW: There was always committee work.

CTW: Yes. Continuing Dean Young's project, some of us worked to obtain a chapter of Phi Beta Kappa. We gave full information about Davis--the library, the scholarships, the stainless purity of the athletic program.

RW: Did our department recruit any new members?

CTW: The Epifanio San Juans. They came from the Philippines by way of Harvard. Amusingly enough, he wrote too many research papers; some of the junior faculty resented his long hours.

RW: At Harvard, Epi had been a Rockefeller scholar; in return, he had promised to teach in the Philippines.

CTW: We didn't realize that he would have to leave us after one year. He had hoped to get out of it; but, in the end, he submitted and went home. By the time he was free again, we had filled his place. So he landed a job in Connecticut and eventually a professorship at Brooklyn College. I liked the San Juans. The week they arrived here, I took them to the Fourth of July celebration. The little girl loved the fireworks on the football field.

Speaking of the San Juans reminds me of Carlos Gonzales, who had been such a friend in the 1940's. On the night of August 20, 1965, Carlos rang my doorbell. At first I did not know him, he was so thin and changed. He'd been working in Venezuela and looked like a jungle Indian. As eventually we learned, he was a victim of Huntington's chorea. His beautiful young wife worked in a plant nursery. When the three of them turned up at our house unexpectedly at Christmas, we tried to make things festive for their little boy.

RW: Say, you haven't told about Vivian de Solé Wills.

CTW: That's an oversight. In September 1907, he was born in England with his wife. Despite the name Vivian, he was actually a man. He commanded the English Forces' Cavalry in World War I. And he was part of that group--it included Siegfried Sassoon, who wrote all that stuff. Pinto lectured on eighteenth-century literature and art--Pope's drawings. His wife was a lovely lady; he called her his "milkmaid" wife. When I took them some California sherry, they called it a great discovery. On their own, they discovered much sherry, which they found even better.

RW: Pinto had been chair of his department.

CTW: I gave a dinner for the Pintos and the O'Connors and Linda and a visiting English scholar, Ronald Watkins--and oh, yes, Rufus Cunningham.

XX A HOSPITAL, A HIPPIE'S PAD, AND A BRITISH CHARTERED BUS, 1966-1968

CTW: In July 1966, Bob, inflation was making itself evident. I began drawing \$75.50 a month as annuity from Equitable Life. When I took that policy out, in 1932, I said that an old lady could live on \$75.50 a month. And so she could, during the depression.

RW: Today it will buy her maybe three baskets of groceries.

CTW: Speaking of us gals who are getting on: in 1966 Helen Henry, a high-school classmate, turned up at Davis with a horse to be treated for worms. With her was a woman who so loved horses that she walked with a limp rather than give them up. If she'd had her hip fused, she could have walked nicely; but she couldn't have ridden horseback anymore. She decided to limp.

Two other high-school friends visited me at Ashland. They were Helen Turner, now Mrs. Davis, and her sister Marion; I hadn't seen them since the 1920's. About 1928, while I was finishing work for my Ph.D., Helen had shown me her baby boy. "He'll grow up," she said, "to play football for Stanford." When I asked her about him, that time at Ashland, her face fell: "Oh," she said, "that is the son who was killed in World War II." But at Ashland she and Marion and I enjoyed dinner at the Country Club. Marion was helping the Shakespeare company with costumes--donating her services. Those lovable sisters did not live very much longer; I'm glad I saw those two sisters again before Helen was killed in an auto accident and Marion developed cancer. But you, too, Bob, have witnessed tragedies.

RW: Say, you haven't told about Vivien de Sola Pinto.

CTW: That's an oversight. In September 1965, he came here from England with his wife. Despite the name Vivien, he was masculine; he had commanded the English Poets' Battalion in World War I. You've heard of that group--it included Siegfried Sassoon, who wrote anti-war poems. Pinto lectured on eighteenth-century literature and art--Hogarth's drawings. His wife was a lovable lady; he called her his mountain nymph. When I took them some California sherry, they hailed it as a great discovery. On their own, they discovered sweet sherry, which they liked even better.

RW: Pinto had been chair of his department.

CTW: I gave a dinner for the Pintos and the O'Connors and Linda and a visiting English scholar, Ronald Watkins--and oh, yes, Dolora Cunningham.

I felt like an important scholar when the Vanderbilt University Press gave me \$50.00 for appraising a manuscript. The Huntington Library Quarterly consulted me on some other sixteenth-century material.

Since I had nothing to enter in the Ina Coolbrith statewide poetry contest, I was free to accept an appointment as judge. A year or two later my lines on the Anglo-Saxon church at Bradford-on-Avon won the grand prize. James Hart of Berkeley spoke at the dinner.

RW: Wasn't it in 1966-67 that you had a fellowship in the U.C. Institute for Creative Arts? That gave you a chance to write poetry full time. It was like being Poet in Residence.

CTW: Just when I had material for another book, Alan Swallow suddenly died, and his widow could not continue the business. The Chicago man who took it over as the Swallow Press said he would gladly consider my seventy poems. The results were unfortunate--I had really got my feet on the fly-paper. When, after six months, I inquired, no letter came. But one day when I unwrapped a catalog from the new firm, I discovered a note on the cover, saying that the editor had not yet decided. Actually his office was full of cartons, boxes, bales of manuscript inherited from Swallow. When I jogged him again, he praised me for being patient. "Give me a little more time," he wrote; "it's hot in Chicago." After two years and a half, back came my manuscript from a new and brash young poetry editor, who infuriated me with absurd comments. Sure, he was free to reject me. But he was ridiculous to say I had used exultant for exhaltant. He couldn't spell! He said I'd invented the word forebears for ancestors--that I mutilated forebearers to make it scan.

RW: He must have been stoned.

CTW: It proved lucky for me in the end. While waiting so long, I decided the book should be smaller and should include only the cream. The result was my prize-winner, A Sense of Place.

Meanwhile our department kept growing. I was the first member to meet John and Mary Hayden; they were looking for the housing office. Knowing merely that they were an attractive young couple, I introduced them to Dean Andrews, who came walking by. When they gave their names, I discovered they were my colleagues. We've been friends ever since. John won my affections by teaching "Icy Harvest" in his English 45 class. He's now using it in a textbook. There I am, shoulder to shoulder with e.e. cummings.

In 1966 Hilton Landry left us for Kent State, where eventually he shared in the tragedy of those students' being shot.

RW: His replacement was Alan Rudrum, whom we interviewed in Berkeley.

CTW: Yes, and I told you I didn't feel sure he would fit in. Perhaps it was just his beard; I liked him better when he shaved it off. Still, my forebodings were justified, for he soon had friction and departed for Simon Fraser University.

RW: He led a revolt of UCD assistant professors on campus. Remember when I had to confront him and answer his questions in a meeting of our Senate?

CTW: You won that round. But our other new colleagues were nice. Bob Hogan stayed seven years, then went to Delaware--they've got Dupont money to burn. While he was here, he and his wife gave parties in their Victorian house in Dixon.

RW: Two other bright young men were Mike Hoffman and Leonard Michaels. Lenny, who wrote prize stories, left us for Berkeley. Mike is now an assistant Vice-Chancellor.

CTW: In our faculty seminars, some of the ultra-moderns declared that poetry need not have any meaning. This upset me. But some people appreciate me: John Hayden and David Wilson had me read in their classes; so did John Pollock, who earned the doctorate with us. He's now in San Jose. But, Bob, remember when you shipped us all to Berkeley for the weekend?

RW: We were overhauling our program. There was so much wrangling between the ancients and the moderns that finally the curriculum came out looking not very different.

CTW: Well, it was fun being at the Claremont all together. On the bus I got acquainted with Peter Hays, who was later our chairperson.

RW: Sometimes we held noon meetings in Mrak Hall; sandwiches were brought in. We could do such things before Reagan used his hatchet.

CTW: Maybe we got delusions of grandeur, sitting in the Regents' chairs around their long table. But when Reagan got Kerr fired as president of U.C., three thousand people met at Freeborn Hall to protest. I was there in the dark and the rain, unable to enter. You were scheduled to speak, but they didn't get around to it.

RW: For years we dared not give Clark Kerr's name to a building.

CTW: I know--I was on the names committee. But as soon as Reagan finished being Governor, that hall got the name.

I've been weaving back and forth in time, Bob. In December 1966 something changed my entire life. Mother fell on the 9 x 12 rug in her room--somehow tripped on the edge of it. At first she could hardly walk; X-rays showed that her hip, although not out of place, was cracked. It was now impossible for her to live alone, even though she had long been sleeping at my place and going to her apartment only during the day. Fortunately, Davis had just got its first convalescent hospital. So on January 3, 1967, I took her there. Seeing my mother by a cheerful fire in the living room, I felt liberated.

Thus far there were only ten patients in that hospital. The monthly bill was \$375, but after a time the price was raised. When I asked why, the manager explained that Medicare could afford to pay more. Unluckily, Mother was not eligible for Medicare: neither she nor my father had worked under Social Security. Keeping her in the hospital used one-third of my paycheck. Eventually we had to get help from MediCal; Dr. Cronan said I'd been foolish to wait.

RW: Linda Van Norden lost her mother about that period: coming home late for lunch, she found Mrs. Van Norden lying dead in the living room. And soon afterwards Margaret (or Marnie) broke her hip.

CTW: That was a genteel family with secrets. Mrs. Van Norden was in her nineties, but no one mentioned it. And when much later, in 1971, Marnie mysteriously resigned her position in Epidemiology, no one dared hint that the reason might be cancer. But it was, and eventually she died. The sisters had not been living together; Marnie was reticent and lonely. After the memorial service at Saint Martin's, Linda gave a lavish tea. I say "tea," but there were cocktails, too. Some of the older women arrived looking funereal; but they soon found that we were expected to have a good time.

To get back to my own mother: her broken hip saved me. I'd been going downhill, feeling tired and weighing--if you can imagine it--only 116 pounds. Sometimes I'd see bright waves, like the ocean in sunlight; it's called ocular migraine. There was no headache, no other symptom. I'd lie down; in half an hour, I'd be O.K.

But there was something else. When I drove in the evening, I'd see little flashes of light as the car swung around a corner. The cause was physical. A floater in the fluid of my eye was adhering to the retina. Although Dr. Zscheile, in Woodland, did not think that the retina would become detached, he checked my eyes periodically for about two years.

RW: After your mother could walk again, you always brought her to church.

CTW: Yes, but if I spoke to a lady after the service, Mother feared we were plotting to spirit her away. Once she felt a piece of cardboard inside a pincushion and decided that written on it was a plot against herself; so she cut the pincushion open and found just a calendar for 1926.

Meanwhile, Vee was still worrying about the draft. I read aloud--went through Tom Jones, not to mention the chapters on apes in his anthropology textbook. Finally--glory be--he graduated; it was June 1966. To my disappointment, he refused to wear a cap and gown, or to walk in the procession. The same thing had happened in high school.

Not that I'd forfeited his friendship. Right after final exams he asked me to get him a date. For the very first time, he wanted to take a girl out. I said he would have to shape up; he'd looked messy long before the Hippies appeared.

RW: He was in the vanguard.

CTW: After he'd washed his blond hair and bought some decent clothes, I put him into touch with a faculty daughter whose fiancé had died. She was sympathetic when I explained that my son was timid. But after that date, which lasted until 1:30 a.m., he reported that she had talked mainly of me. Then I introduced him to a nice little coed who hung around my office. He declared his love on the second date, but she had a boyfriend back home. Eventually Vee tried to get dates by computer--he answered an advertisement. But it was expensive, and the girls always lived in southern California.

RW: Wasn't he still addicted to his Honda?

CTW: Yes, and now he and Tom Flocker were making red plastic tanks for motorcycles. Those tanks were eye-catchers; a truck driver noticed one of them in Vee's car and wanted to buy it. The question was, how to reach the public? Vee tried living in Arizona with Tom, manufacturing the tanks. At last, having no income, he decided to become a Hippie. When he picked up his belongings at our house, and I tried to put some supplies into the car, he said curtly, "Mother, from now on I am buying my own toilet paper." He found a job in the warehouse of the Sather Gate Bookstore in Berkeley--got along with a female boss whom most of the clerks considered crabby. He worked in that warehouse four years.

He rented a "pad" on Milvia Street in a Hippie neighborhood. On one of our rare visits he smoked marijuana--a gesture of defiance; he had never smoked tobacco. When he lighted a joint, I threatened to leave; I was honestly in terror of being busted.

RW: You were sharing an experience with lots and lots of other parents.

CTW: True enough. Davis faculty kids were being busted. One father was said to have mortgaged his house in order to get bail money for his son.

When Vee pitied some waifs and admitted them to his pad, one boy stole his wallet. Later a burglar carried off Vee's little radio, his stereo, and the portable TV set that his grandmother had ceased to use.

Two lesbians stayed with him at different times. The dainty little one, after behaving well for some weeks, flew into a rage and moved out. The other lesbian was a great strapping girl, built for football. Although goodhearted, she had quarreled with her father. In jail for demonstrating against the draft, she shared a cell with Joan Baez, the singer. One night there was an inch of water in the cell, and the guards carried off her epilepsy pills. Vee brought both of these roommates to my house.

RW: The Flower Children were blooming at that time.

CTW: Compared with Berkeley, our own campus was peaceful. Still, one time a stern-looking young man walked into my office and asked for money to help transport the Students for Democratic Action to L.A. I, being a scared rabbit, handed him \$5.00. Another time, a group entered my classroom and asked to tell my students about some outrage; I gave them ten minutes, but nothing interesting transpired.

From Berkeley Josephine Miles wrote me that the fumes from a stink bomb penetrated her classroom, and a department meeting was broken up.

RW: Vee escaped from the draft.

CTW: Yes--after appearing five times at the Oakland Induction Center. Once he took LSD so the medics would classify him as some kind of a nut. They were only too willing.

After escaping from the draft, Vee was rehabilitated. To my great surprise, he went with me one weekend to an encounter group sponsored by our UCD Extension. Then he joined some encounter groups in the Bay Area. Eventually, though, he met a young Transcendental Meditator--peace-loving, idealistic, and refined. And so, late in the 1960's, Vee began wearing a tie, a snowy white shirt, and a navy-blue jacket; he learned to give lectures on TM. I helped him finance a total of two years' study in Spain, Italy, and Switzerland under Maharishi.

RW: You and Charlene went to Europe, didn't you?

CTW: Yes, indeed. In 1967 Angus Bowmer, founder of the Shakespearean Festival, conducted thirty people on a Theater Tour of Great Britain. I have never known more definitely what I wanted to do. Charlene hesitated a little about riding in airplanes. But after the

first night on a Pan Am liner, which we'd boarded in Portland, she was at ease. We had good lodging and meals for three weeks; we saw twelve plays; and we rode up one side of the island and down the other in a chartered coach, with a cockney driver named Sam. We repeated that tour in 1970.

When we landed in Scotland, we couldn't keep our eyes open to see Loch Lomond. But in the Highlands, Charlene visited a castle where the Robertson plaid was draped over a grand piano. At Culloden we saw where our ancestors had fought shoulder to shoulder with the Stuarts. At York we walked on the walls. At Stratford our hotel was a former medieval monastery.

We traipsed through the Tower of London and Westminster Abbey. We saw the Rosetta Stone and Magna Carta and a ship full of Viking treasures. While I took communion at Saint Paul's, Charlene stayed in her room reading Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures.

An Oregon lady named Eleanor McDonald took me walking through the City, now entirely a business district. Anthony Mundy had served an apprenticeship in the Poultry. When I located a marker for Saint Mildred's church, I was standing where he had worked for the stationer John Allde.

That afternoon a retired cab driver drove us, with Charlene, here and there for a pound an hour. At Saint Giles Cripplegate, which had been bombed, we of course couldn't find Anthony Mundy's tomb, or even John Milton's; but the two poets are lying there, close together. The parish church of Hemings and Condell, who edited the First Folio, had also been bombed. What survived was transported to Missouri. When I saw skulls tossed up in that graveyard, I quoted Hamlet: "Alas, poor Hemings--I knew him well." We ate at Hampstead--our cab driver knew where the soup was hearty. Then we visited Keats's house, which has been combined with one where his sweetheart lived.

RW: Your places appeal to an English major.

CTW: In Wimpole Street, near our hotel, Browning had courted Elizabeth Barrett. Her house is gone, but there's a marker, and we explored a similar tall dwelling. Not far away we visited the church where the Brownings were married. We loved the period rooms in the Victoria and Albert Museum. Then, of course, there were tours out of London by bus: we saw Hampton Court and Windsor Castle (took a barge down the Thames). At Winchester was Joan of Arc's statue, confronting her enemy Cardinal Beaufort. Jane Austen is buried under the floor of that cathedral; we'd been to her house at Chawton. Flying from London to Scotland, looking down on the green fields, I quoted Shakespeare on "fair King Richard's" land. It was like that first morning over Iceland, when I woke with the sun shining through the clouds below me and felt as if I could walk on them like a goddess. But that day when we had breakfast in London and supper in Davis was the longest ever.

RW: Were the passengers congenial?

CTW: Some of them were. There was one peculiar one, whom we called Suisun. On our first night out--passing, maybe, over Bangor, Maine--she was so noisy, walking in the aisle, that the stewardess had to squelch her. At Pitlochry three of us Episcopalians walked to an old church for communion. And there, pursuing us to the altar rail, was Suisun. She didn't know what to do with the wafer. Finally the vicar said, "Eat it." From London, Suisun flew to Dublin for laces and embroidery. And in 1967 two young women on our tour flew to Paris, but were rudely treated by the French, who didn't approve of what we were doing in Viet Nam. The bus driver wouldn't give those girls any information, and the sales ladies pretended not to understand them.

RW: In 1967 you got back just in time for school; and that was when we lost our chairman, Bill O'Connor. He'd been in poor health ever since he and Mary returned from their year at Hull. (Later Dean Larry Andrews taught chemistry there.)

CTW: I had nominated Bill for the Faculty Research Lectureship. But, alas, when the great day came, he had a sore throat and was wearing dark glasses for an eye infection. Though he bore up and was even witty at times, he was obviously a very sick man. And so in the fall, word reached me one morning, by telephone, that he'd died after a few hours of illness. My memorials for him and Herbert Young appeared in the same volume. Later on I wrote one for Vernon Puryear.

There were other losses. Arthur Weaver, my dentist since the 1930's, died of a coronary. And I felt it keenly when Helen Rowe, a friend of mine when we were both pregnant in 1943, received word that her son Jimmy had been killed in Viet Nam. Mortality oppressed me; I even arranged for the Sacramento Valley Memorial Society to take care of my family when the time came. And yet I said in my diary: "As long as I can write poems and swim, life is good."

RW: You hung around the gym like a P. E. major.

CTW: Well, not quite. But I was put on two promotion committees in that department. My new teacher that year was not on the academic ladder. He was Mr. La Garde, one of Adolf Hitler's ski troops. La Garde was jolly, but he harped on our ages. At volleyball he would say, "Let's put another of the older women on this side of the net." Hell, I could do his calisthenics.

Furthermore, I ran around the block before breakfast, pounding my arches flatter than ever. For a brief period, I climbed the stairs to the ninth floor of Sproul Hall every day.

RW: Do you remember the scandals of 1968? About that time, the students wanted to hire Eldridge Cleaver, a convicted rapist, to teach a

ten-unit course. At Davis an extra-curricular class went nude one time when the professor was away; of course it got into the papers.

CTW: Like my son, many of the seniors refused to attend Commencement. Others dressed fantastically. One girl even opened her robe and revealed that she had nothing underneath it. I didn't see her, but I watched a young man handing out anti-war literature to the graduates as they came down with their diplomas.

I was still timid. When a faculty friend brought me an anti-Viet Nam petition, I handed him twenty dollars, but refused to sign. I was afraid of being persecuted. Years before, people had lost their jobs for refusing to take the Oath.

RW: You had nothing to fear. Those people got their jobs back, along with the salaries that had been withheld.

CTW: I felt reassured when President Hitch put me on the panel for the Shelley Memorial poetry award, just as President Kerr had once done. The president of U.C. and the president of Radcliffe and someone from the Poetry Society of America always nominate the judges. My candidate was Professor Ann Stanford of Northridge. I got along swimmingly with one judge, Frances Howard; but the other, a fiery Frenchwoman, kept changing her mind. At first she went along with us; then she suddenly thought of a different candidate--and then another. After months, we pinned her down; she agreed to Ann Stanford, and we all three signed the report and sent it to the trust company (in Boston) that administers the Shelley Award. What did that French poetess do next, but announce that she'd changed her mind again. She even told the trust company that we three wanted to split the money between her candidate and Ann. When Frances Howard got on the telephone to correct this error, the trust officers assured her that Ann, having two votes, would receive the full amount. I have always been happy about choosing Ann, who has continued to win awards. But I pity the French lady; poor health may have made her difficult. She died not long after.

RW: Getting back to the subject of revolt: the assistant professors in our department wanted equal power with the tenured people in selecting new members. They were out to weaken the chair, who, as Everett Carter explained, is responsible to the Administration, not to an executive committee composed of assistant professors.

CTW: One night when our senior staff in English had met from 7:30 to 11:00 p.m., I went out to the parking lot and found my windshield iced over. I couldn't see through it. My de-icing apparatus was too weak. Then I noticed that you, Bob, were approaching from some distance away. You escorted me back to Sproul Hall for hot water and paper towels. After melting a hole in the ice, I was able to drive home.

RW: My car had a strong de-icer.

CTW: In 1968 came the serious illness of Sol Fishman. What looked like a heart attack was the effect of a brain tumor. He stayed at home--liked to sit in his garden. Once Vee (who admired him as a teacher) and I spent an hour there with him. Another time I sat indoors with him and Charlyn and the Jerry Rosens. Finally, one morning, the word came: Sol had been hurried to Sacramento and had died in the hospital. The Music department gave a memorial concert; Sol had been an accomplished pianist.

Another friend who died that year was Mrs. Knowles Ryerson--Emma--who had taught English in Pasadena High School while I was a student, though we weren't acquainted at the time. But some of my friends were living to a great age: emeriti thronged the house of the Herman Spieths on Dr. Ruth Storer's eightieth birthday. Ruth was Vee's pediatrician when he was tiny. She is now in her nineties.

When Louis and Allen Ginsberg gave a father-son reading at Berkeley, I went down there to please Louis, a conservative poet with whom I had corresponded. The students, of course, came mainly to hear his son. Afterwards I went up to the platform and introduced myself. Louis kissed me on the cheek.

RW: You had shaken hands with Allen after your own reading on Telegraph Hill.

CTW: The last time I saw him, perhaps you saw him too: he sat cross-legged on our Quad at noon, chanting his own lines and William Blake's.

I hadn't notified the police. I never in my mind thought that she was trying to induce Melvin Belli, the famous visionary, to make her second ex-husband miserable. He had just left again, but she wanted the annulment of her marriage to him declared null and void, so that he would be called a bigamist. Whenever Georgia was ill, she tried to sue somebody.

On a third trip, she pretended to work in San Francisco. Instead, she had a breakdown at the Fairmont, a hotel that she couldn't afford. After she began sleeping in hotel lobbies, we had her taken to a hospital at Palo Alto. Charlene and I had been so harassed we could hardly work. Clues to Georgia's whereabouts had come from the office of Melvin Belli, who perceived that this "client" was not clear-headed. Belli's people helped me to find Georgia's luggage, impounded at the Fairmont.

RW: You must have been thankful when 1968 was over.

CTW: Yes, but what followed was even worse. Most of my life had been lucky; but in my sixties everything went awry. In the late of March, 1969, Yedder asked me for a divorce. He had come home unusually early.

XXI DIVORCE, "T.M.," SHAKESPEARE CONGRESS, 1969-1971

CTW: The campus was my world, but my sister Georgia and her troubles penetrated it. In 1968 things had looked promising for her. She'd recovered from her breakdown. After leaving the veterans' hospital, she brushed up her business skills at Berkeley and wanted to work here. I had visions of her living contentedly in an apartment and visiting Mother at the convalescent home. Since Vedder was leaving on a trip, I invited her to stay at my house while she was job-hunting. But results came slowly: the personnel people found her very slow on the electric typewriter--perhaps because she was under sedation. Since Maxine and I had long had tickets for the plays at Ashland, I expected Georgia to guard my house in my absence and continue looking for work. What I needed was a vacation from her; she was moody and demanding.

But, as I might have foreseen, on the morning I left for Ashland, Georgia flew into a rage about my not taking her along. And upon my return, she punished me by running away--hiding herself for several days. Then she turned up briefly, got more money, and vanished again. When she finally came back, she said, "Why, I've been gone only six weeks."

I hadn't notified the police: a letter in her room showed that she was trying to induce Melvin Belli, the famous attorney, to make her second ex-husband miserable. He had married again, but she wanted the annulment of her marriage to him declared null and void, so that he would be called a bigamist. Whenever Georgia was ill, she tried to sue somebody.

On a third trip, she promised to work in San Francisco. Instead, she had a breakdown at the Fairmont, a hotel that she couldn't afford. After she began sleeping in hotel lobbies, we had her taken to a hospital at Palo Alto. Charlene and I had been so harassed we could hardly work. Clues to Georgia's whereabouts had come from the office of Melvin Belli, who perceived that this "client" was not clear-headed. Belli's people helped me to find Georgia's luggage, impounded at the Fairmont.

RW: You must have been thankful when 1968 was over.

CTW: Yes, but what followed was even worse. Most of my life had been lucky; but in my sixties everything went awry. On the Ides of March, 1969, Vedder asked me for a divorce. He had come home unusually early.

"How nice," I said; "let's have a glass of sherry." His face didn't brighten. "I think," he said, "our marriage has run out of gas." This surprised me; it seemed out of character. Though our interests had become very different, we had seldom quarreled during our thirty-six years of married life.

Eventually I learned that there was another woman--a divorcee nearly thirty years younger than he; a handsome woman with four children. She was putting pressure on Vedder to leave me. But I urged him to reconsider. Nobody likes to live alone.

RW: Nobody likes to be rejected, either.

CTW: True enough. While I was stunned with surprise, Vedder revealed that he was going on an Arctic expedition with dog sleds. "When I come back," he said, "I'll move out whether you get a divorce or not."

Money was involved. He had been tremendously successful in the stock market that year--made a gross profit of \$60,000. And so he felt independent; he even resented my not praising him. (I remembered how my father had been ruined.) As for the younger woman, she said either he or her ex-husband (an assistant professor) would have to support her and the children; her youngest boy was too young to be left at home while she worked.

My friends pointed out that under the laws of community property, half of my savings now belonged to my husband, whereas his inherited money belonged to him. If he married this younger woman and then died, she would get half of the money I had earned.

In Woodland I consulted an attorney whom I had met through a poetry group. That lawyer advised, "Get a property settlement now: he wants his freedom, and you want to protect your son."

RW: That was the year the divorce laws were changed.

CTW: Yes, but it hadn't happened yet. When Vedder returned from the Arctic, he was surprised and apparently chagrined to find that I had got a lawyer. "I didn't think you would do it," he said. No doubt he'd expected to tell his girlfriend that I was refusing a divorce. Then, perhaps, she would relent and continue seeing him. Once, over the phone, he asked me to drop my divorce suit. Surprised, I asked for some hours to think it over. But when I got home, there was a note on the teakettle. He had changed his mind yet again.

RW: Probably after a talk with the other woman.

CTW: Meanwhile, bad news continued to come from Georgia. She lost one good job because she wouldn't talk with her female boss. When they

sat down with their brown bags of lunch, Georgia remained stubbornly silent. After a week she was told that the plan wasn't working out.

When the trust officer in Las Vegas refused to allow her more of her own money, she hurled a heavy glass ashtray across the bank. Often she ran up bills that she could not pay. Charlene and I had long telephone conversations.

RW: Wasn't that the period when a former student used to call you from Los Angeles and waste so much money that his wife cried? I don't mean she was jealous. He was reciting his poetry to you.

CTW: Yes. I had not heard from him very often since 1929; but after a nervous breakdown, he began singing his poetry to friends. He said he wrote better than I because he was closer to God.

The world was full of disturbed people. Outside a classroom, a student shouted to me: "I'm tired of this. It's the third time you've asked us to compare and contrast two poems." Another time he said, "I want my grade justified. Please put your objections to my work down on paper." A counsellor told me this man had become a pest to other instructors.

RW: That was the era when a great many students were anti-academic. And, of course, some of them were on drugs.

CTW: Down in Berkeley, the University planned to have a parking lot where some of the students had been growing vegetables. They called it the People's Park, and the public acted as if the Regents were stealing little babies' milk.

Universities have many problems that don't get into the newspapers. I was consulted when a lady left a manuscript to U.C. Davis in her will. She wanted her poetry to be in the Archives. My advice was that the legacy be declined.

Often, of course, nice things happen to a campus poet. I was invited to read at Hammar skjold House. And another time, the same living-group introduced me to A. L. Rowse, the biographer of Shakespeare. Since the students asked no questions, I had that Cornish author to myself for an hour and gathered gems for my Shakespeare lectures. Later Rowse sent me his own poems.

RW: Wasn't 1969 the year when so many of us took up Transcendental Meditation?

CTW: Oh, yes. In August I followed my son's example. Maxine Young and I attended lectures at Davis. Then, with Donald Benson of the Math department, we drove to the Berkeley center on Channing Way. We removed our shoes and went softly upstairs to be initiated. I've been meditating

ever since--night and morning for ten years. Later, at Davis, Vee taught you to meditate.

RW: I'm still keeping it up.

CTW: Arthur and Marion Small were initiated with you. Arthur was Vice-Chancellor in charge of business affairs. Their son became a leader in TM. As parents, we've been grateful to see our children become so constructive.

RW: It was a contrast to the Hippie movement. Meditators do not drink or take drugs.

CTW: Speaking of financial affairs: I was now invited to some lectures on retirement. We could supplement our pensions from U.C. by contributing toward a variable annuity. In 1969 I started paying \$260 a month into a fund. By the time I retired, on July 1, 1973, I had improved my monthly income by about \$100. Today, what with the inflation, I am glad to have that bit of slack in my rope.

RW: How did finances work out during your divorce?

CTW: Vedder did not even appear in court. What was his was his; what was mine was mine. And Judge Warren Taylor said, "The court regrets to see this divorce; the court is a friend of both Mr. and Mrs. Wright." We had known Judge Taylor through the food club, with such other gourmets as Chancellor Mrak.

At this period, Doctor Mrak retired; and the English faculty met at luncheon with Chancellor Meyer and Dean Andrews.

RW: We were recruiting. We had looked for minority faculty, but they seldom had Ph.D.'s. The few black scholars I found were making double our own salaries. One man was getting \$35,000 at the University of Chicago.

CTW: When the Philological Association met here after Thanksgiving, I heard a talk by Scott Momaday--a poetic, scholarly Native American. He could have handled most of our English courses, although his specialty was collecting Native American songs.

RW: When he left graduate school, we had a chance to hire him. The department turned him down, not because of his ethnic origins, but because he was in American literature, where we were a little topheavy.

CTW: Didn't Berkeley take him?

RW: Yes, but he's now at Stanford--where he got his Ph.D.

CTW: It was at Davis that Brother Antoninus changed his habit.

RW: Punning as usual, Celeste. Well, a few minutes after I introduced him, in the chemistry auditorium, he threw off his lay-brother's habit and announced he was marrying a young woman twenty-three years old. He wasn't really a monk--hadn't taken the final vows. But his dramatic action was reported everywhere.

CTW: Later he wrote some poetic prose for a book on water. The editor was Charles Goldman, the authority on lakes. Though I expected to work for free, Charles paid me for cutting the long prose piece. Antoninus didn't mind.

At Christmas I was hoping to attend the MLA meeting with you and Linda and some of the others. Just after I'd got a hotel reservation--which was hard to do--Mother was rushed to the hospital because her blood was in a shocking condition. She'd refused to eat meat, and when the nurses gave her pills for her appetite, she would hide them under the cushions or flush them down the drain. Altogether, this was a difficult year. The most pleasant thing that happened was that Nicki Bach, Max's daughter, agreed to help me at home for an hour five mornings a week. She did wonderful things like painting the ornamental fence. It was like a tonic to have that charming eighteen-year-old about me.

RW: Wasn't your regular helper still Juana Ramirez?

CTW: Oh, yes. She came once a week to vacuum the floors, clean the tiles in the kitchen and bathroom, and dust everything. She was patient, hard-working. We loved each other, though she could speak very little English. But one morning in 1970, when I went to pick her up as usual, I saw a hand waving at her window; she was too ill to walk. She seemed to recover; but from that time on, she was not well. Her legs gave out. She died in the hospital in 1970 while my mother was there. Her daughter, Irene Matta, has been helping me ever since.

RW: Next came your mother's operation.

CTW: Yes. Dressing for church one Sunday, she said, "Look at this." On her abdomen was a lump the size of a golf ball. Cancer had perforated her intestines. Soon after the exploratory exam, the surgeon performed a long operation. Maxine stayed with me in the waiting room for hours. (I can always count on Maxine; she went with me to Woodland for my divorce.) When the doctors came out, they predicted that Mother would last only eighteen months. Actually, she lived four years and finally died of something else--you might call it old age.

After the second operation, the wound seemed to be healing; we prepared to take her back to the convalescent home. Then, suddenly, the stitches burst. Again, under anesthesia, she was trussed up; the criss-cross sewing reminded me of a Thanksgiving turkey. Being Mother--stubborn and independent--she arose from her wheelchair and tried to walk to the bathroom without calling the nurse. So she fell and broke her hip.

This meant a fourth operation--to have a pin put in. Though she came through all right, she'd had one operation too many. She was suddenly deaf, though her hearing had always been excellent. And her mental processes were dull; she was not lively enough to be paranoiac.

RW: Was she totally deaf?

CTW: I had to shout; conversations became an ordeal. But when I just sat beside her and read magazines, she felt neglected. This continued four years. Mother lived to be ninety-three. She died April 11, 1974.

RW: Earlier, in 1970, we had student unrest during the Cambodian crisis. Governor Reagan closed all U.C. campuses for two days--and the state colleges also. Our students wanted to drop their lessons and receive full credit for a half term. They wanted us to open early the next fall so that they could take two weeks out at election time and solve national problems.

CTW: That idea scared me because Charlene and I had already arranged for another tour with Angus Bowmer. Fortunately, the calendar was not changed.

Before going to Europe, I went with Maxine to Ashland to see Richard II, The Merchant of Venice, A Comedy of Errors, and a modern play--Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead, which Bowmer had discussed on our earlier tour, in 1967. At Ashland we spent time with Wayne Harsh, Linda Van Norden, Beth and Leonard Homann.

RW: What a party Hans Galinsky, our visiting professor, gave before going back to Germany! He'd intended to have it out in the garden, but there was a cloudburst, and he packed people into his apartment. Several memorable things happened, for Galinsky was generous with cocktails.

CTW: I missed most of it--went home early. As for parties: George and Elizabeth Baker of Math gave a big one in honor of Roessler, who was retiring. When I learned that Ed would continue to teach, I longed to follow his example. And three years later, my wish was fulfilled.

At this period, Bob, you spent many weekends at Carmel, where your wife had moved for her arthritis. To finance two houses, you sold your Colonial mansion in Elmwood and bought a small place on Maple Way. You were busy, commuting.

RW: I shudder to think. And the upshot was my divorce.

CTW: Here's a note on a cozy Master's exam. Our pretty young candidate brought cookies and a pot of tea for her committee. Unfortunately she did not pass. When, some months later, she tried again and succeeded, I went to a jamboree of teaching assistants, in East Davis.

It was a social period. I did encounter you at the Karl Shapiros' brunch. And I sometimes entertained at Larry Blake's. For \$88.00 I could give a dozen people a dinner, with wine. As for students, I took them to lunch at the Faculty Club.

One marvelous girl, Jeanne Howe, turned up in my sophomore poetry course. When her first bluebook was the best in the class, I wondered whether the author might be a graduate student. When this paragon turned out to be a freshman, she and I became friends.

RW: Didn't Jeanne have a double major in Classics and English?

CTW: She did; after graduation she worked for a Ph.D. in Classics. Years passed, and she gave it up because there was no prospect of employment.

In October of 1970, you presided over the Academic Senate.

RW: Yes, and when I take anything over, things go wrong. This time, thanks to Governor Reagan, the Senate had no budget and no office. So my life was a struggle.

CTW: I was preoccupied with my childhood memoir. Dennis Johnston asked to see it and liked it. Diane Johnson Murray suggested the title, First Resort--a pun. She tried in vain to interest her agent. Karl Shapiro said he wanted to read a sequel to it. One editor called it a glittering tapestry, flawlessly executed; but he said it would never sell.

Several deaths in 1970 hit me hard. At Mother's hospital, Sid Sutherland of Ag Education was dying. I didn't venture into his sick room. Carl Hansen died, too. I had first known him as a young technician, living on the first floor of South Hall. He married Betty, a girl from the second floor. They were my next-door neighbors on A Street; we talked over the back fence. About 1972 I visited his grave near Mother's hospital. Of the two places, the cemetery seemed the more attractive. Seeing Carl's headstone was like saying hello to an old friend in an apartment house. That day I located the graves of Dean Herbert Young and some others. I was never afraid of the cemetery again. But what really hurt was the loss of my brother-in-law, Harbison Parker.

RW: I had liked him at Berkeley.

CTW: He died in October 1970, only a few weeks after Charlene and I returned from England. It was a heart attack. Feeling ill one morning, on his way to Orange Coast College, he telephoned Charlene to leave her office and come back home. Being Christian Scientists, they did not call a doctor. But after a day or so of illness, he died. He had been a delightful person. He was gifted--wrote well, drew and painted well. He was a dedicated teacher, who liked students and did them a world of good.

RW: Where was Vee at this time?

CTW: He went with the Meditators to Poland Spring, Maine, the sister hotel of the Kineo House. Poland Spring water is widely known. At Humboldt State, the Meditators took over some of the buildings one summer. Another time, they went to Majorca, then transferred to Fiuggi Fonte, near Rome. What got me, Bob, was that Vee never bothered to visit Rome. He might as well have lived in a clothes closet. Twice he spent months in Switzerland without seeing much of the Alps. Meditators on a long course are like monks.

RW: Were you getting enough exercise?

CTW: In doing my calisthenics at home in the morning, I hurt my arms. My technique for pushups was not correct; "torquing," swinging back and forth, was bad for my elbows. Doctors patch us up, but they ignore our bad habits. Instead, they should assume that we are idiots.

RW: I think a lot of doctors do take that advice.

CTW: Speaking of medicine: about 1970, everybody talked about cholesterol. One day at lunch in the Faculty Club, I asked Andy Peoples, an M.D., whether to give up my breakfast egg. He said, "Celeste, if cholesterol hasn't got you by this time, you'll have to find some other way to go."

RW: Andy Peoples is fun. He was brought here as a pharmacologist in the Veterinary School, to look into the problem of crooks who were doping race horses. But tell me, how was your poetry doing at this time?

CTW: In the spring of 1971 I read to about three hundred people at the Phi Kappa Phi honor society's banquet. Walter Howard, the son of my old boss, had invited me.

RW: Didn't you attend the World Shakespeare Congress?

CTW: Yes, I flew to Vancouver--stayed at the University of British Columbia and heard papers at Simon Fraser University. I'd been afraid of missing Jay Halio, who was coming from Delaware. But he was the first person I saw on a plane at Seattle. He called my name, and I sat beside him. At the Shakespeare Congress, he and I ate with Jonas Barrish and Norman Rabkin of Berkeley, and Kitto of England, who had lectured at Davis.

On Sunday, not being near an Episcopal church, I settled for a Roman Catholic mass that several nuns and a priest held in my dormitory. But when a nun invited me to take communion, I didn't dare.

Just before leaving Vancouver, everyone saw the Soviet King Lear--an excellent film. Afterward Jan Cott, that gloomy critic, hugged the

producer right there in the aisle. Just then someone accidentally poured a paper cup of coffee over my back; I rightly foresaw I could never wear that white sweater again. But off I dashed to the airport in a friend's car. Since none of my family were in Davis, you met my plane.

RW: You had a lot to tell me--for instance, about having reindeer meat at one of the luncheons.

CTW: That fall I attended a regional meeting of the American Penwomen, in a Sacramento motel. Despite pouring rain, ten ladies heard my reading in the "Governor's Suite." Afterward, at the big general luncheon, I made some friends.

On November 21, my old colleague Mary Stahl (who had left us in 1935) turned up at the Faculty Club for lunch. We embraced; the years had mellowed us. I had written to her at the time of her husband's death. I believe she is now in a Sacramento nursing home.

The year 1971 closed in a traditional way, with Jean Walraven giving a party. Wayne Harsh walked in, practically just off the plane from Greece. You, Bob, picked me up and kissed me at midnight. I introduced you to Arthur Amos's red-headed wife, Jackie, and you were soon dancing cheek-to-cheek with her.

RW: How madly jealous you must have been.



"Mrs. Wright"—to prove he was really talking to us. By the way, he appeared on television as the agent for some unpublished letters of Richard Nixon. He hasn't appeared.

So far, Bob, we haven't had any more of those "golden shovels" awarded her in 1973 by the students of Environmental Planning and Management. Photograph from the Daily Democrat.

RW: Why?

XXII LINDA, RETIREMENT, "A SENSE OF PLACE," 1972-1973

CTW: At Christmas, 1971, Bob, Charlene gave me Psychocybernetics, by Dr. Maxwell Maltz. I had seen it on the Catholic sisters' bookshelf in Sacramento when our TM group rented a retreat for the weekend; a fellow-meditator praised it to me. Maltz urges us to work toward a goal. I like his quotation from William James: "An attitude of expectancy and confidence will do wonders in one's life."

And really, the unconscious mind can perform miracles. Maxine went at things right when she lost the childhood ring that she wanted for her granddaughter. Before going to bed, she told herself, "Tomorrow I'll know where the ring is." Next day she suddenly thought of giving her husband's hood and gown to her son. When she went to the closet where those garments were stored, there was the ring in the same box.

A treatise that influenced you and me, Bob, was The Barnum and Bailey World of Publishing. It endorsed Scott Meredith, a literary agent. We paid \$75 apiece to have him appraise our novels. Do you still call yours Robert Robert?

RW: I don't call it; Meredith told me it would never sell. So I stopped wasting postage sending it to publishers.

CTW: That's what I did about Reason's a Rabbit. When I gambled another \$75 on First Resort, Meredith was equally gloomy. But I had to smile at the way he sprinkled his letters with our names--"Mr. Wiggins," "Mrs. Wright"--to prove he was really talking to us. By the way, he appeared on television as the agent for some unpublished letters of Richard Nixon's. For some reason, those earthshaking letters still haven't appeared.

So far, Bob, we haven't rivaled our colleague Diane Johnson Murray. Each of her novels is more successful than the last. When Burning came out--that's the one describing a Los Angeles fire--she invited me to her party in Berkeley. But I didn't attend; my spirits were low.

RW: Why?

CTW: Georgia had sent me a fifty-page letter (I mean it--fifty pages exactly) explaining what was wrong with me as a sister. She also said, "If you write to me anymore, I will contact the chairman of your department." That's how she made sure of getting the last word. After some weeks she sent me a postal card asking, "How is Mother?" Not remembering the threat, I replied that Mother was now able to get out of her wheelchair and push it along the hospital corridor; I was taking her a banana every day. To this Georgia sternly replied, "You have broken our agreement by writing to me. So now I shall send a letter to your chairman." I notified Jim Woodress that my sister was having a breakdown. He behaved gallantly. When her letter reached him, he put a staple through the envelope and gave it to me with a note that said, "I have not read this." I was glad he hadn't, for the letter began: "Celeste is not a human being." It went on like Cordelia exposing Goneril or Regan.

Georgia pulled out of her breakdown; and gradually, under the influence of her third husband (whom she'd met at a public dance in Pasadena), she got considerably better. But she wrote our niece, Candy, to sever all ties with Charlene and not to marry her fiancé. Needless to say, Candy did not make Georgia the matron-of-honor at her wedding.

Sad things happened that year. We lost Betty Puknat, who had taught for us several times. She and I used to go to coffee together, and she wrote me from England. But she died there of cancer while she and Sig were on sabbatical from Santa Cruz, where he's now head of a college.

Something that struck even closer to home, because it happened in Davis, was the death of Linda Van Norden. She had had a mysterious illness; only Wayne Harsh knew that it was a heart attack. We did hear that one of her legs failed her when she was getting out of an automobile. After a while she could walk with a cane. She continued meeting her classes, though the doctor warned her. But on June 27, 1972, Jean Walraven telephoned me that Linda was dead.

RW: The little Japanese cleaning woman who was so fond of her had found the door locked. Looking through the window, she saw Linda sitting lifeless in a chair, surrounded by books and papers.

CTW: So we have all believed. But lately Dick Schwab told me the truth; he knows, for he came to her house at once. He and Sonya were friends of Linda's, and she loved their children. According to Dick, she was not in a chair; she was lying on the floor. She had tried to break her fall by clutching onto the window curtains.

RW: The Van Nordens, being gentlewomen, would have preferred that other image--Linda sitting in the chair.

CTW: Of course Wayne, who had helped her with her shopping and with rides to class, made the final arrangements. After the memorial service at Saint Martin's, we all shook his hand or kissed him--not that there was

anything romantic between him and Linda, who was nineteen years his senior--but their friendship was very close. At the time she died, her closet was full of beautiful new clothes that she meant to wear on a trip with him to Greece. He had taught there and could show her the country; she could give him historical details. As he said, she died happy, looking forward to summer.

RW: Wayne and Gwen were the administrators. As we've already mentioned, no one has ever been able to find The Black Feet of the Peacock, or her manuscript on alchemy.

CTW: She was bitter about the U.C. system, "Publish or Perish." I can even imagine her destroying the manuscripts after her first heart attack.

RW: It's conceivable; she was quixotic. But she never threw letters away; her house and garage contained box after box of them. Her niece, to whom she left quite a sum of money, spent two weeks going through her belongings. Finally the rented house was ready, and Marianne Cooley, our new young professor, moved in with Linda's cat, the Black Muslim.

CTW: Wayne is right in saying, "So much heart went out of our department when Linda died." She was an exquisite human being, and she was loving in spite of being so ladylike.

RW: A "character" in the best sense of the word.

CTW: I was depressed. When Maxine took me to the Dean's Commencement Day luncheon, several people asked, "Won't you be retiring soon?" Though I tried to smile, I felt as though they were speaking of my death. And for months I worried about having to move out of my office. In other departments, the emeritus professors have office space. But with Linda, Gwen, Beth, and me all expecting to retire within about three years, it had seemed impossible to grant us offices. When I telephoned the Administration, they promised to find me a niche somewhere, though perhaps not with the department. In the end it worked out: of us four women, I was the only one who continued to need an office. But the reasons were sad.

RW: Yes. The futility of planning! Linda died, Gwen's arthritis forced her to move away, and Beth wound up in a convalescent hospital. Well, what else do you recall from the spring of 1972?

CTW: At the Phi Beta Kappa initiation I was again historian. Since the stage of the main theater was dark, Bob Hungate (the president) and I used a flashlight for reading our scripts. Somehow the seniors climbed up to the stage and down again without breaking their necks.

RW: Those kids were law-abiding compared with some at that period. Remember the students who sat on the railroad tracks to prevent trains from carrying military supplies for Viet Nam?

CTW: Yes, and somebody caused a bomb scare in Sproul Hall; I found myself barred. I was thankful that Vee was no longer preoccupied with the war. He sent me a Mother's Day postcard from Fiuggi Fonte--a picture of a mother squirrel putting two fluffy-tailed baby squirrels to bed. She was wearing a Victorian hoop skirt, but her tail showed, too. Now, seven years later, that is still the only card in the mirror of my dressing table.

RW: Vee initiated me into TM when he got back from Italy.

CTW: That was in the summer. Talking with him, a reporter ridiculed the movement. I answered with letters to the Davis Enterprise and the Cal Aggie. My house was used for the initiation of you and the Smalls and others. I made quarts of lemonade; the temperature one night was 114°.

About this time, I solved some of my problems of being the only cook, waitress, hostess, and dishwasher. When I entertained with a dinner party, I used a hot-table Charlene had given me. The guests lined up and helped themselves from casseroles. I could serve twelve people easily.

Charlene herself, that summer, put on Candy's wedding. I saw Costa Mesa for the first time--had the excitement of meeting Ray Bradbury. Candy was a fan of his. She wrote him such good letters that he felt like an uncle and consented to lead her down the aisle. He arrived with a chauffeur, but the car was simple. He's afraid of airplanes--wouldn't fly down there from L.A. That's odd for the author of so much science fiction!

At Costa Mesa I sprained my back while arranging some books--sat on the floor, moving them round a corner. There's nothing like a sharp twist to throw one's back out. A neighbor of Charlene's brought me some Indocin, which had helped her husband; but I was in pain at the wedding, and two days later I couldn't fully enjoy Disneyland with Charlene and Alice Gillmann. I could hardly endure our rides on the little trains. Even so, I liked the Swiss Family Robinson tree, which I'd read about in childhood.

RW: One thing I chiefly remember from that summer was that a robber with a sawed-off shotgun held up Mr. Van Doorninck, a Classics professor, on the third floor of Sproul, practically next door to my office. I wasn't there; it happened at 5:15 p.m. Later Van Doorninck's wife received a threatening telephone call.

CTW: That same, identical bandit later assaulted Harry Whitcombe, for whom he'd been working in the bee business. Harry lives next door to

Maxine. So I went over there and saw him with his poor, fractured head all bandaged up. His employee was also hurt.

RW: Harry threatened to sue the county for having turned that dangerous man loose after the attack on Van Doorninck. Those were hectic days. At Roseville someone blew up a railway car full of ammunition.

CTW: Another anti-war protest. I prefer the peaceful kind that we used to see downtown every Wednesday noon. Max Kleiber and his friends would stand for one hour by the fountain near the Davis Lumber Company. On Max's birthday in 1973, I joined them for an hour. It evidently helped, for the war ended that same month.

I was carried back to old times in December of 1972 when Farm Circle honored the early members. At the Candlelight Dessert, I read a Mary Wilkins Freeman story that I'd used there in the 1930's.

RW: Did you feel like Rip Van Winkle when the Bank of Davis moved?

CTW: Yes, and the name kept changing. It became the Bank of Sacramento and later the Security Pacific National. When a teller asked if I were a new customer, I said, "Not exactly; I've been with you since 1928." But let me tell about being overdrawn. In the fall of 1972, I gave Vee a Datsun to replace the motorcycle. In the excitement of paying for the car, I misread some of my own figures. I was overdrawn; I had to make good in a hurry. It was high finance throughout that period, for I contributed \$4,000 toward my retirement. Back in the 1920's, instructors had no provision for the future. By raising \$4,000, I made up for those six years.

RW: Did Vee go to work for the TM movement?

CTW: No: TM is a labor of love. At Berkeley he earned his living by selling books in Hink's department store.

RW: In 1973 you received the Golden Shovel, a great honor.

CTW: It's only a gilded shovel, but on the handle are little plaques bearing the names of Emil Mrak, Knowles Ryerson, Stanley Freeborn, Edwin Voorhies, Judge Peter Shields--Warren Tufts, too, and Vern Hickey, and George Baker. The reporters photographed me on Arbor Day, turning over a spadeful of earth and planting a cedar tree.

RW: It's on the west side of the University Library--a whole grove of cedars dedicated to you.

CTW: When I see that bronze marker rising above the turf, it's like reading my own epitaph at Forest Lawn.

RW: Nonsense! It was a party. The Chancellor sent Donald Swain to speak in your honor. Larry Andrews spoke; and so did Peggy, the president of the Environmental Horticulture club.

CTW: You spoke too, and then I spoke--off the cuff--about old times. There was a good turnout in spite of the wind.

RW: Beth Homann called it your finest hour. You were full of emotion, but you made jokes. We served refreshments in Shields Library. Howard Baker and his new wife came up from Terra Bella.

CTW: They had an official invitation. I was in wonderful spirits, for I knew I was going to do some teaching. Dan Silvia had told Jim Woodress I'd probably like to. Dean Andrews arranged to pay me for giving one course fall, winter, and spring--Shakespeare, The Lyric, Creative Writing. As emeritus professor I could earn only the difference between my pension and my previous salary. It was not like depriving some graduate student of a chance: teaching assistants don't give upper-division courses, and I am an established creative writer.

RW: A Sense of Place came out in the fall of 1973.

CTW: Yes; I had tried Golden Quill, which the Writer's Market listed as a regular press, not a vanity publisher. One does make a guarantee, but only in case the book doesn't sell enough copies. I never had to make good; by 1977, it was out of print. Golden Quill does beautiful work--the City Librarian of San Francisco, sitting next to me at a Commonwealth Club luncheon, picked up my book and exclaimed over the handsome format. Golden Quill can be picky and choosy; they receive several hundred manuscripts a year and publish only about twenty-five.

RW: Don't forget the English department retirement party for you and Gwen, at Recreation Pool Lodge. We gave each of you a wine rack with twelve bottles, some imported, and a silver cup. Not only our faculty but the graduate students were there.

CTW: You were Acting Chairman at the time. Gwen was retiring early: she was born in August, and I in March. At U.C., it matters whether a birthday comes before or after June 30. It's like figuring the age of race horses. Mary O'Connor and Wayne entertained for us too. At Dean Andrews' party for retiring professors, Dorothy Swift said, "Celeste, you look as if you will live to be one hundred and ten." I was also feeling good because a lady had asked me to autograph the last four copies of Etruscan Princess. "I'm crazy about your poems," said that lady.

CTW: In June, Lani Abbott won the Ina Coolbrith contest for undergraduates. Davis competes with the other U.C. campuses and also with Stanford, Mills, U.O.P., and two Catholic colleges. As usual, I had acted as coordinator.

RW: Lani was our first student to win the grand prize, but a couple of years later, Davis got three of the five prizes.

Commencement in 1973 was a high moment for you.

CTW: Egad, yes. First Dean Andrews asked me to be Marshal and carry the mace. Then Maxine hinted I was getting another honor. She said, "It will involve work." All I conjectured was that I might write a poem. But no, I was to be the Letters and Science speaker. Joan Leaver and I had lunch together; she's in charge of the ceremonies.

I was photographed. Though I always beg photographers to flatter me, they never succeed. Finally, over at the medical school, somebody took a decent picture.

I was on Channel 3 discussing the status of women at UCD. I had seen myself earlier, speaking on Elinor Wylie; that talk drew a fan letter from Nevada, but I hated looking my age. When you lectured, Bob, Maxine and I watched. There you were, larger than life, but ignoring us.

RW: President Nixon was on the air at that period, trying to clear himself of Watergate. But, Celeste, you have many firsts for women at Davis. You were the first woman member of the Academic Senate. Are you a Woman's Libber on campus?

CTW: I attend some of the women's meetings. Ruth Anderson, the Dean of Women, used to be a student of mine. In 1973, replacements were needed for Gwen, Linda, and me. When my colleagues were trying to decide between young Joan Carr and a male associate professor, I spoke up and said that the women's organization had their beady eye on us. And so, even though we had funds for a tenured person, we hired Joan.

RW: Did you already know that you'd be doing an oral history?

CTW: No, Bob, I didn't. Dick Dickman had suggested it. But not until Prytanean raised \$800 for the transcription did I catch fire. At first I'd thought of it as a "vanity publication." But Prytanean made it a real honor. I liked Dick very much, though; he audited one of my Shakespeare courses, and he took me to the Steak Bake. I asked him to the retirement dinner for Bob Hungate, where I read a poem inspired by Hungate's Faculty Research Lecture.

RW: It tells what goes on in the guts of a termite.

CTW: Yes, I was tickled by Hungate's films--all those trichonympha milling around.

RW: You haven't really described Commencement.

CTW: It beggars all description. There were thousands of parents and friends on the bleachers by the football field. I felt like Queen Elizabeth going to open Parliament as I marched down the aisle, carrying the mace. Charlene and her daughter came up from Costa Mesa, and Vee from Berkeley. You were at the luncheon.

RW: Yes, in the Memorial Union.

CTW: The Enterprise reprinted my "Great Barrier Reef"--I'd used that poem in my talk. Our university is like the Reef; millions of us contribute to its greatness. Knowledge is our chief barrier against the winds and the rough ocean. Davis to me seemed like a calm lagoon.

RW: Your private life was still difficult, though.

CTW: Mother was so blind and deaf that she hardly knew me. Georgia was still breaking down at intervals. When she came here, she was so hostile that I dared not invite her to my house. Charlene was trying to get her a pension, because Georgia first broke down in Washington, working for the Navy. Charlene endured two complete refusals from the Veterans' Administration. But finally, through paperwork, she got a congressman behind her and achieved this thing. And so now Georgia would have enough to live on.

Meanwhile Vee was saddened by a tragedy. His friend Tom Flocker had gone shooting the rapids on a raft with other men. At the last minute, somebody asked to join them. Since Tom was a good swimmer, he lent the newcomer his life jacket. The raft capsized, and Tom was the only person drowned. He left a wife and twin babies. And so ended the promising career of a young mechanical genius.

RW: Did you go to Ashland that summer?

CTW: Oh, yes. On July 2, 1973, I went north with Alice Gillmann. We stayed at our favorite Valley Entrance Motel, run by retired educators named Taylor. The rooms are homelike, and the Taylors' granddaughter even brought us cherries. At the Little Sweden restaurant we had smorgasbord, meats, desserts, and coffee for a mere nothing.

RW: You recommended both those places to me, and I once took my daughter Roberta there for A Midsummer Night's Dream.

CTW: The only sad note for Alice and me was that Kitty Haggart had died of Parkinson's disease. She had lived with us in 1925-26.

But we were doing special things at Ashland. We attended my reunion with the Angus Bowmer people who had gone to England together. In Lithia Park, away from the crowds, the Senior Citizens Club catered homemade food. On the Fourth, Ashland had a Gay Nineties celebration. We saw ourselves in the paper, standing near the camera.

The Bowmer people had a barbecued breakfast out in the park. Alice has a way of getting what she wants. When she saw ham and eggs, she asked, "Where's the catsup?" I turned pale, but the caterer sent back to the hotel for a bottle of Heinz's.

RW: What plays did you see?

CTW: Othello was ideal--better than the Olivier film. Although I admire Olivier, his Noble Moor was too frenzied. In the Angus Bowmer theater (an indoor playhouse) we saw Jonson's Alchemist set during the Gold Rush; oddly enough, it was good. (As a rule, I dislike changing an Elizabethan play.) Angus Bowmer himself lectured to us in the mornings. He was writing his book on the Festival he had founded. The following day we had dinner in Woodland.

RW: I remember that summer as particularly warm.

CTW: Yes, Bob. About 4:30 one afternoon, I crawled to our parking lot, impatient to get home. But a window in my car had exploded; fragments were lying on the seat. All the Ford agency could do was vacuum. For several days I had to walk.

RW: What were you doing at the office?

CTW: For one thing, I worked on my three-volume address book, preparing to send Golden Quill the names of five hundred persons who should receive announcements of A Sense of Place. The editor is meticulous; he won't use stickers on his envelopes.

RW: That year we acquired some new colleagues--the Winfried Schleiners, who both have Ph.D.'s from Brown University.

CTW: I wish Louise could be teaching here with her husband. She commutes all the way to Saint Mary's College.

RW: Joan Carr arrived from Virginia.

CTW: She's so petite, my diary describes her as a living doll. People mistook her for a freshman. When she went with me to the Faculty Club's autumn wine-tasting, several men danced with us.

In October I caught the bus to San Francisco and read to the Speech Association--teachers from the Bay Region. . . . Bob, do you remember from that fall a student who'd been a policeman in Sacramento?

RW: Yes, very well. He came back to college in his thirties and was afraid he couldn't make good.

CTW: His knees were knocking before my first Shakespeare. But he did all right, and made friends. He took me with Wayne and Maxine to the

Wine Cellar Restaurant. When he went to the men's room, he was gone so long that Wayne followed him. There he was, lying on the cold floor. He was not drunk; it was early in our dinner, and he drove in a competent way. But he was too emotional for an officer. In my short-story class, he wrote descriptions of police brutality.

RW: He was on a medical leave. His divorce had upset him, and he missed his young daughter. College meant a lot to him. When he graduated, he invited me to a celebration, but I couldn't go.

CTW: The guests all met his mother, his two lawyers, and his psychiatrist. He asked me to read some of my poems, and he took snapshots. When my book came out, he bought more than one copy.

RW: Well, it was a fine book.

CTW: All but the blurb on the jacket. I hadn't seen it, and the lady who wrote it misinterpreted my list of facts. She said I had often read at the Poetry Center. Actually, I'd listed several readings in San Francisco, including one at the Center. And so I wonder if they thought I was lying. When I saw that blurb, I considered stripping off the jacket. But I did like the Monterey scene on the front, and the printing and paper.

I sent a copy to Kenneth Rexroth. When he read here, he looked like a bag of laundry--but so had W. H. Auden. You mention Rexroth in your novel, Bob.

RW: No, in one of my short stories. He was like a father to the San Francisco Beat poets.

CTW: That year there was a new celebrity in Comparative Literature--Ruby Cohn, the authority on Beckett. When I asked her to lunch at the Club, she was independent--insisted on paying her own way. She usually eats at her desk; she's the dedicated scholar. But after going home with me to see my exercise machine, she ordered an ExerCor by mail.

You, too, are always so busy, Bob. You didn't go with us to Nevada for the Philological meeting. We were at a hotel--Arthur Amos and Marianne Cooley and Tom Campbell. We had lunch in a gambling dive. Tom drove me round the university campus, but the weather was so cold, it carried me back to my childhood; I could see my breath, and my nose felt ready to drop off.

RW: All those nice kids had trouble with publications.

CTW: Yes. When the senior members read Arthur's manuscript on the Arcadia, I couldn't help editing it. Sidney's characters have such long names, and Arthur kept repeating them. But, oh, Bob, editors in hell must be condemned to work on onionskin carbon copies. To cap the climax, one

senior member called me "unprofessional" for editing without permission. Feeling hurt, I revealed myself to Arthur. Far from being angry, he thanked me. When his book came out, one reviewer praised the style. Even so, the poor boy was denied tenure.

RW: What does it take to get ahead? The book came from a university press. Some of our colleagues who attacked it hadn't published.

CTW: Ours not to reason why. Oh, well, I enjoyed introducing Everett Carter to the Library Associates. They used my talk as the preface to the "keepsake" booklet they got out, reprinting Everett's lecture on Howells.

RW: We had big doings when Saint Martin's became a full-fledged parish.

CTW: You helped make that change. You were in very solid with the Bishop; no other member of the Vestry could handle him. There was also the ordination of our assistant pastor, Les Blackmore, a retired educator who had taken up theology. Many Davis clergy attended, not to mention Episcopal priests from our diocese. I was proud because Les chose me to read from the Bible. What else happened in 1973?

RW: The last thing was Jean Walraven's New Year's party. We met interesting people from all over.

CTW: Yes, and the food was marvelous. I remember you taking batches of hors d'oeuvres out of her oven.

CTW: We sat high on a dais. I felt superior to the audience because, upon hearing some lines from "Johannesburg," he asked to my son, "Is that from Beowulf?" But wide-mouth before a tell. I was the first person introduced to the audience; and, not knowing what was expected, I said, "Thank you; I have never been happier," and sat down. To my surprise, all five of the other winners gave elaborate speeches, and I learned that our program was being broadcast.

Later the University Bulletin restored my self-esteem. It went out to all U.C. employees. In June it quoted a "rave" right off the Golden Quill Jacket blurb--the sort of praise you don't usually find in the University Bulletin. Besides four honors, another winner was Page Smith, an emeritus professor at Santa Barbara. I felt so elated that year, I bought myself a new Mustang right off the parking lot at the Ford agency.

RW: Lime yellow with bucket seats; it says "Rock II" on the side.

CTW: More suitable for my son. When I drove it home, I half-expected the gods to punish me for hubris, like the hero of a Greek tragedy. But that car took me north with Charlene and Alice, to Ashland's

XXIII MEDALIST, MARSHAL, RETREADED PROFESSOR, 1974-1975

RW: In 1974 you got a Commonwealth Club award.

CTW: Yes, for A Sense of Place. One day in April a Western Union messenger--I'd forgotten there were such people--appeared with a telegram that said, in effect: "Congratulations. The Commonwealth Club's literary panel has decided that yours is one of the four best books published by California authors in 1973." A few days later a certificate came, and the newspapers announced the winners. To my bewilderment somebody else--our friend Edgar Bowers--was listed for the silver poetry medal. I had won "an unclassified silver medal." Practically in tears, I telephoned the secretary of the Commonwealth Club. He explained that my book had competed with all 267 other entries in the contest, not just with the poetry books. An "unclassified medal" is next in value after the two gold medals; and so A Sense of Place had indeed been ranked as "one of the best four books by California authors."

RW: I got in on your free lunch at the Sheraton-Palace.

CTW: We sat high on a dais. I felt superior to one gold medalist because, upon hearing some lines from "Jabberwocky," he asked in my ear, "Is that from Beowulf?" But pride goeth before a fall. I was the first person introduced to the audience; and, not knowing what was expected, I said, "Thank you; I have never been happier," and sat down. To my horror, all five of the other winners gave elaborate speeches, and I learned that our program was being broadcast.

Later the University Bulletin restored my self-esteem. It goes out to all U.C. employees. In June it quoted a "rave" right off the Golden Quill jacket blurb--the sort of praise you don't usually find in the University Bulletin. Besides Edgar Bowers, another winner was Page Smith, an emeritus professor at Santa Barbara. I felt so elated that year, I bought myself a new Mustang right off the parking lot at the Ford agency.

RW: Lime yellow with bucket seats; it says "Mach II" on the side.

CTW: More suitable for my son. When I drove it home, I half expected the gods to punish me for hubris, like the hero of a Greek tragedy. But that car took me north with Charlene and Alice, to Ashland's

one hundredth Independence Day celebration. With us was Ursula Abbott, the geneticist who developed a breed of chickens without feathers.

Speaking of Shakespeare: I had a couple of odd birds in my class that year. One of them kept writing gibberish as criticism--half-digested stuff from the library, with no bearing on the topics that I assigned. Without her notes she was helpless; her written English was beyond the pale. Karl Zender, the director of freshman courses, told me that the same girl had used an essay by Francis Bacon as her Subject A exam--handed it in, not expecting to be caught. What's more, she had lied to me about having completed English 1.

RW: Most of our students are not like her.

CTW: I drew at least one other. A girl said she always got rattled at examinations; she asked to write in a room by herself. Though she turned out a respectable bluebook, it didn't sound like student work. Later I learned that Winfried Schleiner had caught her red-handed, plagiarizing a term paper. He confronted her and made her rewrite it. Would you believe it, she plagiarized again! Then he flunked her.

As you say, though, most students are decent. And in 1974 I served on the committee for Regents' Scholarships. Brilliant high-school seniors with straight-A averages were flown here from all over California. Before the interviews, each of us had sat for hours in the basement of North Hall, going through the applications. Chancellor Meyer rewarded the winners with a wonderful brunch in his own garden, where we got to know the kids personally.

Serving on the committee for the Regents Faculty Fellowships, I learned many secrets about the research and even the lives of the professors who wanted summertime grants.

RW: Did you enjoy your post-retirement teaching?

CTW: Usually I did. Never have I felt closer to students than I did to the nine in The Lyric, English 160, that year. There was a farewell party at my house--refreshments and reading from the poets.

But I am a nervous Nellie. When there were only five students in that class the first day, I panicked. To make sure of pulling my weight in the boat, I volunteered for a freshman class. Then--wouldn't you know--four more people enrolled in The Lyric; my sacrifice had been needless. To make matters worse, the students in that English 1 section were mostly C's. But I didn't mind giving a Special Study for a young man who wanted to write on Katherine Mansfield. He went on for a Ph.D. at Brown.

RW: Did you give any more readings?

CTW: The Shakespeare Club in Woodland invited me because Marion Monroe Beaudin had known me in the 1920's. She had married a Woodland man. The Club met at the Bernette ranch, which has pigeons and Arabian horses. The ladies, in their summer dresses, lunched outdoors and were photographed. Several of them bought A Sense of Place.

Then the Town and Country ladies, who have their own building, offered me an honorarium. It saddened me, though, to learn that a student I was been fond of, who'd been farming near Woodland, had died three years before my talk. I felt guilty of neglecting him.

My next invitation to speak came from the Browning Society, which meets every week at the Hotel Sir Francis Drake for an elaborate luncheon. Seated by me was a sister-in-law of Ben Swig, the hotel magnate.

RW: Wasn't 1974 the year of your mother's death?

CTW: Yes. She died on April 11, at 10:00 p.m. For months she had been in a deep depression. When I asked what I could do for her, she said, "Just go away and let me die." And when Dr. Cronan examined her, she slapped his face. "Well," he said later, "she still has plenty of fire." But she'd lost interest in life. But, being blind, deaf, and lame, she had nothing to live for; and she'd reached the age of ninety-three years and five months. She had not been herself since those little strokes affected her brain.

A week or two later, I arranged for a memorial service at Saint Martin's, followed by a dinner. My guests were Mary O'Connor, Gwen Needham, Leonard and Beth Homann, David and Ebba Johnson, and you; also, of course, Vee and Vedder and the two clergymen, Les Blackmore and Bill Burrill. The organist, Dona Brandon, couldn't join us.

On May Day, Jeanne Howe cheered me by hanging a basket of flowers on my doorknob. Her note saying, "Carpe diem," was just right for a Classics major. Jeanne knew I loved that motto from Horace.

RW: You signed up to teach again in 1974-75. What else happened in May and June?

CTW: Five women poets invited me to appear with them at the Memorial Union. One of those gals read a poem on incest; several of them used four-letter words. But my old-fashioned poems went over too.

There were retirement parties for Maynard Amerine and Dick Blanchard. My book got an award from the Sacramento Regional Arts Council.

By now I was so used to excitement that I needed advice from whoever said, "Remember: life is not a standing ovation." A solemn letter came from A. M. Sullivan, who has twice been president of the Poetry Society of

America. "Celeste," he wrote, "enjoy your award. There are no bathing beaches in infinity."

RW: Why bathing beaches?

CTW: He knows that I always swim in the summer. And he had sent me his book-length poem called The Bottom of the Sea. You'll never guess his publishers--Dunn and Bradstreet; he used to be an official there. When he retired, they got out his book, beautifully illustrated.

Just before vacation, I had a tragic telephone call: a rabbi was investigating the death of one of my creative-writing students. Mike had been selling clothes in Marysville, besides carrying an overload of studies. When I took him to lunch, I warned him not to overdo. "Oh," he said, "after this one term, I'll be free." Egad, he was found dead in his room. He'd told me of being slowly poisoned by studying under a fly strip; also of being hurt in a car accident. But the nervous strain he was under (including a divorce) partly explains his death. How little we know of what's happening to the people around us!

RW: We do get some confidences.

CTW: Yes; in 1974 an old friend told me that for a dozen years she'd been having an affair with a prominent professor. I was thunderstruck; I had not connected those two people in any way. They were both single, but for some reason did not wish to marry.

RW: Speaking of surprises: that year or next, Professor Emeritus Milton Gardner of Physics brought to Davis an English lady whom he'd secretly married. She was a niece of his late wife. Aside from Ashland, what do you remember from the summer of 1974?

CTW: I swam 53 times between June and September. On August 9, what impressed me was not the inauguration of Gerald Ford, but a lecture by David Gilhooly, Vee's former playmate. David makes figurines--has a Queen Victoria frog and a Napoleon frog, just as I myself have a poem comparing Henry VIII to a toad. These resemblances are amazing. Looking at the price tags, I was glad he had sent me a little black frog in exchange for my poems. But oh, his humor! No speaker has ever entertained me better. And afterward, when I asked him why he had never made a Frog Prince, he said, "You see, Celeste, the frogs themselves never mention that story." He has my poem--"Noblesse Oblige."

Another friendship that went back to early times was with Mary Carrere. For years and years I took my household linens to her family's laundry on G Street. After it closed, I saw her at a laundry and agency in the Mall, on Russell Boulevard. I felt lost when she retired. But then followed another friendship. I had taken my Santa Claus's pack of washing several times to a lovely young woman before I discovered that I'd

known her when she was a little girl. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Williamson, had had a restaurant where I often ate in the late 1930's.

RW: The town must also be full of your former students.

CTW: Yes, and not just this town. Late in 1974 I had a long-distance call from New York. It was Joshua Waller, who liked my book. He was now a librarian, and he asked me to donate a copy to the New York Public Library.

Joshua has charm. He's from Hong Kong--half Chinese and half Scottish. When he was a first-year graduate student here, he tried to teach a class, but was so overcome with stage fright that he fainted dead away. That's when he gave up on teaching. In New York my cousin Norman, the opera singer, took him out on the town.

Another far-away friend, one in Maine, told me to send my book to Charlotte Hudson White of Guilford. She's a lawyer, like her father and grandfather before her; and she's served six terms in the Maine legislature. As a child, I was in awe of her family; I lived on Hudson Avenue, near Hudson's Hollow. Now she wrote me a friendly letter.

RW: Are there still Turners in Guilford?

CTW: Not anymore. Early in February 1975, my cousin Flora died in San Francisco. Her family had brought her to Pasadena in the 1920's. Now word of her death came from Helen Henry, the daughter of our minister. Flora had made a choice: she could have managed her heart condition by remaining a housebound invalid. She preferred to die--refused treatment and soon had a fatal attack.

My life has been privileged, thus far, compared with Flora's. She took an M.A. at Berkeley and hoped to write; but during the Depression she did housework to support herself. Later she worked at the Cutter Laboratory in Berkeley. When that lab got into trouble about some polio vaccine, she became secretary of the Universalist church in Pasadena and nursed her mother. Finally she retired to San Francisco. Though her sister Barbara was nice to me on the telephone, I felt guilty; it was "Next of Kin" all over again.

RW: You can't correspond with everybody.

CTW: I did write often to Bill Buell, of UCLA. On February 13, 1975--eight days after Flora--he died. After a long bout with cancer, Bill was strapped financially; the nursing home cost \$512 a month. Finally his friends saw him through.

Bill was the victim of a long, long period of low salary. Since his eye disease made research impossible, he didn't publish. He was promoted

to associate professor only on the eve of his retirement, as a gesture toward improving his income.

He was a dear man, always interested in me and my work. When he was bedridden, stone deaf, and blind, his wife went to him in the nursing home and shouted in his ear, "Celeste has won an award!" He could not hear her. I wrote to him as long as he had half an eye to read with.

RW: He would enjoy knowing of your success.

CTW: Yes, at the very time of his death, my poems got two public readings. One was by Velma Richmond, the head of the English department at Holy Names. Through Renaissance meetings, I know her and her husband Hugh Richmond, a Shakespeare specialist at Berkeley.

That same month, February 1975, Alan and Rita Stanbusky of UCD gave a big reading of my work.

RW: I was there, and was happy to see such a turnout at Wellman Hall.

CTW: God helps those who help themselves. When the posters did not appear until very late, I sat down and wrote one hundred government postcards to friends--simply announcing that the Stambuskys were going to read. And it worked! The crowd you saw in the small auditorium included practically everyone who had received one of my postcards. Afterwards I gave a casserole dinner for the Stambuskys, the Shapiros, and the Peter Hayeses. You were there.

RW: Wasn't 1975 the year you were Grand Marshal of Picnic Day?

CTW: Yes. Looking back, I can see that a casual party had consequences. After Commencement, 1974, I was invited to lunch by some women students. At their apartment I met Mary, the newly appointed chairman of Picnic Day. A few months later the Parade Chairman asked me to be Grand Marshal. The climax was a color picture of Mary and the Picnic Day Host and me on the front page of the Democrat.

On Picnic Day itself, the committee had breakfast with Chancellor Meyer in the Union. At the grandstand, you came up to wish me luck, and so did several of the alumni. I talked over the loudspeaker. Then I rode a Cadillac, alone behind the driver. Going through town, I played I was Queen Elizabeth in a glass coach, waving my hand. But when somebody yelled, "Who are you?" he deflated me somewhat. And that afternoon there was only a small attendance at my poetry reading; it was during the sheep-dog trials.

RW: More likely, dachshund races.

CTW: Anyway, the parade had been intoxicating, and I loved having lunch with alumni in the Chancellor's garden.

RW: How was Commencement that year--exciting?

CTW: I wasn't even there. Don't you remember, Bob, that the whole English department was sick? A couple of days before, they had attended the retirement party for Beth Homann. (We gave her a copy of the Book of Kels.) On Commencement morning, I found myself miserable. "Old age is creeping up," I thought. But no--even the graduate students were sick; one of them had to be taken to the hospital. And then came reports of sickness from those who attended the Commencement Day luncheon. The Health officers telephoned us, and the trouble was traced, I believe, to some worker at the Faculty Club. You had a nasty fever.

RW: It was typhoid; you had been vaccinated for Europe and escaped.

CTW: On the first day of June, I attended the fiftieth-anniversary celebration of the Pioneer Class at UCLA. The Walter Koerpers invited me to stay at their lovely house on the seacliff at Corona Del Mar. At the luncheon, we all looked so old. I had prided myself on being the baby, but Harriet Shoben turned out to have beaten me by ten months.

RW: In April you and I had both gone with the Library Associates to places connected with General Vallejo. The Blanchards were on that tour, and the Everett Carters. We heard Amerine at the Robert Mondavi winery, and had dinner there. We saw a mansion at Oakville, with two gazebos.

CTW: While I was standing in a puddle of water outside the winery, listening to an explanation of their equipment, I decided not to join the tour of the Loire Valley. I like wine, but I'm not thirsty for details.

On the Fourth of July, I was at Ashland with my son and Dorothy Lowry, a geneticist. We enjoyed the parade, but I did not walk miles around a lake just to watch the fireworks. Instead, I sent Vee and Dorothy off by themselves; and then, upstairs in the Valley Entrance Motel, I read As I Remember, Adam--Angus Bowmer's history of the Festival.

Dorothy traveled in her own car. Vee and I, on the way home, had lunch on a picnic table near the river at Anderson. Somehow that was one of the happiest hours I have ever spent with my son.

As for Shakespeare: that summer I judged ten essays that scholars had submitted for the World Shakespeare Congress; it was held in the East, and I did not attend, but Eleanor Prosser of Stanford asked me to help with the papers.

RW: Were you writing anything that summer?

CTW: Wisely or unwisely, I spent most of my time in revising First Resort, though I had little hope of getting it published. One Vermont firm said they felt tempted. But since their specialty was books on old farmhouses, quilts, that sort of thing, they decided that I was not in

their field. I entered a Bicentennial contest for State of Maine books. Not only did I fail to win the prize, but no other Maine book pleased Norton enough to get published.

RW: A Sense of Place was favorably reviewed.

CTW: Yes, Dorsha Hayes in the Poetry Society of America Bulletin predicted that A Sense of Place would live. In surveying a dozen "best" books by the members, she placed mine first. At the next PSA meeting, someone said publicly, "Dorsha, your reviews were bullshit." But I had encouragement from Murray Krieger of Irvine and J. V. Cunningham of Brandeis.

RW: Did you give any more talks?

CTW: The Speech Arts Association, in San Francisco, asked the Coolbrith Circle to bring together all the surviving winners of the Grand Prize. As far as I know, I am the only poet who has won three times.

At Davis, out on the quad, I spoke for "Alice Doesn't Day," a feminist celebration. I dug up all the hardships that used to confront women professors--for instance, the rule against having babies on sick leave.

RW: In 1975, I was initiated into the Quarter Century Club, composed of people who have worked at Davis a long time.

CTW: You let me steal a snapshot from the bulletin board at that banquet; it showed you as a freshman at the University of Maryland. Myself, I had not been eligible for that club during its early years; it used to ignore women.

Earlier that year, I took Vee to a Phi Beta Kappa regional dinner in San Francisco. We heard Buckminster Fuller, whom he ranks only a little below the Maharishi. Although eighty years old, Bucky talked for an hour and a half. Phi Beta Kappas are tough and can take it.

Vee also went with me to San Francisco to see the Asian Art Museum's exhibit from China. Jeanne Howe and Vedder went along. What everyone emphasized was the Jade Suit--thousands of plates sewn together with gold thread for the shroud of a princess.

RW: Did you and Vee attend any Meditators' courses together?

CTW: Yes, one at Squaw Valley in August. Marion Small and I went with him and her son Randy. But the food was commercial, and a wrestlers' convention was terribly noisy. During one of the TM lectures, a heckler kept interrupting with protests against our secret mantras.

So I preferred the TM cottages at Cobb Mountain--formerly Hoberg's resort, in the trees near Clear Lake. Maxine and I rode up there with Sonya Schwab. The meals were perfect, and we met some congenial souls.

RW: In the fall Richard Eberhart visited our department for several weeks. Wasn't he Regents' Professor?

CTW: He gave talks and showed films of his life. Of course he's known all the famous poets. I met him and his wife at Saint Martin's. They whisked me off to have lunch at their house, and later we had some other meals together. They invited me to visit their summer home in Maine, or to drop in on them at Dartmouth, where he's poet in residence. Last Christmas they gave me the address again.

CTW: Yes. But, darn it, who wants to be seventy? I was partly consoled by seeing Archibald MacLeish on television. He's now in his eighties. According to him, the seventies can be delightful. And I thought of Ingeen Cunningham, who had a career field her studies; according to her, life is fine if you fill it with good hard work.

RW: Tell about the party.

CTW: Ann Stanford and Karl Shapiro read their poems as the posters had said, it was in my honor. Then we went to the Faculty Clubhouse. On the wall above the elaborate refreshments was a banner saying HAPPY BIRTHDAY, CELESTE. The department presented me with a leather-bound notebook. Although they suggested I use it for travel jottings on my trip to Alaska, I'm saving it for another purpose. I want to list the nicest things that have ever happened to me. As Jane Austen says, "Think of the past only as the remembrance of it gives you pleasure."

RW: The Meditators gave you an award in 1976.

CTW: Yes, the Sacramento Center voted a bronze plaque to me and to Joe Tupin, the psychiatrist on our medical faculty; also to a Sacramento artist and an automobile dealer and the editor of the Union. A young woman read three of my poems. It was the Midsummer Festival, with a banquet at the Howe Community Center. The following winter, Joe and Betty Tupin invited me to their open house, where I met some psychiatrists who were not Meditators.

In June I read at the TM Center in Berkeley; the women had arranged a tea, and my chum Barbara was present. Everything clicked. For instance, I'd wished for earrings to wear that day with my aqua dress. As I walked toward the Center, something told me to try an Indian shop on Telegraph Avenue. Behold, there were screw-on earrings (they are hard to get), and they were the right color, at a reasonable price, \$6.50.

RW: Things don't always click, even for Meditators. On May 4, in Davis, hecklers almost broke up a TM meeting at the Veterans' Memorial Building. The program was to advertise the Age of Enlightenment. Unfortunately Bob Black, the Mayor, wrote a letter of endorsement on official paper. He meditates, and it was O.K. for him to do so as a private person. But the citizens wrongly assumed that the letter had duplicated at their expense. The Meditators, as all inductees had said for copying it and had delivered it all over the city. The Mayor had to

XXIV A BIRTHDAY, ALASKA, AND "SEASONED TIMBER," 1976-1977

RW: On Saint Patrick's Day, 1976, the English department gave a very special celebration for you.

CTW: Yes. But, darn it, who wants to be seventy? I was partly consoled by seeing Archibald MacLeish on television. He's now in his eighties. According to him, the seventies can be delightful. And I thought of Imogen Cunningham, who had a career into her nineties; according to her, life is fine if you fill it with good hard work.

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RW: The Meditators gave you an award in 1976.

CTW: Yes, the Sacramento Center voted a bronze plaque to me and to Joe Tupin, the psychiatrist on our medical faculty; also to a Sacramento artist and an automobile dealer and the editor of the Union. A young woman read three of my poems. It was the Midsummer Festival, with a banquet at the Howe Community Center. The following winter, Joe and Betty Tupin invited me to their open house, where I met some psychiatrists who were not Meditators.

In June I read at the TM Center in Berkeley; the women had arranged a tea, and my chum Barbara was present. Everything clicked. For instance, I'd wished for earrings to wear that day with my aqua dress. As I walked toward the Center, something told me to try an East Indian shop on Telegraph Avenue. Behold, there were screw-on earrings (they are hard to get), and they were the right color, at a reasonable price, \$6.50.

RW: Things don't always click, even for Meditators. On May 4, in Davis, hecklers almost broke up a TM meeting at the Veterans' Memorial Building. The program was to advertise the Age of Enlightenment. Unfortunately Bob Black, the Mayor, wrote a letter of endorsement on official paper. He meditates, and it was O.K. for him to speak as a private person. But the citizens wrongly supposed that the letter was duplicated at their expense. The Meditators, in all innocence, had paid for copying it and had delivered it all over the city. The Mayor had to explain in the newspapers.

CTW: That wasn't the worst part. At the meeting, which Vee and his friends had labored to make a success, fanatics denounced TM as an Eastern religion. That was too much for me. I stood up too, and testified that I'd been meditating for seven years, but that I take Communion every Sunday at Saint Martin's. TM is not a religion, any more than a Shriner is a Mohammedan.

But the trouble wasn't over. On her way out of the Veterans' Memorial, Marion Small was stopped by a fanatic who said, "Lady, you're on your way to the parking lot. What if you're killed tonight in a car accident? Since you're practicing this pagan religion, what will become of you in the next world?"

RW: You go to courses with the Smalls, don't you?

CTW: Yes. One weekend in January the three of us meditated at Dominican College. There was a crucifix over my bed, and I loved sitting alone in the chapel.

In September, Marion and I were together at Cobb Mountain, the TM Western Academy. Through video tapes, we heard and saw Maharishi speaking on universal love. Marion and I had individual cottages, but the meals in the dining room were fun. The grounds are a huge private park; some of the classes met outdoors.

At Cobb we stayed in the individual cottages that the Meditators have rebuilt. We talked by the pool during our few minutes of social living. Not that we went swimming--only the staff are permitted to use the pool. But the grounds are a huge private park; some of our classes met out on the grass.

RW: Poor Vee had no such setting for his work in Chicago.

CTW: I see that you remember his taking over a TM center at Oak Lawn. The rent (in an office building) was too high, and there were old debts. Arthur Small and I warned Vee not to undertake the job. But he went, and he found himself doing the work of two men. At last I helped pay the bills so that Vee could leave. But two of the Meditators are repaying me, a little at a time. And they saved Vee's health--went to him

from another part of the Midwest. Not long afterward Randy Small lost \$1000 at the Chico Center.

When Vee got back home from Oak Lawn, he weighed only 125 pounds. I sent him to Cobb Mountain for six weeks. Even so, he was so tired that he couldn't walk home from Russell Boulevard without exhaustion. But the doctor found nothing organically wrong with him.

RW: How was your own health?

CTW: Usually good. In 1975, the worst thing I had to complain of was tiny sore places near my eyelids. Dr. Cleve Baker at the Woodland Clinic told me not to put cold cream on my face. "Just wash," he said, "with a neutral soap." So now I sleep with my face naked.

In July 1976, Dr. Dawkins operated on my right foot to correct a hammer toe, which I trace to the 1950's, when I kicked the side of the swimming pool. Dawkins shortened it and the two toes next to it. Oh, they all look just fine. The disagreeable part was not the operation, but the insurance. I'd been paying several hundred dollars a year since 1960 without filing a claim. Now what I got was a little over \$300; and oh, the paperwork!

Speaking of doctors: 1976 was the year of the swine-flu scare. President Ford urged us all to be vaccinated. Since older people were supposed to be especially vulnerable, I went to the gym and stood in line for my shot. The whole nation was terrorized for nothing.

RW: That wasn't the happiest year in our history. University House was seriously damaged by a fire that some arsonist had started. When I was Vice-Chancellor, my office was there.

CTW: In 1908 that was a cottage for the Director. Then it became the Faculty Clubhouse. After the war, it was used first by Home Economics and then by the Chancellor. Dr. Emil Mrak and the Alumni inhabit it now. Can you imagine anyone wanting to destroy it?

From the sublime to the ridiculous: my own house seemed to be in danger from termites. In June 1976, I noticed a little pile of black powder in a corner of my living room. When I telephoned Bob Hungate, he agreed with me: "Celeste, there is no doubt that you have termites." The exterminators found the pests in a pile of lumber under the house. My home itself wasn't really damaged.

RW: Another pest that year was a rash of burglaries.

CTW: The police offered to come and record the numbers on TV sets and typewriters. They gave me stickers for my windows. "Operation ID," with a picture of a police badge, may have scared some burglars away.

One thing I cherished was my second-hand electric typewriter. At the office, I'd been practicing on a University machine. And so when Jean Walraven told us about the Bargain Barn, which disposes of old campus equipment, I went round. My luck was unbelievable. For \$150 I bought a nice white Olympia that a medical department had called "obsolete." The only trouble I had was when the letters t and d came off their bars. But with a new platen, all was well. Since then I've written two research papers and a draft of my oral history.

RW: For a few days you had to draw t's and d's by hand.

CTW: Frustrations like that get me down. Once when I was still limping from the operation on my foot, I went to the Faculty Club for lunch, but couldn't remember whether I'd ordered a hamburger or a tuna sandwich; and I put the wrong membership number on my bill. Another time, in writing to the insurance company, I put the carbon copy on the back of the letter. Then I cut the church stencil without changing into neutral; so I had to type the whole thing over again. Maybe I'm to blame for our trouble with this tape. Was I like Nixon's secretary--did I turn the microphone off? Anyway, some of our tape was blank, and we had to repeat an interview.

RW: Just an absent-minded professor.

CTW: Here's another example. When Helen Vendler, the Phi Beta Kappa lecturer, came to Davis, I arranged a little dinner. Suddenly a bandaid from my finger disappeared. Had it gone into the pudding? With a teaspoon, I had to examine enough English trifle for eight people. Finally, "To heck with it," I said. "If someone swallows my bandaid, that's just too bad." During the party, nobody looked upset. And afterwards I found the bandaid in a dishwashing glove.

RW: You try to do too much.

CTW: Well, sometimes I wish that outsiders wouldn't send me manuscripts. One in New York told his friends about me, and a heavy envelope arrived. The letter said, "I'm submitting this for the Yale Series of Young Poets. Please make suggestions." All this was for free. I gritted my teeth and wrote comments. Yale rejected that masterpiece, but the poet sent me another three years later.

A former student wrote from Stockton, asking me to go to the campus library, take out a bound periodical, find a certain article for his girl friend's term paper, and make a photocopy. For once, the worm turned. I wrote, "Sorry, but I have a very sore foot."

Remember that eighty-year-old scholar in Brooklyn, for whom I edited two book manuscripts on Shakespeare--again, gratis. Somebody had introduced us by mail. The old gentleman got one of those books published, but now he's hurt because I won't go all out and endorse his theories publicly.

RW: My daughter Roberta drove you and Charlene to Ashland in 1976.

CTW: King Lear was perfect, but we didn't like the Comedy of Errors: instead of a Greek temple, with a priestess, the director had a fun-house, with a gypsy fortune-teller. The Fourth of July parade was fun as usual, and our chicken dinner with the Lions Club in Lithia Park. Later Charlene went on to visit her son at Bend, Oregon. Roberta and I drove home. But we ran out of gas in Woodland. I can still feel how it was, hiking past the cemetery to borrow a can for our gasoline.

RW: When did you and Charlene go to Alaska?

CTW: In August. We flew joyfully to Seattle, but at the hotel there, we found that our travel agency had neglected to send the money for our reservations. Our hearts went down, down when the clerk said, "I have your names, but no payment." The bill ate up some of our travelers' checks--the funds we wanted to spend on souvenirs.

Anyway, we made it to the Prinsendam, a spic-and-span Holland Dutch ship. In the winter it operates around the island of Bali. In summer it penetrates the Alaska fjords. In Glacier Bay, where icebergs are born (or "calved")--we saw them falling off the bank and starting to float. Meanwhile we stood sipping hot chocolate on the deck. We had a great time on the narrow-gauge railroad that was built not long after the Gold Rush. From the train, we looked down at the trail made by the men of 1898, walking along like ants. That ant trail haunts me; I intend to write a poem.

Skagway looks like a western movie set--it might be the model for all Westerns. It was once a string of saloons and dancehalls. Now it's a string of gift shoppes. Elsewhere in Alaska we visited a Kwakiutl cemetery. I'd learned about the Kwakiutls from Patterns of Culture, by Ruth Benedict.

RW: One of our textbooks in freshman English. Sol Fishman said it once changed his ideas on life.

CTW: Bob, being on the Prinsendam gave Charlene and me a new idea of luxury. Meals were served in style; we couldn't decide what to order. The Indonesian crew looked like teenagers; yet some of them had wives and children at home. Though the steamship line said "No tipping," we gave our waiter and our cabin boy a little envelope apiece.

In Victoria, we spent one night at the Empress Hotel. The banquet hall looks regal, with its pictures of Edward VII and Queen Alexandra. The bedrooms seemed to have faded since their time; perhaps we slept in a bargain section of the hotel.

Every tourist goes to Butchart Gardens, which were planted in an old quarry; we got lost among the flowers. At the provincial museum, Charlene

maneuvered me into a tearoom for crumpets. With treats like this, and with chocolate eclairs on the Prinsendam, I gained pounds and pounds.

I could have broken my neck, though, in Seattle. While carrying my two suitcases down an escalator, I lost my balance and almost toppled. It might have ruined my remaining life.

At the Sacramento airport, Vedder wasn't waiting for us. After tearing our hair, we saw him approaching, looking wild and dejected. He had fallen asleep at the wheel for just one second, and so he had dropped my yellow Mustang down a ten-foot ditch. If it hadn't been for the seatbelt, he might have gone through the roof and been killed. A Good Samaritan couple brought him to the airport and took us all back to Davis. This little incident cost the insurance company over \$500; it cost me \$50.

RW: That fall quarter, what was new at the office?

CTW: We had lost David Johnson and Tom Campbell, victims of the "publish or perish" system.

RW: Oh, but they landed on their feet, with jobs at Wabash College. Tom is a native of Indiana.

CTW: His daughter is my godchild.

After college reopened, Chancellor Meyer gave the emeritus professors a tour of the new medical buildings. Dean Tupper talked to us on a vexed question--the standards for minority students. Davis became known when Alan Bakke accused the medical school of reverse discrimination.

That fall I felt harassed and absent-minded. While planning a talk for the alumni, I lost my notes. Finally I went out to my garbage can and spied the cards among some papers. I was also main speaker at the Ina Coolbrith Circle banquet. Vedder drove me down to Berkeley. After my talk, a lady informed him that I had run overtime--"You tell her," she said; and he told me on the way home. This dampened my spirits, which had been glowing because of the poets who ran up to praise me. Who can she have been?

RW: Forget her! You were soon invited to bring out another book--Seasoned Timber.

CTW: Yes, Golden Quill suggested that instead of reprinting A Sense of Place, I might have a new collection. And this time I needn't guarantee the sale. So of course I said yes. It was time to reprint the thirty-six poems from Etruscan Princess, which had not been available since the 1960's. In addition, I had on hand nearly thirty pages of good material that had never been in a book before. I thought of good ways to polish everything. In spite of petty annoyances, I spent a happy winter.

RW: What kind of annoyances?

CTW: The roof leaked, though I'd paid two different experts to repair it. The rain damaged the plaster in one corner of my living room. Finally a handy young man explained that the flat roof collected puddles. He provided more drainage and new gutters.

Then I lost my savings-account book, thus creating quite a stir at the bank. Finally it occurred to me to pull the drawer clean out of the dresser, which had a solid casing around each drawer. The passbook had slipped down behind; it might have remained there the rest of my life.

Another frustration was just plain funny. Before typing the church program, I was told to mention that the flowers for the altar were in memory of a deceased husband. After I cut the stencil, someone telephoned me to correct it. The widow was getting married again, and the flowers were for her second wedding.

RW: Who's the Don Petersen that praised you on the jacket of Seasoned Timber?

CTW: A young poet from Colorado, who has a job with our medical school in Sacramento. Before even meeting me, he wrote a panegyric. I took him to lunch at the club. After the book came out, he bought copies for his friends.

RW: That was the year when you introduced Stephen Spender.

CTW: I'd heard of that English poet for years. Now I had him to dinner at my house. After reading A Sense of Place, which I gave him for his birthday, he wrote me that he was agreeably surprised: he enjoyed my poems. He praised "Minor Medici," "Brick Facade," "Icy Harvest," and "Where Are They Now?"

Another lecturer was Bill Ringler, whom I hadn't seen since my Huntington Library days. Now here he was, lecturing on the Elizabethans. He came to my office for a chat.

Though I ventured out to hear talks, winter was a scary time. A female instructor leaving Sproul Hall at 5:45 was halted by three men, who made her lie down on her face in the arboretum grove while they went through her bag. After bruising her, they departed, warning her to lie still for five minutes more. That story demoralized me.

RW: You had enough spirit to type your book.

CTW: Oh, but I did have a physical problem. I had used the ExerCor every morning for about four years, pushing two little platforms back and forth. I was on all fours, like a woman scrubbing the kitchen. When finally my right wrist began to hurt, Cronan sent me to Doctor Dawkins,

who'd fixed my toes. He showed me a skeleton he had in his closet. "See that tiny bone in the wrist?" he said, lifting the skeleton's arm. "Well, there's a cyst on your joint; the bone has collapsed. You'll learn to live with it; maybe the wrist will repair itself. But you mustn't use the ExerCor, and you mustn't do pushups, either." After two years, my wrist returned to normal.

RW: I like the pun that you just made: the doctor had a skeleton in his closet.

CTW: As for word-play, let me tell you about Charlene's boss, a Doctor of Education. She wrote, "The school district will be the benefactor from our efforts." In her file was a folder labeled "Clichés," which to her meant "clever sayings."

Charlene sent me some sad news: Carlos Gonzales was dying of Huntington's chorea. Because of his illness, he couldn't work. And he had to get a divorce so that he could afford some medical help. His poor young wife was earning just enough to make the family ineligible for welfare. Later she married a good man who can support her and the boy. But Carlos died in a convalescent home.

RW: Think of happier things. How was your birthday in 1977?

CTW: Gennie Lilyblade and Elaine Foerster, of our office staff, took me to lunch at the restaurant where Elaine's husband was helping his cousin. An evening or two later, when Beth and Leonard Homann took me there, the waiter brought us complimentary champagne and cheesecake.

Something delightful happened in my Creative Writing class. My best student was Cliff, a blond about six feet four. His stories were so good that I urged him to publish. On my birthday, Cliff asked, "Will you go to dinner with me next Tuesday?" Sure enough, that handsome man fifty years my junior drove me over to Dixon in his Volkswagen. At the Cattleman's restaurant he offered me steak, lobster, wine--the works. He was a zoology major, working with armadillos, of all things. It seems that each egg hatches out four identical babies. So, of course, the geneticists can have a field day. Cliff was leaving in June for Taiwan. After his return he dropped in for a chat with my son and me.

RW: Did you go to Picnic Day?

CTW: Actually, no. But late in the day, Margaret Kleiber telephoned: "How do you like your picture in the Aggie?" The paper had been distributed to the Picnic Day visitors. So I searched through the campus garbage cans. The article was headed "Scholar, Poet, First Lady of U.C. Davis."

Perhaps because of publicity in the Spectator, an alumnus wrote me to find out what Egyptian students had been here between 1933 and 1942. He

was going to Egypt and wanted to visit them. It was like sending me on a scavenger hunt.

RW: Don't forget the former colleague who wrote you about an orchid.

CTW: That flower had been mentioned at the Faculty Club about two years earlier. Someone whose name she could not remember had shown slides. Jane Kimball, at the Library, was able to get the facts. The lecturer had been Herman Spieth, the zoologist. But his orchid wasn't the one that lady professor wanted; she couldn't use it to explain a passage in French literature.

RW: That summer, 1977, was very dry. Not only was England having the worst drought in five hundred years, but Marin County would not let people water their lawns.

CTW: The Enterprise advised us to take "spit baths." Feeling guilty every time I soaked in the tub, I saved the water to wash my underwear; then I lifted it out in a bucket to flush the toilet. Charlene begged me, "Don't ever mention it to a soul; nobody will like you."

Evidently, this scandal about my bath-water did not reach the seniors at the Phi Beta Kappa initiation. As they were crossing the stage of the main theater, a strange boy stopped beside me, grabbed me up, and kissed me.

RW: Comencement was at night, so my nose wasn't sunburned. Remember how they used to furnish free lemonade to keep us from fainting on Toomey Field?

CTW: You brought me a cup. But in 1977 I worked on a cool subject--Wallace Stevens's poem "The Emperor of Ice Cream." Peter Hays had shown me a New York scholar's silly interpretation. For instance, Stevens says there were three glass knobs missing from a woman's dresser. According to that New Yorker, those three knobs represent the Holy Trinity. The paper bristled with such ideas. Feeling sure that I understood the poem better, I set to work. I found evidence that the title came from The Emperor Jones, by O'Neill; the characters are black people in Key West. My essay appeared in the Arizona Quarterly for Spring 1979. It convinced Karl Shapiro and Josephine Miles.

RW: Wasn't September 1979 the time when Gwen decided to give up her house in Davis, where she'd hoped to spend part of every year?

CTW: Yes, she and Evelyn suffered so from arthritis that they felt tied to San Gabriel. After tenants had left her cottage a shambles, Gwen sold it to Mrs. Max Bach, who has turned it into a beauty salon.

RW: Did you meditate at Cobb Mountain again, with Marion?

CTW: Yes, but it wasn't so restful as the year before. My back trouble started up just before the trip.

RW: Did you go to the gym that fall?

CTW: Only once--to be weighed under water. The graduate student who ducked me in the special machine (like punishing a scold in Puritan times) said, "Mrs. Wright, you have considerable fat on you." I weighed 132. My scales at home were four pounds off: I had corrected them for two pounds' underweight, but had turned the needle the wrong way.

RW: What about poetry readings that fall?

CTW: At Thanksgiving I read to the Meditators at the Berkeley Center; Vee, of course, drove me down there and back. When Seasoned Timber was coming out, Will Baker escorted me one evening to Putah Creek Lodge, to read with Rex Burwell and Mary Dougherty. I also lectured; I was listed with the Speakers' Bureau. Once I found myself lunching with the Rotary Club in Woodland. Some of my former students were Rotarians and heard me speak on "The Unruly Female in Elizabethan Literature," a popularization of my Faculty Research talk. I had tried it out on the Yolo County Medical Auxiliary--doctors' wives--which met at Andy Peoples's house. Later the YMCA sponsors in Sacramento whisked me over to an early breakfast meeting.

I was in the audience with the Farm Circle women when Pat Mann Vasey (Margery Mann) talked on women photographers and showed slides. Listening to her humor, you would not have dreamed she was dying of cancer.

RW: That was the period when Les Blackmore, our assistant pastor, had to have a lung removed. Our church was sad during the holidays.

CTW: I was almost too depressed to go through with my part in a Christmas oratorio by W. H. Auden. Only a short time before, I had been with the Blackmores on our church retreat, at a place called Wolf Mountain. Dorothy was my roommate; I woke the poor woman up at 2:00 a.m. when my alarm clock accidentally went off. But she forgave me, and Les enjoyed the retreat. We were silent, like Trappist monks, even on our walks; but we could read. I sat on a bench by the swimming pool while some horses dashed around in the pasture nearby. My book was The Screwtape Papers, by C. S. Lewis. Only a few weeks later, the Blackmores got the terrible news about Les's condition. He lived only till April the following year. Those were the only graveside ceremonies I ever attended. I was worried about cancer at the time.

RW: Who was your doctor?

CTW: Cronan retired in December 1977. When they gave him a testimonial dinner at the Faculty Clubhouse, the tickets sold so fast that I had to pull wires to get in. My new doctor was there--his successor,

Richard Elliott. He won my heart by reciting "Saturn" while giving me an electrocardiogram.

I told him my reason for fearing cancer. For about fifteen years, I had been taking Premarin to prevent brittle bones. Now the medics had suddenly decided that estrogen made women susceptible to uterine cancer. Dorothy Danno, my former student--a retired doctor--has had uterine cancer and suffered much from radiation treatments and chemotherapy. She talked on the telephone with my poor sister Georgia.

RW: You haven't mentioned Georgia's case.

CTW: On July 23, 1977, she had her first symptom--unexpected bleeding. Ten days later she had a hysterectomy, and the doctors told her husband she wouldn't live more than five years. Actually, it was only a year: she died on July 28, 1978. She had decided against treatment, since it makes the patient miserable. She would take her chances--have one good year with her son. Her illness reconciled her to Charlene and me; we had sisterly talks by telephone. She died just when she was beginning to overcome her mental problems. But at least the end was sudden--no lingering illness. She felt all right until a day or two before she died.



April 28, 1980: Chancellor James Meyer and Celeste Wright with Mary Dougherty-Bartlett and Kevin Clark, winners of the student poetry prize named for Celeste by the Academy of American Poets

RW: Does he do part of the cooking?

CTW: No, he's a guest, and I wait on him quite a little, though he fills his own plate at the stove. Sometimes he telephones that he's eating elsewhere--at the McKinnays' or Tom Vasey's, for instance. And if I'm giving a dinner party, he stays away. He goes out together only with our son.

XXV FINAL CLASSES AND A TRIP TO MAINE, 1978-1979

RW: Celeste, there is something you need to explain. Since telling about your divorce, you've kept mentioning Vedder as if he were still a member of your family.

CTW: Let me summarize what happened. On March 12, 1970, almost a year after his asking me for a divorce, I took one of his shoe racks to his apartment, where I hadn't been before. We shed tears over our thirty-seven years of marriage. He told me he was no longer seeing the other woman. Nine days later he came to breakfast, saying he was lonely. From that time on, he came every morning, although our divorce became final on March 30. One evening a few months later he turned up with some steak. Before I knew it, we were eating our dinners together. He always skips lunch.

RW: Didn't the other woman emerge again?

CTW: They were briefly reconciled the next year--met by chance and decided they were still in love. They were married in Reno about May 23, 1971.

RW: And so he disappeared from the meals at your house.

CTW: Not for long. On May 30 he telephoned me early and came to breakfast. Five days after the wedding he had said, "I want an annulment." He never gave me any details except that he couldn't stand living with the lady's four children in a small house.

RW: So you've got along amicably ever since--just as friends.

CTW: That's right; I'm used to him, and it's like the companionship of a brother. We argue sometimes. For instance, he says I'm hard of hearing; I say it's because he mumbles. Well, an ear specialist finds there are some tones I don't catch, but my hearing's unusually good for my age. As for conversation, at breakfast we're reading the Chronicle, and at dinner we're watching television; still, we manage to exchange--or shout--our personal news. It's a comfort to have a companion who's used to me; I don't have to put on my makeup. If I'm busy, he will accept a TV dinner.

RW: Does he do part of the cooking?

CTW: No, he's a guest, and I wait on him quite a little, though he fills his own plate at the stove. Sometimes he telephones that he's eating elsewhere--at the McKinnys' or Tom Vasey's, for instance. And if I'm giving a dinner party, he stays away. We go out together only with our son.

CTW: As for other men in my life: in January 1976 something rather dramatic happened to me. A man whom I'd liked very much late in the 1930's, someone who'd inspired sonnets just before the war, kept asking to see me again. When we were younger, we'd wished I were free to marry him. Since then he'd been married and divorced. I was evasive about having him come to Davis; but finally, when he insisted, I invited him to lunch. The drive to my house took him almost two hours.

I cooked a nice meal and resolved to be understanding. Instead of saying that I no longer loved him, I'd emphasize the great difference in our ages; he was twelve years my junior. The irony was, though, that when he rang my doorbell, he was wearing a beard. I had remembered him as a fresh-faced, handsome man in his twenties. Now here was an old-looking chap with a gray beard. His hair wasn't gray, but his whiskers were. Caught off balance, I gasped, "Good God! Why have you grown a beard?" Perhaps he'd tried to look more like a suitable match for me. Instead he made me feel old, having such a suitor. All my romantic memories of him were shattered.

RW: The lunch did not go well?

CTW: Understatement of the week! Before taking even a spoonful of soup, he began to speak of my youthful appearance and his undying love. And so I came to the point. "I'm sorry," I said, "but I don't love you any more." He was too disappointed and upset to eat. Finally I led him to the living room for some conversation. It was no use. Within half an hour of his arrival from a long, long drive, he said he had better go. We shook hands; out the door he went. My relief was so great that I went back to the table and enjoyed a hearty lunch. Thus ended any dreams I had had of a late romantic marriage with him or anybody else.

RW: You have your son. Early in 1979, he stayed with you for a while.

CTW: Yes; he was starting a new career. Under the influence of Buckminster Fuller, he made polyhedra during the holidays. Hanging in my living room are two of his mobiles--one like a colored cage, the other like a paper lantern. Before long he asked, "Shall I study art, or take a business course?" I told him to follow his heart. Soon he was registering at U.C. Davis. In the winter and spring quarters he got three A's from Wayne Thiebaud. He's now at the California College of Arts and Crafts in Oakland, working for a second bachelor's degree.

RW: Didn't he take a course from you?

CTW: He audited my Advanced Composition. The students didn't realize he was my son. Though I gave him a ride to school, we arrived separately at Wellman Hall. On the opening day he said to the girl beside him, "I hear Mrs. Wright is very strict." Since he wasn't working for credit, I can certify that his themes would have earned an A. He has imagination and humor. Furthermore, he is literate. One of his classmates wrote like this: "Me and another man caught a taxi. . . . Me and the other tourist found a hotel."

RW: That's the way some of our juniors and seniors speak.

CTW: The spring term that followed was my final one of teaching. The year earlier, Mary O'Connor had been told that there would be no more money for part-time jobs like hers and mine. So I was prepared when the word came from Tom Hanzo in the fall of 1978. Fortunately, I felt like quitting; I realized that I was in a rut and would never write any more poems if I didn't change.

For my last course, Shakespeare, I prepared each lecture as carefully as if I were being paid to speak at the Ashland Festival. And yet, as usual, the Student Viewpoint received contradictory reports. After studying King Lear, Macbeth, Antony and Cleopatra, and The Tempest, a student wrote: "Mrs. Wright didn't select the best plays." Another wrote, "I wish she'd said more about the plays we didn't read." A third complained, "She talked too much about plays that we hadn't studied." Somebody lamented, "She didn't write enough comments on my papers." Somebody else said, "She writes all over the margins and is argumentative." One said, "I always got there by 9:00 a.m. because I knew the lecture would be interesting." Another groaned, "Her classes are so dull, they are downright sonorous." So I turned with relief to this balmy comment: "Nobody in the United States is better qualified than Mrs. Wright to discuss Shakespeare."

RW: Many of the faculty simply refuse to read the students' comments; the system infuriates them. And yet promotions are governed by it. But don't you feel good when you see those posters from the Academy of American Poets, inviting Davis students to compete for the Celeste Turner Wright prize of a hundred dollars? The Academy is respected. Lately it gave an award of ten thousand dollars to Josephine Miles.

CTW: Of course I like having a prize named for me. But, as poet Jean Burden told me in 1978, somebody's got to pledge \$110 a year for five years on any campus that wants one of the Academy's contests. At first they asked me to sponsor one elsewhere. When they learned I was interested only in Davis, they saw the light; and now Chancellor Meyer and Tom Hanzo have given the contest their blessing. Still, I can't forget that I furnished the money.

RW: That doesn't prevent you from feeling honored.

CTW: True enough. Well, anyway, in the fall of 1978 I was too uncomfortable physically to be thrilled. I had got an infection in my head during the plane trip from Davis to Los Angeles to Boston and Bangor: somehow the altitude played havoc with a head cold. When I got back to Davis, the doctor put me on penicillin.

RW: So you couldn't fully enjoy your trip to New England.

CTW: It did me good psychologically. But both Charlene and I felt cramped after so many hours of riding in the automobile. We felt rushed. In order to see the autumn leaves, we'd waited till September 12; yet I had to start teaching again on October 2. And so we were always in a hurry.

RW: What did you see?

CTW: The historic places--Boston, Lexington, Walden Pond; Robert Frost's farmhouse in New Hampshire; his grave at Bennington, Vermont. I won't go into the details, and I've already told Dick Dickman about Cape Ann, Scituate, and Plymouth, where our ancestors lived.

But the target, for me, was my childhood in Maine. At Eddington Bend, Charlene saw her birthplace, Uncle Jack's house, which looked strangely small. At Guilford, Uncle Zeddy's Victorian home had become an ugly duplex; I actually wondered if it might be the wrong house. But the family dog had left deep, deep scratches on the kitchen door. Sure enough, under the paint, those scratches showed. "Upstairs," I reminded myself, "the best bedroom had a beautiful hardwood floor." Yes, that floor was recognizable. There in Guilford we saw where our parents' ashes lie buried. Dad's gravestone looks weathered; Mother's is still pure white. We took snapshots around the Turner monument.

RW: You wanted especially to revisit Kineo, where you spent your first eleven years of life.

CTW: Even Charlene remembers incidents there, though she left when she was only three years old. At Kineo, where five hundred people used to spend the summer, there were only a caretaker and his wife. The woman talked with us from a window above what had been our father's store. The store itself was remodeled years ago, as a part of the small hotel that replaced the huge one. But the project went bankrupt. Lately there was another unsuccessful attempt, this time to have a community of cottages near the lake, and to keep up the golf links and the yacht club.

We saw a vast empty lawn, weedy, where the hotel buildings used to stand. The steps of the store were rotting away. And yet I could picture

Dad in his chair on the piazza, smoking his pipe. In his time there were boats to watch. Now there were none except the motor launch that finally came to take us back to the Rockwood motel.

RW: Did you go where your schoolhouse used to be?

CTW: Yes, but you'd never know there had been a schoolhouse. Trees have covered the spot. At the stable, just around a bend in the road, the roof has fallen in; the snow must have crushed it. The names of the last few horses are still painted over the ruined stalls. I must write a poem about the stable.

From the stable we walked to Pebble Beach, in the shadow of the mountain. Mother and I used to picnic there by ourselves. While she sat on a log, writing poems, I would wade in the cold lake. But the beach is now littered with branches. On our way back to the hotel site, I picked some apples from a tree and ate them. It was near Cottage Row, where the guides' families used to live; now only two battered, empty houses remain. Nearer the hotel an overgrown lilac bush marks the location of a house where we once spent the winter.

RW: Before going to Maine, you showed me pictures of Mount Kineo and said you would climb it.

CTW: That's a sore point with us. We paid twenty-five dollars to the boatman who took us over. He was to leave us near the path that leads up the mountain. But he only pretended to know the way. Instead of taking us to the landing that the fire warden still uses, he dropped us near an old Indian trail. He himself had to jump on a rock and lend us a hand; even so, Charlene and I had to make a supreme effort to avoid falling into the lake. Then off he went, putt, putt, in his motor launch. Even John, our young traveling companion, could not safely climb the Indian trail. I'd been limping that day; there was a crease in the lining of one shoe. Going up and down those rocks was torture for me. And so we did not climb Kineo Mountain.

RW: After all those years of anticipation!

CTW: Mother and Georgia climbed it in the 1940's, though Georgia was wearing dress shoes. But somebody guided them to the proper trail. Perhaps, too, they walked over there from the hotel before the road was grown up with bushes.

I had wanted to climb. And yet, Bob, looking back, I prefer to remember what I saw when I was eleven years old--when I climbed alone and looked over Moosehead Lake. John Bunyan would have said I stood on the Delectable Mountains, catching a view of the Promised Land. Though I couldn't foresee the future that awaited me in California, I'd heard of a university there. I resolved to enter it and become a teacher.

On that day in the summer of 1917, I was still smarting a little because I had never shared in the enchanted life of the hotel. Even at school I felt lowly compared with the children from the farm. But in California, I thought, things would be different.

When I revisited Kineo on September 22, 1978, I lost forever my sense of humiliation. Most of the people were now dead; those who survived had left Kineo forever. How needlessly I had suffered, all my life, from a feeling that I was not wanted by those about me! As my friend Charles Cooper says in his autobiography, "When you go back to where you've been, it's no longer there, nor are you the person that you were."

But the view in 1917 was beautiful, and I'm glad not to have looked over the little peninsula as it is now. If you don't mind, Bob, I'll record--read aloud--a page from First Resort.

RW: I haven't seen it for years.

CTW: Here goes, then; I will omit some passages:

With my ego high, right after lunch I asked permission to climb Mount Kineo by myself. Dad was smoking his pipe on the veranda of his store. Yes, he let me set out alone. After crossing the golf links, I entered a carriage road by the water's edge. At that point the roots of the mountain went down tremendously deep; even by tying stones to a long rope, people hadn't found the lake bottom. The mountain itself was unique, the largest mass of solid flint in the world; Indians had come to it for arrowheads.

"At the foot of the path a wooden signpost said, 'Henry David Thoreau landed here and climbed Mount Kineo.' Who was Thoreau? In his footsteps I toiled up a winding trail, stopping now and then to gather bluebells among the airy tufts of grass. Near the summit I drank from the common dipper at a spring--cold water, delicious. Somewhat farther on was the firewarden's steel tower; though I longed to ascend it, I dared not, lest he send me home. Oh, well, as I knew from previous visits with my parents, the view would be fine enough without any tower or binoculars.

"It was a sight to dream of: the whitecaps against the blue of the lake; the Point and the hotel in miniature, like the model a millionaire hat manufacturer had ordered made, with mirrors and toy buildings, for his centerpiece at a gala dinner. On my left were the Lily Bay Mountains, too far away for me ever to have visited; I chose for mine the giant one that went peaking toward the sky. Often in winter I had turned toward the white summits with yearning. At my right, Moose River with its branches flowed into the lake near Rockwood--a penciling, like the dainty rivers on maps.

"Farther down the lake were the Squaw Mountains, named for the Indian mother whom a wicked chief had banished. There were other lakes in the

distance, and forests everywhere. I was looking southward. Behind my back the great woods continued past the Canadian border. I was having my final sight of them. A few weeks more, and the train would carry me to Guilford, a river town in the midst of farmland, the sort of village where my father's people had lived since their forebears left Scituate.

"Once away from Kineo, I would not think of the hotel manager's daughter, who was destined to marry an aristocrat from Virginia. I would not miss the boy I had loved at school. But I would always remember the view from the mountain, and the delight of my senses in growing up on Kineo Point: in summer the smell of the pines, the rippling of the lake; in autumn the acres of gold and crimson leaves rising up to the foot of the mountain; in winter the diamond dust and the crystal, the prairie of ice, the mane of icicles hanging from the mountain's brow; in spring the water being unchained, with a grinding noise that I heard in my bed at night. One day of wind, and the lake was free, a blue sparkle in the sun, while the old ice lay cast up on the shore in enormous slabs, all honeycombed and slivered.

"Now, at the age of eleven, I was giving myself a final Kineo banquet. A lover of books, I hungered for libraries and classrooms. Unconsciously, I was choosing to spend most of my time within four walls; this mountain landscape would remain, in my memory, the only great out-of-doors that I knew well, the only majesty of Nature. Knowing nothing of these matters, I turned and retraced my steps down the forest trail. In my heart was triumph: all by myself I had climbed the mountain."

RW: You were looking over your past, but across the continent lay an exciting future. Celeste, what if a prophet had stood beside you that day and shown you, near the Pacific Coast, some broad acres of land, which had been set aside the very year you were born? He might have shown you a few stucco buildings, two wooden dormitories, and a lot of sheds and barns. What would you have thought if he'd told you that those buildings would be your university--that in just eleven years, double your present age, you would be head of a department there?

CTW: It would be more like Cinderella looking at the pumpkin and hearing that it would become a coach. But a child believes in miracles. In 1928 I came to those farm buildings and couldn't ask for anything better. My hotel has died, but my university has grown.

RW: And now you're facing the future with confidence, just as you did that day on the mountain. You believe in life.

CTW: Let me tell you an experience that changed everything for me. My son the Meditator calls it a foretaste of cosmic consciousness. I don't, but I still think it was extraordinary. And it happened on our campus about eight years ago.

I'd been working hard at the office, struggling to forget a deep personal disappointment; I'd lost a hope I had set my heart upon. Finally the hour came when I had to walk across the campus to the Administration Building and sign a report. As I stepped out of Sproul Hall, my disappointment no longer mattered. What I saw made the losses and pain seem temporary.

RW: You've never told me of this before.

CTW: Though it was late afternoon, I seemed to be walking through liquid sunshine. It was wonderful--my intense awareness of the beauty around me. I drank in every detail of the flowers and foliage. The trees seemed to be growing out of golden pools, and a great sea of sunshine stretched from me to the horizon. As Chaucer would say, my heart was "bathed in a bath of blisse." Yet my situation had not changed; I'd had no good news, no outer reason for the sudden lift of spirits. I was simply secure, confident and happy. The mood continued until I forgot it in the press of business; afterwards there was no let-down. I have had it twice more: once, for about half an hour, in my living room; another time, while I was walking through a leafy street in Davis, on my way to visit friends. Each time, though, it came when I most needed it. And I believe it will return.

So, Bob, we have reached the end of our tapes and our interviews. Let me thank you, as always, for your help. And I wish my other helpers were here in my office now--Dick Dickman (your fellow-interviewer) and Dick Blanchard, the fathers of the oral-history series; also Tom Hanzo (our chairman) and Jean Walraven, who arranged to have the manuscript prepared in the English department. Then there are the word-processing ladies: Carla Lehn, Sandy Matsuda Foppoli, Pamela Self, and that dear, patient Martha McNeely, who let me make endless changes in the final copy.

RW: You can't squeeze so many people into this office.

CTW: Well, no; I'll have to hire Freeborn Hall, for we must include all those dozens of Prytanean members and alumnae who sponsored the project. Instead of "squeezing them in," let's say I'd like to squeeze each of these friends personally.

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